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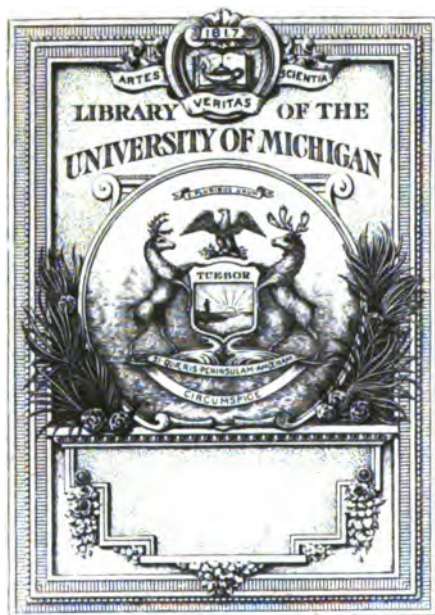
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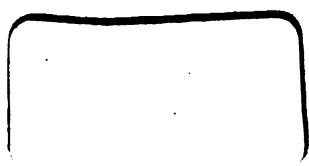
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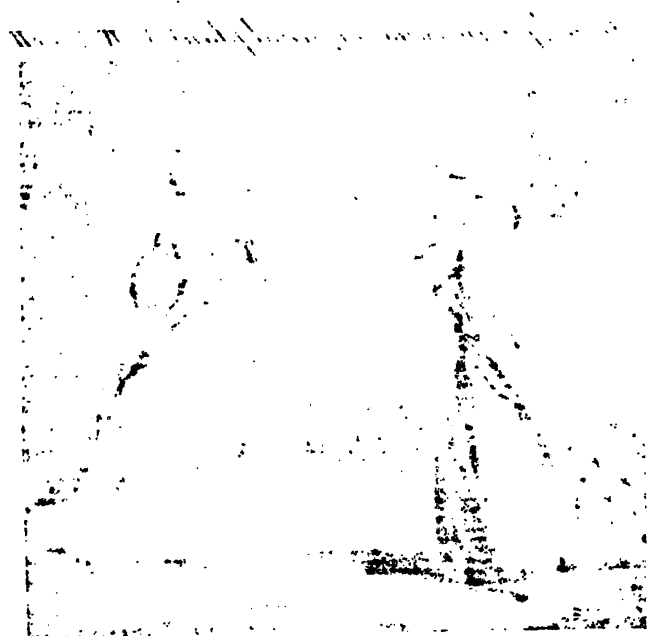
*Siege of Damascus (original plan) Act IV. Scene II.*



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## P R E F A C E.

THE letters here offered to the public require no other recommendation than the subjects which they discuss, and the names of their authors. Curiosity is never more awakened, and never more gratified, than by such an epistolary intercourse: sages and poets long deceased there seem revived and present to our view: we are admitted into the closets and confidence of the great and good, we imagine ourselves their friends and correspondents. Cicero pleading in the forum, and Cicero corresponding with Atticus, appear, it must be owned, in very different lights; but few will be at a loss to discover in which character he deserves the preference, in which character we are

VOL. I.

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most

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most likely to find his true and genuine sentiments.

To the objection that may be made against publishing letters not intended for the press, an answer shall be given in the words of the editors of Shenstone and Swift: " This objection, though it carries  
" with it an air of delicacy, will not hold  
" in all cases, and therefore must unavoidably be subject to some limitations ;  
" these limitations must vary, as the circumstances of cases happen to vary ; and  
" not to make proper allowances for such  
" circumstances, is highly unreasonable ;  
" injurious to many who have deserved  
" well of the public by this very conduct,  
" and detrimental to the interests of literature. It is sufficient to say, that where  
" neither the reputation of the writer, nor  
" that of any other person, is injured, there  
" the force of the objection evidently ceases.  
" And it is believed, on the most mature

" delibe-



“deliberation, that this is the case in the  
“present instance.”

*Preface to Shenstone's letters, p. iv.*

“It may be presumed, that though the  
“publication of letters has been censured  
“by some, yet it is not condemned by the  
“general voice, since a numerous subscrip-  
“tion, in which are many respectable  
“names, has been lately obtained, for  
“printing other parts of the dean's episto-  
“lary correspondence, by a relation\*, who  
“professes the utmost veneration for his  
“memory, and a noble lord † has permit-  
“ted Mr. Wilkes [the proprietor] to place  
“this under his protection.”

*Preface to Swift's letters, p. ix.*

On the whole, it is hoped that these let-  
ters will be deemed no unsuitable addition  
to those of Swift and Pope, as they serve  
to throw still farther light on the history of  
learning, and to illustrate the characters of

\* Deane Swift, esq.      † Earl Temple.

several of the learned, for near a century past; while, at the same time, they answer a most important and interesting purpose, by teaching readers of every rank, from the disappointments of some, the infirmities of others, and the deaths of all, to anticipate and realise what probably may, and certainly must, be their own fate; to look forward to the period of this transient life, and to make the best use of those fleeting moments which never can be recalled.

J. DUNCOMBE.

P. S. The favourable reception which the public has given to this publication, has induced the editor to make some additions to it, together with the following memoirs, which, in justice to the purchasers of the first edition, are also printed in a separate volume.

Mr.

Mr. John Hughes, the eldest son \* of a citizen of London, by Anne, the daughter of Isaac Burges, esq; of an ancient family in Wiltshire, was born at Marlborough in that county, January 29, 1677, but was educated at London, and received the first rudiments of learning in private schools. The weakness, or, at least, the delicacy, of his constitution diverted him, perhaps, from severer studies, and induced him to cultivate as an amusement the sister-arts of poetry, music, and drawing. At the age of nineteen he imitated in paraphrase one of the most difficult odes of Horace †. At the same age he wrote a tragedy, entitled, “*Amalasont, Queen of the Goths,*” which displays a fertile genius and masterly invention; but as it was not revised and corrected by the author in his riper age, it

\* His grandfather, Mr. William Hughes, of Marlborough, was one of the ministers ejected by the Bartholomew-act in 1662.

See his life in Calamy’s “account” of those ministers.

† Book i, ode 22. See p. 26.

was

was never brought on the stage, and still remains in manuscript\*. By the Muses, however, he was not wholly engrossed. He had a place in the office of ordnance, and was secretary to several commissions under the great seal, for purchasing lands for the better securing the royal docks and yards, at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Harwich. The "Triumph of Peace" was his first poem of any length that appeared in public. It was written on occasion of the peace of Ryswick, and printed in the year 1697. It was received, in particular, with great applause, by the best critics at Cambridge, as appears by a letter to a friend of the author†. In the following

\* See p. 21.

† "I think I never heard a poem read with so much admiration as the "Triumph of Peace" was "by our best critics here; nor a greater character given to a young poet at his first appearance; no, not even to Mr. Congreve himself. So nobly elevated are his thoughts, his numbers so harmonious, and his turns so fine and delicate, that we cry out with Tully, on a like occasion, *Nostre spes altera Roma*." Dated Feb. 28, 1697-8.

year

year he addressed some verses to the author of "Fatal Friendship," a tragedy. This writer, then Mrs. Trotter, was afterwards well known to the literary world by the name of Mrs. Cockburn. His "Court of Neptune," on the return of king William from Holland, and a "song" on the duke of Gloucester's birth-day, were both printed in 1699. On the death of king William, in 1702, he published a Pindaric ode, entitled, "The House of Nassau." His sentiments on the properest manner of translating Horace, may be collected from a letter to a friend, dated the same year, inclosing a translation of the ode to Grophus. \* His "ode in praise of music," was performed with great applause at Stationers-hall in 1703. His skill in music peculiarly qualified him for such compositions, and he was no less fortunate in having his pieces set by Dr. Pepusch, Mr. Galliard, Mr. Handel, and other great masters. Studies more serious, and more important, had also

\* See p. 27.

their share of his attention ; in particular, a thanksgiving sermon, preached before the queen at St. Paul's, in Aug. 1705, by Dr. Willis, dean of Lincoln, gave rise to a letter to the dean from our author, entitled, " A review of the case of Ephraim and Judah, and its application to the case of the church of England and the dissenters \*."

A new translation of the "advices from Parnassus," and the "political touchstone" of Trajano Boccalini, being published in 1706, Mr. Hughes was prevailed with to revise and correct it, and to add a preface. In the same year a "Complete History of England" being undertaken by the booksellers, on a plan recommended some years before by Sir William Temple †, our author undertook to collect the materials for the two first volumes, and gave an account of them in a very judicious introduction. This work was continued and completed

\* See p. 147.

† See p. 8.

by Dr. Kennet, whose name it bears. In the succeeding year, Mr. Hughes's "ode to the memory of William, duke of Devonshire," was performed at Stationers-hall by the celebrated Signora Margarita and Mrs. Tofts. In 1708, his translation of Fontenelle's "Dialogues of the Dead," after having lain by him six years, was permitted to see the light. This translation had the unusual honour of being mentioned with applause in the "*Journal des Sçavans*." Prefixed is a discourse in defence of his author, and two original dialogues are annexed. Some years after, he translated Fontenelle's "Discourses concerning the "ancients and moderns," and also the celebrated "Letters of Abelard and Heloise." The latter was so well received as to pass through several editions in a few years, though the name of the translator was long unknown.

Thomas earl of Wharton, on his being appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, in 1708, expressed his regard for Mr. Hughes

by offering to provide for him in that kingdom. But depending on the more flattering but probably less sincere promises of another great man at home, he declined that offer, which afterwards he had reason to regret. His translation of the "Misanthrope" of Moliere, with an excellent preface (omitted in Ozell's edition) appeared in 1709. He afterwards translated the first act of the "Miser," but did not finish that play. In 1711, at the desire of Sir Richard Steele, he made some alterations in Dryden's "Alexander's feast," but Mr. Clayton's composition of it was far, it seems, from satisfying the connoisseurs\*. In 1712, his opera of "Calypso and Tele-machus" was performed at the king's theatre in the Haymarket. The particular discouragements under which it laboured, and its triumph over them, are mentioned in the following work†. Mr. Hughes's translation of Vertot's "History of the Revolutions in Portugal," though printed

\* See letter xvii, p. 67.

† Page 96, note.



in 1712, was not published till after his death. The share that he took in the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian is specified at the bottom of the page \*. In 1713, after the

\* In the Tatler he wrote No. 64, a letter signed "Josiah Couplet." No. 73, a letter against gamesters, signed "William Trusty;" Mr. Tickell alludes to this letter in a copy of verses addressed to the Spectator, No. 532 :

From felon gamesters the raw squire is free,  
And Britain owes her rescued oaks to thee ;

and No. 113, the inventory of a beau.

In the Spectator, No. 33, a letter on the art of improving beauty. No. 53, a second letter on the same subject. No. 66, two letters on fine breeding. No. 91, the history of Honoria, or the rival mother. No. 104, a letter on riding-habits for ladies. No. 141, remarks on a comedy, entitled "The Lancashire Witches." No. 210, on the immortality of the soul. No. 220, a letter concerning expedients for wit. No. 230, all, except the last letter. No. 231, a letter on the awe of appearing before public assemblies. No. 237, on Divine Providence. No. 252, a letter on the eloquence of tears and fainting fits. No. 302, the character of Emilia. No. 311, a letter from the father of a great fortune. No. 375,

Guardian was dropped, he was a large contributor to a paper undertaken by Sir Richard Blackmore, styled "The Lay Monk." In the same year, his "Ode to the Creator of the world, occasioned by the fragments of Orpheus," was printed at the particular instance of Mr. Addison, and was mentioned by him with applause in the Spectator. The "tenth book of Lucan" was translated by our author at the desire of Mr. Tonson, before Mr. Rowe undertook to translate the whole. That Cato was finished and brought upon the stage is said to have been owing to Mr. Hughes; that gentleman representing to Mr. Addison the

a picture of virtue in distress. No. 525, on conjugal love. No. 537, on the dignity of human nature. No. 541, rules for pronunciation and action, chiefly collected from Cicero. No. 554, on the improvement of the genius, illustrated in the characters of lord Bacon, Mr. Boyle, sir Isaac Newton, and Leonardo da Vinci.

In the Guardian, No. 37, which contains remarks on the tragedy of Othello.

great

great support which the principles of liberty there inculcated would give to the old English public spirit at that dangerous crisis. At this hint, Mr. Addison, after having asked Mr. Hughes to finish it, took fire himself, and went through with the vth act. On its appearing, Mr. Hughes sent the author a copy of verses, which were afterwards prefixed to it, with several other poems. Two letters that passed on that occasion are inserted in this collection \*. To the "poetical miscellanies" published by Sir Richard Steele, in 1714, he was at first a large contributor, but finding, before publication, that Mr. Pope's "Wife of Bath's Tale," and some other pieces, which were inconsistent with his ideas of decency and decorum, had been admitted, he immediately withdrew most of his own, and would allow only two small poems, and those without a name, to appear there. The pieces thus withdrawn were inserted the same year in another "miscellany, less brilliant perhaps but more

\* Page 102—104.

unexceptionable, printed for Pemberton. His edition of the " Works of Spenser," in six volumes octavo, dedicated to lord Somers, in 1715, attracted the attention and gratified the expectation of the public. A short parallel between the editor and his author, drawn by a masterly hand, may be seen in the following work\*. His " Apollo and Daphne" was brought on the stage in the same year. The interest which Sir Richard Steele took in its success, will appear by letter xxxviii †. Mr. Tickell's " Prophecy of Nereus" (imitated from Horace) and applied to a second-sighted Highland wizard, at the time of the rebellion, gave rise to some " Critical remarks" by Mr. Hughes (in a letter to Thomas Serjeant, esq;) in which he clearly shews, that though there are excellent lines in that imitation, " the serious destroys the burlesque; and the burlesque infects and debases the serious." Nor was our author, at that alarming crisis, an idle

\* Page 129, note\*.

† Page 135.

spectator of the danger of his country. Firm to the revolution and the protestant establishment, he unanswerably exposed "The complicated guilt of the rebellion," in a pamphlet so styled, written in the year 1716. But as that insurrection was soon after quelled, this tract was not published 'till the year 1745, when, at a like crisis, it was first printed, with a preface, by Mr. Duncombe. Actuated by the same revolutionary principles, in June, 1717, though then ill of a fever, he "could not" (as he expresses it) "sit still and think himself unconcerned, while a person whom he much honoured, was barbarously treated;" and therefore drew his pen in defence of bishop Hoadly, from the charge brought against him by Dr. Snape and others\*. In the same year, lord chancellor Cowper (to whom Mr. Hughes had been but lately known) without any sollicitation, appointed him secretary to the commissions of the peace, was ever after-

\* See letter xliv, p. 154.

wards his most sincere and cordial friend, and, in 1718, recommended him, and him only, to the succeeding lord chancellor, lord Parker, who very readily continued him in his employment. His satirical vision, entitled "Charon, or the Ferry-boat," was published in the year 1708. The plan of this seems in some measure adopted in the dramatic satire styled "Lethe". The "dedication to Heidegger" (the "Swifts count") is inserted in the "appendix," having been omitted in the author's "works". Sir Godfrey Kneller having painted his picture a few weeks before his death, Mr. Hughes presented it to earl Cowper. The value his lordship set upon it will appear by his genteel letter on receiving it \*. The dedication of our author's last work, dictated to his brother when he was too weak to write, but ten days before his death, was his final acknowledgment to his noble patron. This last work was his tragedy,

\* Page 267.

the "Siege of Damascus," in which the rays of his genius are, as it were, collected to a point. But this tragedy is so generally known and admired, and of the deviations, which, contrary to his judgment, the players obliged him to make from his original plan, so much is occasionally said in the following letters, that I shall only add, that it was brought upon the stage February 17. 1719-20, a few hours only before the author died; a most affecting circumstance to his friends, and indeed to the whole audience. Sir Richard Steele, with the humanity that distinguished his character, took the first opportunity of paying his debt of friendship and esteem, in a paper entitled "The Theatre," No. 15, which not being collected into a volume is here annexed. Mr. Hughes's philosophical ode called "The Ecstasy", in which there is a fine compliment to Sir Isaac Newton, was published after his death. In 1726, his only sister was married to William Duncombe, esq; who, in 1735. collected and published his poems in two volumes 12°.

adding to those that had before been printed some that were in the hands of the late Alexander Strahan, esq; the translator of the *Æneid*. Prefixed are some pathetic verses by Miss Judith Cowper\* (now Mrs. Madan,) Mr. John Bunce, Mr. Lewis Duncombe, &c. Mrs. Duncombe died in 1735-6, leaving an only son, the editor of the present work. Of Mr. Hughes's brother, Jabez, a votary also of the Muses, some account is given in this volume, p. 160.

These memoirs cannot be better closed than with the following short character, annexed by Dr. Campbell to his accurate life of this writer, in the ivth volume of "*Biographia Britannica*;"

"Mr. John Hughes was more solicitous  
"to deserve fame than ambitious to enjoy  
"it. He was by nature addicted to study,  
"and with a great genius had a vast fund

\* Daughter of Spencer Cowper, esq; one of the judges of the court of common-pleas, and niece to the lord chancellor.

" of



“ of diligence, an exquisite taste, a correct  
 “ judgment; but with all these qualities,  
 “ was modest, and even diffident, to a sur-  
 “ prising degree; which hindered him from  
 “ collecting or publishing many valuable  
 “ pieces of poetry, and some of prose. How  
 “ well he was acquainted with the ancients,  
 “ and how proper a use he made of that  
 “ acquaintance, appears from his transla-  
 “ tions and imitations of Orpheus, Tyrtæus,  
 “ Pindar, Anacreon, and Euripides, amongst  
 “ the Greeks; as well as of Horace, Ovid,  
 “ Lucan, and Claudian, amongst the Ro-  
 “ mans. This did not, however, prejudice  
 “ him against the moderns: he translated  
 “ also from the French; and his ‘ Birth of  
 “ the Rose,’ from a writer of that country,  
 “ is not the least beautiful piece amongst  
 “ his works. His skill in music, which  
 “ was exquisite, gave him such an advan-  
 “ tage over other poets, as might, with  
 “ proper encouragement, have carried the  
 “ English opera as high as the Italian. His  
 “ talent for lyric poetry was justly admired,  
 “ and his tragedy of ‘ The Siege of Damaf-

‘cus’ was an instance that pain and sickness  
 “ could not abate the fire of his genius, or  
 “ hinder him from giving marks of it as  
 “ long as he lived. He did not write, at  
 “ least he did not publish, much, but if  
 “ we consider him as an invalid almost  
 “ through his whole life, his avocations on  
 “ account of business, and that he was but  
 “ forty-two when he ceased to live, and  
 “ also call to mind how correct every thing  
 “ was that came from him, we must re-  
 “ tract our assertion, and allow that he pub-  
 “ lished a great deal. His character as a  
 “ critic was at least equal to his character  
 “ as a poet, but were both excelled by his  
 “ character as a man and a Christian. His  
 “ religion was sincere without severity, his  
 “ morals strict but not austere, his con-  
 “ versation equally instructive and pleasant.  
 “ To say all of him he deserved would be  
 “ a hard task. Let it suffice then—the  
 “ man whom the bishop of Winchester ho-  
 “ noured as a friend\*, the man whom Mr.  
 “ Addison admired as a poet†, the man

\* See letter xlyii, p. 186. † See letter xxiii, p. 102.  
 “ whose

“ whose goodness and integrity Mr. Pope  
“ had in veneration \*, could be no ordi-  
“ nary man.”

The THEATRE, No. XV,  
By Sir JOHN EDGAR [Sir RICHARD STEELE.]

*Conueniens vite mors fuit illa tue.* Ovid.

From Tuesday, Feb. 16, to Saturday, Feb. 20,  
1719-20.

I HAVE passed my last hours with a great deal of amusement, and have gone through all the vicissitudes of agreeable and pensive reflection, to which my imagination could turn itself. I am, indeed, just now come from the masquerade; but last night saw the “Siege of Damascus,” and had the mortification to hear this evening, that Mr. Hughes, the author of that excellent tragedy, departed this life within a few hours

\* See letters xxxvii, lxxv and lxxxiii,

after

after his play was acted with universal applause. This melancholy circumstance recalled into my thought a speech in the tragedy, which very much affected the whole audience, and was attended to with the greatest and most solemn instance of approbation, an awful silence. The incidents of the play plunge an heroic character into the last extremity; and he is admonished by a tyrant-commander to expect no mercy, but is left alone to consider with himself, whether he will comply with the terms he offers him, to wit, changing the Christian religion for the Mahometan idolatry\*, or die.

The words with which the Turkish general makes his *exit* from his prisoner, are,

Faréwell, and think of death.

\* The Mahometans are so far from being liable to the charge of idolatry, that the first and fundamental principle of their religion is the Unity of God. No sect whatever have a greater abhorrence of idolatry, than the disciples of Mahomet. This is evident from almost every page of the Koran.

Upon

Upon which, the captive breaks into the following soliloquy :

Farewell ! and think of death !—Was it not so ?  
 Do murderers then preach morality ?—  
 But how to think of what the living know not,  
 And the dead cannot, or else may not tell.  
 What art thou, O thou great mysterious terror !  
 The way to thee we know ; diseases, famine,  
 Sword, fire, and all thy ever-open gates,  
 That, day and night, stand ready to receive us.  
 But what's beyond them ? Who will draw that veil ?  
 Yet death's not there—No, 'tis a point of time ;  
 The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal being.  
 It mocks our thought—On this side all is life ;  
 And when we've reach'd it, in that very instant,  
 'Tis past the thinking of—O ! if it be  
 The pangs, the throes, the agonising struggle,  
 When soul and body part, sure I have felt it,  
 And there's no more to fear.

All men who have a taste of good arts, will lament the loss of this gentleman for his admirable performance ; and his acquaintance will not take it ill, that something is here said of him, by one who knew him very intimately, and had a great respect for his merit and virtue.

I can-

I cannot, in the first place, but felicitate a death, on the same evening in which he had received and merited the applause of his country, for a great and good action. His work is full of such sentiments, as only can give comfort in the last hour; and, I am told, he shewed a pleasure in hearing the labours, which he so honestly and virtuously intended, had met with a suitable success\*: and happy was the man, who, while he felt himself in the lowest degree of human condition, could, at the same time, give himself the satisfaction that he was inspiring great and good thoughts in a whole people. He lay, like his own hero, with the arrow in his side, but would not pull it and let out life, 'till he had performed his course of virtue. His whole life, indeed, was the state of his dying hero; he had, in a great measure, the dart of mortality ever

\* The author was misinformed in this particular, for Mr. Hughes had then laid aside all thoughts of his play, and composed himself to meet death with the resolution and dignity becoming a christian philosopher.

festering in his body, from birth, the entrance into pain, to death, the exit from it. Mr. Hughes could hardly ever be said to have enjoyed health; but was, in the very best of his days, a valetudinarian. If those who are speaking of giving praise to any virtue, without extenuation of it, should say, that his youth was chastised into the severity, and preserved in the innocence, for which he was conspicuous, from the infirmity of his constitution, they will be under new difficulty, when they hear that he had none of those faults, to which ill state of health or ordinariness subjects the rest of mankind. His incapacity for more frolic diversions never made him peevish or sour to those whom he saw in them; but his humanity was such, that he could partake and share those pleasures he beheld others enjoy, without repining that he himself could not join in them. No, he made a true use of an ill-constitution, and formed his mind to the living under it, with as much satisfaction as it could admit of. His intervals of ease were employed in drawing, designing, or

else in music or poetry; for he had not only a taste, but an ability of performance to a great excellence, in those arts which entertain the mind within the rules of the severest morality, and the strictest dictates of religion. He did not seem to wish for more than he possessed, even as to health\*, but to condemn sensuality as a sober man does drunkenness; he was so far from envying, that he pitied the jollities that were enjoyed by a more happy constitution. He could converse with the most sprightly, without peevishness; and sickness itself had no other effect upon him, than to make him look upon all violent pleasures as evils he had escaped without the trouble of avoiding.

Dr. Sprat finishes his account of the life and writings of Mr. Cowley with this remarkable paragraph :

\* This sounds very pretty in speculation, but is too refined for practice. Mr. Hughes never pretended to be a Stoic.

“ Perhaps,”



“ Perhaps,” says he, “ it may be judged,  
“ that I have spent too many words on a  
“ private man and a scholar, whose life was  
“ not remarkable for such a variety of  
“ events, as are wont to be the ornaments  
“ of this kind of relations. I know it is  
“ the custom of the world to prefer the  
“ pompous histories of great men before  
“ the greatest virtues of others, whose lives  
“ have been led in a course less illustrious.  
“ This, indeed, is the general humour.  
“ But I believe it to be an error in mens  
“ judgments: for certainly, that is a more  
“ profitable instruction which may be taken  
“ from the eminent goodness of men of  
“ lower rank, than that which we learn  
“ from the splendid representation of the  
“ battles, and victories, and buildings, and  
“ sayings of great commanders and princes.  
“ Such specious matters, as they are seldom  
“ delivered with fidelity, so they serve but  
“ for the imitation of a very few, and rather  
“ make for the ostentation, than the true  
“ information of human life. Whereas it is  
“ from the practice of men equal to our-  
“ selves,

“ selves, that we are more naturally taught  
 “ to command our passions, to direct our  
 “ knowledge, and to govern our actions.”

I am very glad of so great an authority for the support of an opinion, which I have always had, since I could think at all, and received from the great writers of antiquity, That we are to undress men, and throw off the mantle and train with which fortune has clothed them, before we can propose them as patterns to ourselves, or truly know their private character. But without that labour and enquiry, those who approach our condition are immediate objects of our approbation or dislike; and teach us in a more lively manner what to avoid, or pursue. It is therefore, methinks, an injury to the great merit of private men, that writers, who seldom rise above that degree (at least in their fortunes) should prostitute their talents in adorning those only among the virtuous, who are possessors of wealth and power.

The

The gentleman, to whose memory I devote this paper, may be the emulation of more persons of different talents than any one I have ever known. His head, hand, or heart, was always employed in something worthy imitation; his pencil, his bow\* (string) or his pen, each of which he used in a masterly manner, were always directed to raise and entertain his own mind, or that of others, to a more chearful prosecution of what was noble and virtuous. Peace be with thy remains, thou amiable spirit! But I talk in the language of our weakness: That is flown to the regions of day and immortality, and relieved from the painful instrument of anguish and sorrow, in which, for a long and tedious few years, he panted, though with a lively hope for his present condition.

With this humane duty, and willing exercise of affliction, I blot out the various images of antic dresses, gilded scenes, and

\* The author means the bow of a violin.

giddy crowds, from which I am just returned, and which were hardly sufficient to divert an oppressed spirit from its private cares ; but they ought to vanish at the reflection upon a series of greater weight of sorrow, that constantly loaded the example of cheerful patience, whom I have here endeavoured to celebrate.

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N. B. Those marked thus \* are added  
in this edition.

# ERRATA.

Page 208, line 5, for "be taking," read "be 'by' taking".

— 230, — the last, for "dave," read "have".

— 290, — 5, read "inadvertency".

# LETTERS, &c.

## LETTER I.

REV. MR. THOMAS SWIFT\* to MR. BENTLEY,  
bookseller, in Covent-garden.

MR. BENTLEY, Moor-park, Feb. 14, 1694-5.

**I**T was all along my design to communicate fir William Temple's directions to you and your associates, but I was willing to do

\* Rector of Puttenham in Surry, chaplain to fir William Temple, and first cousin to the celebrated dean of St. Patrick's, being the only son of his uncle Thomas. In a note on Swift's "Sketch of his own family," Mr. Deane Swift, the editor, says, that this " Mr. Thomas Swift was a man of learning and abilities, but being bred up, like his father and

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it so cautiously that you might not publish  
~~unless you follow them, for this was the~~

“ grandfather, with an abhorrence and contempt for  
 “ all puritanical sectaries, continued rector of Put-  
 “ ttenham, without any the least hope of rising in  
 “ the church, for the space of threescore years, and  
 “ died in May, 1752, in the 87th year of his age.”

He must therefore have had that living, (probably  
 by sir William Temple's interest, it not being far  
 from Moor-park) about three years before this letter  
 was written, and as it is a crown-living, Mr. Swift's  
 presentation to it seems another exception to his re-  
 lation, Mr. Deane Swift's persuasion, that no soli-  
 citation was ever made to the crown by one of the  
 “ name, from the restoration to this day, for any the  
 “ least favour whatsoever, that was either worth the  
 “ crown's refusal, or any of the family's acceptance,  
 “ except, &c.” It seems surprising that this gen-  
 tleman, and the rest of the Dean's biographers, should  
 have taken no notice of this other family-connection  
 of the Swifts with sir William Temple, as it serves  
 to throw still farther light on Dr. Swift's first intro-  
 duction into sir William Temple's family, (the chap-  
 lain being rector of Puttenham in 1692, the year that  
 his kinsman was admitted at Oxford,) and perhaps  
 may in some measure account for his patron (then  
 retired from the world) neglecting, or not being able,  
 to procure English preferment for more than one of  
 the Swifts, his own chaplain. In letter xxxiv of  
 Swift's

folly of Dunton\* and his party, that they made a noise with my patron's name, whilst they took a way clear contrary to his directions, and yet pretended that he writ, when it was I writ to them, for he did not so much as read their letters. I writ these di-

Swift's "Journal to Stella," dated Nov. 7, 1711, he says, alluding to a thanksgiving-sermon by this author, styled "Noah's Dove," "a bookfeller has re-printed or new-titled a sermon of Tom Swift's, printed last year, and publishes an advertisement, calling it Dr. Swift's sermon." And in other letters he frequently mentions, that "the lord-treasurer, when he had a mind to vex him, would call him, or introduce him to company by the name of, Dr. 'Thomas' Swift." As a clue to this jealousy or dislike, let it be remembered, that Tom Swift, his "little parson-cousin," as the dean styles him, affected to be thought author of the "Tale of a Tub." See a letter from Swift to Ben Tooke, his bookfeller, dated June 29, 1710, in vol. xvii of his works, p. 75.

\* John Dunton was a bookfeller who failed in trade, and afterwards turned author. He unluckily 'failed' several times in his new profession. His principal work was "The life and errors of John Dunton." "Granger's biographical history of England," vol. ii, part 2, p. 416,

rections, to Mr. Simpson, and desired him to endeavour his reception into your number, that you might print his introduction, and join in the common concern. When I was in London a second time, I asked him what was done in it? He said that he had attempted it by a third person, and that he found some of you were averse to it, having made proceedings already another way. I was once or twice at your shop, but not finding you at home, my own business called me away, and so put a stop to this. But since you seem desirous of these directions, I will give them you as briefly as I can. If you do follow them, I will engage to get you subscriptions by my own acquaintance in these parts, and sir William Temple's directions, and the goodness of the method, will get you more. If you do not, I shall desire you to keep the directions private, and not to make use of sir William Temple's name. He is of opinion that the best and readiest way to compile a good General History of England will be to take in all those parts of it which have  
already

already been written by any approved and esteemed authors; and to write nothing new besides those parts which have not yet been touched by authors of name and estimation. And he thinks the variety of the several hands and styles may render it yet more agreeable to the readers than if it were all written by the same pen; which would perhaps be a greater undertaking than any man believes, before he engages in such an attempt. Therefore he thinks, that, after the end of the introduction, and William the Conqueror's reign, the lives of William Rufus, and the succeeding kings, to the end of Edward III, may be inserted as they are written by Daniel \*, who is an author of good judgment, and no ill style. He thinks he has seen, many years ago, the life of Richard II, written well, and by a good hand, as he was then informed, though

\* Samuel Daniel, esq; the most eminent poet and historian of his time, poet-laureat to queen Elizabeth, and afterwards one of the grooms of the privy-chamber to the queen-consort of James I. His history was first published in 1613.

published without a name. But this will be your part to inform yourselves; and if it be so, this may succeed after Edward III. The lives of Henry IV, V, and VI, must of necessity be written by a new hand, and will deserve a very good one, since, if well collected and digested, though out of common authors, they will comprise the noblest part of the History of England. After these may succeed the lives of Edward IV, Edward V, and Richard III, written, as he remembers, by sir Thomas More, if they are still extant \*. And if so, it will be but justice to his memory to insert them, without any alteration, how different soever his style and manner of writing may be from what is in use at present. The same honour will be due to sir Francis Bacon's Henry VII †, which may succeed the other, and

\* Sir Thomas More's life of Edward IV, if written, has never been printed. His histories of Edward IV and Richard III, (the latter unfinished) were both printed separately, at London, in 1651.

† First published in 1622.



be followed by lord Herbert's Henry VIII\*, but this ought to be abridged, though it will require a very judicious hand to chuse what part may be left out, without injury to the story. Sir John Hayward's† Edward VI may follow of course, but may likewise bear some abridgment in some parts less necessary.

Queen Mary's life may be drawn out of Hollinshed, who lived near her time‡, and is more pertinent, or less tedious, in that life, than in any of his others. This may be

\* First published in 1649.

† One of the historiographers of Chelsea-college, and LL. D. His "Life and reign of king Edward VI" was printed at London in 1630. He also published the "Lives of the three Norman kings of England, William I, William II, Henry I," and the 1st part of the "Life and reign of king Henry IV." On account of the latter, he was imprisoned (in 1599) by queen Elizabeth.

‡ His "Chronicles" were first published in 1577. "He died," says bishop Tanner, "in 1580."

followed

followed by Camden's Elizabeth \*, which may conclude the first volume of the General History of England †.

\* This elaborate work was begun, at the instance of lord treasurer Burleigh, in 1597, and printed in 1625.

† The above plan seems in a great measure to have been pursued in the "Complete History of England," published in 1706, of which the two first volumes were compiled by Mr. Hughes, who also wrote the "general preface;" and the third volume, with a "particular preface," was written by Dr. (afterwards bishop) Kennet, as all the lives above recommended are adopted, with these exceptions only: the history before William the Conqueror is by Milton; that of William I (as well as his ten successors) is by Mr. Daniel; the reigns of Richard II, Henry IV, V, and VI, are new-written in Mr. Daniel's method; that of Edward IV is by William [misprinted John] Habington, esq; Lond. 1640; the life of Richard III by sir George Buck, (together with that by sir Thomas More) is inserted, and the annals of queen Mary are translated from bishop Godwin, by Mr. Hughes. Excepting the life of James I, by Arthur Wilson, esq; (first published in 1653) all the subsequent lives are new-written by Dr. Kennet.

Thus

Thus far Sir William Temple's directions go ; and Dunton's society, when they could not take them, because they had not those authors in their own power to print, yet when I was in town, would by no means let me have a copy, unless I would promise never to communicate them to your party. I wish you may make that advantage of ~~them~~ which the others are afraid of, by following their directions. If you do, no man will pretend to equal you, or think by his own labour to surpass so many great authors, who lived near the reigns which they write of, and were some of the wisest, the greatest, or the best acquainted with affairs of any in their own time. But if you pretend to make most of your history *de novo*, it will either take up many years doing, or will prove but a second edition of Sir Richard Baker. Some hand of note will take up the method which you flight, and then a mercenary pen will never bear a second impression. You will find, by the event, that I guess well. I wish you a great deal of success,

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C

and

and shall be willing to see your proposals,  
if you send any abroad.

I am your friend and servant,

THO. SWIFT.

## LETTER II.

Mr. JOHN HUGHES to Mr. WATTS\*.

DEAR SIR,

London, May 30, 1696.

**T**HOUGH nothing could be more acceptable to me than your last letter, yet I wish you had employed the former part of it on a better subject, and not in loading me with compliments as unexpected as un-

\* Afterwards the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D. He was at this time resident with his father at Southampton, after having received an academical education at London, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe. Mr. Watts began to preach in 1698, and in 1702 succeeded Dr. Isaac Chauncy, in his ministerial office at London, which he held till his death, Nov. 25, 1748. When this letter was written, the author's age was 18, and Mr. Watts's 21. deserved.

deserved. The poison is the more dangerous because the less suspected, for you have shown such an extreme address, that seeming to say little, you have said all. I thought, after that free confession I have made, your friendship would have restrained you from tempting my vanity with such unnecessary praises on a trifle I owned myself too much inclined to be fond of; nay, to deal freely, I found my infirmity at that time so prevailing, that I could hardly persuade myself at first that you complimented. But I will leave this subject, since to be over-obstinate in refusing praise is not always an argument of modesty, any more than a man's declaiming against himself in company, only because he would be contradicted. I give you many thanks for that testimony of your gratitude, as you are pleased to call it, and though I must own it a little incorrect, yet you may believe me, if I tell you that I think it has some beauties which deserve a particular admiration. As for your request, that I would criticise on it, I hope you will ex-

cuse me when I have declared to you, that I have neither judgment nor ill-nature enough for such an undertaking. Perhaps too there is a grain of policy in the case, and I am unwilling to destroy the good opinion you seem to have of my abilities, by putting me on such an attempt. In hopes that you will not, on your part, neglect this paper correspondence between us, nor fail to make me an expected return, I here send you some verses that were written some time ago, and given, together with a drawing, to a lady who is a great admirer of those two sister-arts. I should perhaps discover too much of my vanity, if I should tell you, that, in some of the lines, I have imitated the incomparable Waller; but a little ambition, you know, is necessary to poets, and though I have reason enough to expect the same success, that Horace prophesies of the imitators of Pindar, yet I have sometimes been inclined to fancy the design, and some of the verses, particularly the six last, not altogether unlike him.

VERSES

VERSES presented to a LADY with a drawing (by  
the author) of CUPID.

When generous Dido in disguise catch'd  
This god, and fondly clasp'd him to her breast,  
Soon the sly urchin storm'd her tender heart,  
And amorous flames dispers'd through every part.  
In vain she strove to check the new-born fire,  
It scorn'd her weak essays, and rose the higher:  
In vain from feasts and balls relief she sought,  
The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought;  
Yet fate oppos'd her unrewarded care,  
Forfaken, scorn'd, she perish'd in despair.

No such event, fair nymph, you need to fear,  
Smiles, without darts, alone attend him here;  
Weak and unarm'd, not able to surprise,  
He waits for influence from your conqu'ring eyes.  
Heaven change the omen then, and may this prove  
A happy prelude to successful love!

### L E T T E R I I I.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. WATTS.

DEAR SIR,

London

1697.

**I** CANNOT easily signify to you with  
what eagerness I snatch this occasion of ma-  
king

king the most unfeigned acknowledgments, for the many obligations you have been pleased to lay upon me; a duty which your modesty would never permit me to do in your presence, and which my gratitude, the best quality I can boast, will not let me omit, now I have you at this advantage.

I know you are in pain, for fear I am preparing for you a banquet of your own praises, a food which most other people can devour very heartily, and be in no danger of a surfeit; and had I any quarrel against you, I would not desire a better revenge, and yet would say nothing that should look the least like flattery; so that you are now wholly at my mercy, and in no capacity of defending yourself, or putting by my passes; but since you cannot think me ignorant of what is so well known to all your friends, and since too you may gather, by what I have said, with reference to one perfection, your modesty, how well I am acquainted with all the rest,



rest, I will take pity on you, and forbear so agreeable a subject. See here, Sir, what a command you have over me, when I dare not so much as offer you your own, lest I displease you ; but am forced to make even this an instance of the esteem I have for you, that I will not tell you how great it is. I give you many thanks for your witty and diverting letter ; you need not have used arguments to persuade me that the characters you have drawn in it are true copies of nature, for in requital I could send you some of another hue, that have fallen within the circle of my observation, monsters so hideous and deformed, that, drawn by a poet, they would be thought no less extravagant than the thunder-defying hero \* of Statius before the walls of Thebes. Fools indeed (of whom you complain) are a very troublesome sort of insects ; but they only buzz about your ears, and never bite deep ; the villain is the beast of prey, that leaps upon you from his den, and tears you in pieces. These are the

\* Capaneus.

proper

proper objects of rage, the others of contempt; and this perhaps makes the difference between the satires of Horace and Juvenal, for the first of them only rallies, but the latter declaims. Do you think you could possess your soul in patience, if you had to do with a fellow, who, under the veil of a most unsuspected affection, should be carrying on a plot for your ruin? Who should make use of all the most endearing acts of friendship, only to cast a blind before your eyes, and procure all opportunities to make you a sacrifice to his interest or revenge? The footpad, like an honest rogue, bluntly bids you—"Stand and deliver!" but some there are who will caress and embrace you, whilst their thoughts are employed to swallow down your estate, if not cut your throat; and, if they do it but cleverly, and with some address, so as not to fall within the letter of the law, they wipe their mouths and pronounce themselves harmless;—"O villain! villain! smiling villain!"—Think not that I am writing at random, for I assure you,  
I have

I have an original in my eye, after which I make this picture : innumerable others there are of the same black list, but with different degrees of deformity : to be particular, there is the physician, who purges you into a skeleton with his poisonous doses, and calculates the time of your cure by the number of his fees ; the man of statutes and reports, who practises on your estate as the other does on your health ;—

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,  
 You have as good and fair a battery  
 As heart can wish, and need not shame  
 The proudest man alive to claim,  
 For if it be so as you say,  
 Marry, quoth I, you've got the day !

*Hudibras.*

And yet, perhaps, as soon as you are gone, he takes gold of your adversary to betray your cause. There are your statemen too, who live like fleas by sucking the blood of the body politic : and here indeed the streams of corruption, that run through all our public offices, were a large field for

satire ; for if all be true that an honest bold fellow tells us in a late pamphlet, I do not believe Rome was worse, when Jugurtha said, that “ the city itself would be set to sale, could they hear of a purchaser.” It were endless to enumerate all the particular species of rogues ; both court and camp are filled with them, and at the Exchange every day at two you may meet them in swarms. In short, to say no more, ’tis a foolish and villainous world, and so let us rub through it as well as we can, remembering only, that some degrees of compli-  
 ance are requisite to carry us on smoothly. There is an honest sort of hypocrisy, that is the allowed language of all mankind, and this is no other than a general courtesy of behaviour, which will not suffer us to speak truth at all times, and in all places. Therefore we must not be more honest than wise, unless we are willing to be kicked about the world like foot-balls, that are suffered to stay with nobody. In the mean time, I think myself happy in one whom I  
 dare

dare call my friend, as I hope you will believe, on the other hand, that I am

Yours sincerely, and without reserve,  
J. H.

## LETTER IV.

MR. HUGHES TO MR. SAMUEL SAY\*.

DEAR MR. SAY,      London, Nov. 6, 1697.

**I** MUST confess that I took it somewhat unkindly to be so long neglected by an in-

\* This gentleman, (then resident at Lyminge in Kent,) after having been some years pastor of a dissenting congregation at Ipswich, succeeded Dr. Calamy in Westminster, in the year 1732. Soon after his death, which happened April 12, 1743, several of his poems, and two essays in prose, were published in one volume quarto, by subscription. The latter, one of which is "on the harmony, variety, and power of numbers in general," and the other "on those of Paradise Lost in particular," have been much admired by persons of taste and judgment. His only daughter is married to Mr. Toms, a dissenting minister at Hadleigh in Suffolk.

D 2

timate

imate friend, and one for whom I always had a more than ordinary esteem ; but it is not so enormous a crime but I can pardon you on condition that you will stand bound to your good behaviour for the future. And now perhaps by the date of mine you will think that I design to be even with you ; I hope that conjecture will vanish, when I tell you that I came last week out of the country. But, ceremony apart, I give you my hearty thanks for your ingenious paraphrase, in which you have so generously rescued the noble psalmist out of the butcherly hands of Hopkins and Sternhold. Yet at the same time you have drawn a bill upon me, which I fear I must be forced to pay as they do exchequer-notes, that is, at so much discount. However, I hope I have to do with a merciful creditor, who will be willing to compound the debt ; and for the coin, I assure you 'tis the very choicest of my bags. To leave this metaphorical strain, you have here something \* in imitation of

\* Horace, book 1, ode 22. See it in Mr. Hughes's " poems," vol. i, p. 113.

an author with whom I am endeavouring daily to grow more acquainted ; and I cannot, without ingratitude, omit this occasion of owning, that, if I have yet attained any true taste of him, it is in a great measure owing to your judicious conversation, of which I am now so unhappily deprived. Such as it is, the ode is yours, for I translated it purposely for your sake, and I have had such a respect to your judgment, that I have omitted no care to make it as perfect as I am able, and I am sure you cannot in reason expect more from me. I should be very glad if in your next you will tell me the faults I have committed, for it is the first time I have attempted the Pindarical way. Mistake not this for a compliment, for as you are one on whose judgment I can rely, so I declare to you that you cannot do me a more friendly office. Amalasont \* is not yet upon the stage, but I suppose will be this winter ; I am glad you continue to

\* Queen of the Goths, a tragedy, still in manuscript, written by Mr. Hughes, at the age of 19.

think

think so favourably of it, I mean with respect to its morals, for I am clearly of Monf. Rapin's opinion, that "the reputation of being an honest man is to be preferred to that of a good poet." I am,

Sir, your real friend

and humble servant,

J. HUGHES.

\* L E T T E R V.

Mr. SAY to Mr. HUGHES.

On the publication of the "Court of  
" Neptune" \*.

DEAR SIR,

Jan. 11, 1699.

**I** AM pleased to find that you always make choice of worthy objects for your

\* This poem, which is addressed to Charles Montagu, esq; (afterwards lord Halifax,) was written on king William's return from Holland two years after the peace of Ryfwick. Though it was, at the time, much admired for the versification, the musical flow  
of



muse, and take it as an omen of something greater to follow. Virgil, in his *Bucolics*, preluded to his *Æneid*, and first sung the praises of Augustus in eclogues, or copies of verses, before he attempted an heroic poem. I am satisfied by this specimen, that you will never descend into the rank of those little souls, who make it their business only to please, and have no other way to do that, but by flattering men in their vices and immoralities. Virtue, I am sure, is most for the interest of mankind, and those poets have ever obtained the most honour in the world, who have made that the end and design of their works. A wanton Sappho, or Anacreon, among the ancients, never had the same applause as a Pindar or Alcæus; nor, in the judgment of Horace, did they deserve it. In the opinion of all posterity, a lewd and debauched Ovid did justly submit to the

of the numbers is its least praise; it rather deserves to be valued for the propriety and boldness of the figures and metaphors, and the delightful machinery.

Preface to Mr. Hagher's "poems," p. vi.  
 worth

worth of a Virgil; and in future ages, a Dryden will never be compared to a Milton. In all times and in all places of the world, the moral poets have been ever the greatest, and as much superior to others in wit, as in virtue. Nor does this seem difficult to be accounted for, since the dignity of their subjects naturally raised their ideas, and gave a grandeur to their sentiments.—

S. SAY.

## L E T T E R VI.

MR. HUGHES to JONATHAN SMITH, Esq; \*

DEAR SIR,

London, June 19, 1702.

**I** AM extremely concerned to hear of the unfortunate accident that has befallen you †;

\* Of Ince Grice, (now called Ingres) near Greenhithe, Kent.

† Mr. Smith had just broken his leg by a fall from his horse. Some verses on his marriage, in 1708, are added in the "appendix."

for

for I can truly say, and hope to be believed, that, next to your relations, I do not think you have any friend who is more sincerely interested for your welfare than myself: Misfortunes of this nature will sometimes happen in spite of the greatest care in the world; and when they do, it is the greatest happiness to be well armed with patience; and to be able (as all wise men are) some way or other to make our advantage of them: and though it is experience purchased at a very dear rate, yet when a man has paid the price for it, it would be very hard if he should not gain something at least. Knowledge and wisdom are properly enough said to be often born of affliction; an offspring painful in the birth, but of the most valuable possession. Indeed the reasonings of philosophers and divines are very idle to one who is in the extremity of pain: but when he is come to himself, and at leisure for reflection, such severe admonitions as yours was, do of themselves preach to him, and offer him rules of prudence: they require him to use caution against all such

ills as may be avoided, and to be prepared against such as cannot. They teach him to value himself aright ; and since he finds his body subject to a thousand accidents, to turn his care rather to the noble entertainment and improvement of his mind ; to pursue the pleasures of a rational being, which consist in wisdom, virtue, and good sense, and to stand up with bravery and resolution, and answer the great end of his creation. All this may be done without a man's turning hermit, or forswearing his innocent pleasures or diversions, without forsaking company, or, when he is in it, appearing morose or precise. It will not make him awkward, unfashionable, or stiff : on the contrary, it will accomplish him, and make him polite ; and I will venture to say, that it will not only make him a better man, but a finer gentleman too. I find, Sir, that I am betrayed into a long letter before I was aware : perhaps I have been too officious and talkative ; but you will pardon me, since I have been only representing to you what I suppose may have been your own thoughts

thoughts on this occasion. I am very glad to understand that you are in a good way of recovery: I hoped to have been with you before this time, but I have chains that hold me here still, and will not be broken. As soon as I can possibly get free, I will hasten down to you, with eagerness and affection, to pay the acknowledgments of, Sir,

Yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

\* L E T T E R VII.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. SAY.

SIR,

December 26, 1702.

I HAVE inclosed what I mentioned to you when I saw you last. That incomparable ode which Horace has addressed to his friend Grosphus, I have chosen to present to one of the best of my friends, in as good an English dress as I am capable of

E 2

giving

giving it \*. The original is one of those pieces, in which Horace has shewn himself so great a master of human life, and given us at once a view of his good sense and good humour. And this address is usual to him; for in the gravest of his odes he does not seem to make his remarks on life like a pedant, to give you a distaste to it, or to fright you from pleasure, but to invite you to the true enjoyment of it; and thus far he was certainly right, though in the choice of his pleasures he was often irregular. In this, as well as in all other respects, his moral odes are greatly superior to the chorusses in Seneca's tragedies; for, in the first, you have the free and unaffected morality of a gentleman, but in the latter the splenetic air of a severe Stoic. This ode has been translated before, more than once; but whether well or ill, let others judge; I shall only say, that I have seen very few translations of Horace that please me; for most have copied only his thoughts, with-

\* See it in Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. i, p. 116.  
out

out any of his diction, which is his principal beauty : 'tis that vivacity in his style, and particularly in his epithets, which Petronius Arbiter calls a *curiosa felicitas*\*, and in which no man ever (in my opinion) resembled him so much as Petronius himself, whose prose is as inimitable as Horace's poetry. Indeed in the time of pope Urban VIII (who was a poet himself) Casimire, a Polander and a Jesuit, wrote several odes in imitation of Horace, in which there appears a good genius ; but his Latin is not pure ; and besides the disadvantages of a dead language, he is defective in judgment, and his fancy is not well-governed. Those who have succeeded best in their attempts on Horace in English, have chosen the way of paraphrase as the most proper, for his sense is close-wrought, and would appear stiff and obscure in a literal translation (if such

\* This expression (however celebrated) is surely a very unclassical inversion, for it ought to have been called the "happy carefulness" of Horace, rather than his "careful happiness."

Warton's Essay on Pope, p. 175.

a one could be made) and there are many good hints in him worth the pursuing. None have pretended to copy his numbers; for the Pindaric, which seems the fittest for us, and gives us a greater liberty and variety, does not answer the Latin measures. Yet I remember, I once saw an attempt to write English Sapphics, (but it was never printed,) and sir Philip Sidney has composed hexameters, and other verses, after the Latin measure, but they are unnatural to our language, for this reason chiefly, because we abound so much in monosyllables. The Sapphic measure is indeed very musical, and what Horace seems best to have practised, but it seems too soft, and fit only to be employed on love, and pleasant easy subjects; it is too much confined, like the usual measure of our songs; and the lofty sense of some of his odes soars above it. Our English Pindaric is undoubtedly more majestic, and the various length and shortness of the lines, as well as the mixture and returns of the rhyme, well-chosen; and therefore, as I said before, it is the most proper



proper for such odes as have any thing of the sublime in them. I wonder Horace did not introduce something like it into his language, being so great an admirer of Pindar, and having, in other respects, imitated him so finely, notwithstanding his declaration, (*Pindarum quisquis*, &c.) that Pindar was inimitable; in which ode he commends him in these words;

*Laureâ donandus Apollinari,  
Sæ per audaces nova dithyrambes  
Verba deolvit, numerisque fertur  
Legè solutis.* Lib. iv, ode 2.

Thus translated by Mr. Cowley,

So Pindar does new words and figures roll  
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,  
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,  
Which neither banks nor dykes controul.

But this does not answer to the *numerus legè solutis*, by which Horace means only, that Pindar's numbers were unlimited, and not confined to any set measure, in those odes that

that were called dithyrambic, which had the most heat and fury, being first invented in honour of Bacchus. And, methinks, Horace might sometimes have attempted this dithyrambic measure, especially in that ode, *Quo me Bacche, rapis, &c.*

But to return to the ode which I have here endeavoured to imitate: I have taken a liberty in the paraphrase; the first stanza is added, and a simile or two; but nothing more than what is agreeable to his sense, and what I thought would make him appear to the best advantage. Such as it is, Sir, I submit it entirely to your judgment, since it was first attempted for your pleasure. 'Tis upon an agreeable subject, "tranquillity"; and if it fails giving you any entertainment, I will readily acknowledge it to be my own fault; for I know you to be master of so much sense, so good a taste, and such just notions of human life, that, I am sure, Horace must please you, if he be not murdered in an ill translation. You may perceive, Sir, that as I cannot think

think the time long which I spend in your company, so neither can I think a letter long which I am writing to you; but I may be tempted to trespass upon you in one, as well as the other; therefore I will do, as persons should after a tedious visit, use a short ceremony, and withdraw.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

J. HUGHES.

# LETTER VIII.

Mr. HUGHES to the Countess Dowager of  
DONEGALL\*.

MADAM,

**I** SHOULD have ventured to write to your ladyship sooner, to express my con-

\* This lady (the only daughter and heiress of John Itchingham, of Dunbrody in the county of Wexford, esq; who was first married to Arthur, second earl of Donegall, and who was now the wife of Richard Rooth, esq; of Epfom) had just lost three of her

F

grand-

cern for the melancholy occasion of this, and I believe, many other letters, if I had not been fearful of increasing your trouble, and thought it greater respect to forbear while it was new. Yet though I have had much affliction of my own, by my father's having been dangerously ill above three weeks; and continuing yet very weak, I have not been without a just sense of your ladyship's, who, by your exceeding goodness to others, are entitled to all the returns of sympathy they can express; and I am sure, I shall always think myself concerned for whatever befalls a family for which I have a very great honour, though a stranger to that part of it in which it has pleased God to make so sad a breach. It would be a very great satisfaction to me, if I thought that any thing I could offer,

grand children, ladies Jane, Frances, and Henrietta Chichester, by a fire at Belfast in Ireland. She constantly kept two anniversary fasts; the one on the day when this calamity happened; the other on the day when her first husband was killed at the siege of Barcelona. Her ladyship died in 1743.

joined

joined with the better assistance of those who are more capable, could afford your ladyship any consolation in your sorrow ; which, though it has a very great cause, might have been much more aggravated, if Providence had not in mercy spared more than half the family \* to be remaining comforts. And though I am very sensible of how little force reason is against the sentiments of nature, yet your ladyship is so good a christian as to be capable of a better aid from that excellent religion, whose peculiar privilege it is to afford a sovereign remedy for the worst of evils by the principle it teaches, that all events are ordered by a wise and good Being, who always knows and intends what is best for us, and will make every thing promote it, if we are not wanting to ourselves. And since we are not left to chance, and know that the author of our lives has made them equally liable to outward accidents as to inward diseases and decays, and that he has a right

\* The earl had two sons and two daughters left.

to take back what he gave, in such a manner as he thinks fit, I submit it to your ladyship's consideration, whether any sort of death, how extraordinary soever, can be properly called unnatural, or any life said to be cut short which has measured its appointed length ; and infinite wisdom only knows whether the continuance of our friends lives would always prove for their or our happiness, even when we most passionately desire it.

This I could not but mention, and if your ladyship is not partial to your grief, you will attend to these arguments of resignation, with which your own mind can better furnish you than what I can write. I pray God comfort your ladyship, and that honourable person who is the more immediate sufferer.

I am, with the greatest respect and sincerest wishes for your ladyship's health and that of your whole family, madam,

Your ladyship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

L E T T E R IX.

JEFFREY GILBERT, Esq; \* to Mr. HUONES.

S I R,

**I** HAVE confidered your Polyxena†, and I think it as fine a subject to move terror.

\* Barrister at law, and afterwards lord chief baron of the exchequer, first in Ireland, and then in England. This gentleman (among other things) was author of "an abridgment of Mr. Locke's Essay on human understanding," published in 1750, by Mr. (now Dr.) Dodd, and of an excellent translation of the 12th ode of the 11th book of Horace, printed (without a name) in "the wits Horace," p. 67.

† There is a manuscript tragedy on this subject, entitled "The Captive Princess," written by Dr. Smith, (afterwards one of the chief physicians to the Czarina) in which are some fine scenes. Of this writer and his work, Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of "Savage," gives the following account: "Mr. "Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being "hindered by an impediment in his pronunciation "from engaging in orders, for which his friends de-  
" signed

and compassion in an audience as any I have read; and to make her more so, I

“ signed him, left his own country, and came to  
 “ London in quest of employment, but found his  
 “ solicitations fruitless, and his necessities every day  
 “ more pressing. In this distress he wrote ‘ a tragedy,’  
 “ and offered it to the players, by whom it was re-  
 “ jected. Thus were his last hopes defeated, and he  
 “ had no other prospect than that of the most deplorable  
 “ poverty. But Mr. Wilks thought his performance, though not perfect, at least worthy of  
 “ some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit.  
 “ This favour he improved with so much diligence,  
 “ that the house afforded him a considerable sum,  
 “ with which he went to Leyden, applied himself to  
 “ the study of physic, and prosecuted his design with  
 “ so much diligence and success, that when Dr.  
 “ Boerhaave was desired by the Czarina to recommend  
 “ proper persons to introduce into Russia the practice  
 “ and study of physic, Dr. Smith was one of those  
 “ whom he selected. He had a considerable pension  
 “ settled on him on his arrival, and was afterwards  
 “ one of the chief physicians at the Russian court.”  
 P. 16, note.

A grateful letter from Dr. Smith to Mr. Wilks, on this occasion, with some account of his manner of living in Russia, may be seen in Chetwood’s “ History of the Stage.”

suppose



suppose you design to represent her as a pattern of virtue and good sense ; for these will be great aggravations of her calamity.

And yet I would not behold a calamitous person, if I could help it, without being able to account for it to Divine Providence. This I think may be done in the case of Hecuba, if she, in the second scene of the first act, in bewailing the misfortunes of her family, shall be made to acknowledge the injustice of the rape of Helen, the injustice of destroying Achilles during a truce and the overtures for a marriage between him and Polyxena. May not Hecuba acknowledge, that Priam made the guilt of these acts his own, by not repairing Menelaus's first injury, and by not delivering up the murderer of Achilles, though he was his own son, but protecting him from the justice of the Grecians ? May not Hecuba be made to acknowledge her own part of this injustice, in not consenting, at least, to the last reparation ? I think, even princes may be brought to confess their faults

faults in adversity, though they are gods, and without fault, in their prosperity. And such a confession and repentance shall very much reconcile the benevolence of an audience, though perhaps it will not be thought a sufficient atonement in strict justice. I suppose you design to make Hecuba die, either by her own hand, or some other way; and the guilt I have mentioned will be sufficient to justify her death.

If this conduct shall be observed, there can be no doubt concerning the justice of Hecuba's death; since the universal law is, *He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed*; and whoever shall protect a murderer, makes the guilt his own.

Hecuba, in this case, cannot but move terror in the audience. Nothing can take off more from the aggravation of Hecuba's guilt, than that the murderer whom she hath endeavoured to protect, was her own son. Though princes ought to do equal justice, yet it is very hard for them to put  
off

off natural affection ; and especially for a woman to lay aside the mother, that justice may be done upon her own son ; and yet her not doing this is her whole guilt, for which, from a great queen, she is reduced to the condition of a slave, and has been so unfortunate as to have had her nineteen children, her whole number, destroyed ; many of them before her face ; her husband too killed ; her capital city burnt to ashes ; and nothing left her but to obey the conqueror. If such a punishment, for such an offence, will not strike terror into an audience, nothing can. Will not every one be ready to reason thus with himself ? “ Can I be too careful not to offend, if, “ for the least offence, Hecuba shall exact “ so severe a vengeance ? ”

At the same time, Hecuba must needs be a great object of compassion. So many calamities, for a crime of which every one is ready to acquit her for the sake of the circumstances, must make her go lamented off the stage.—Every one that beholds her

calamities will be ready to make them his own.

Polyxena will be yet a greater object of compassion than Hecuba, since you are resolved not only to allow her good sense, but also innocence, and other personal virtues. But as far as is consistent with these excellent qualities, I believe you will think fit to make her die with justice. If, with so much merit, she shall be made to die unjustly, this, instead of terror, will be the way to drive the audience to despair. Every one will be ready to say to himself, "What advantage is there of virtue or innocence, if misfortunes attend alike the innocent and the guilty? if the greatest malefactor shall be in no more danger, than the most virtuous person upon earth."

This may be taken care of, since *the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation.* This is Divine

*vine Justice* \* ; at least, it will be thought good *Poetical Justice*. It is notorious, that

\* This text, however, must be explained with some restrictions, as otherwise the scriptures will not be reconcilable with themselves, or with the ideas of divine justice. In this and similar passages therefore the Almighty must be understood as speaking to his people in a collective capacity, considered as a government or society : and again, when in other parts of scripture, he assures the Jews that " the son shall not bear the iniquities of his father, &c. but the soul that sinneth, it shall die," he there appeals to men considered as individuals, or separate members of society, whom God never punishes but for their own transgressions. For instance, When God, by his prophet, reproves the Jews for using this proverb, " Our fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the childrens teeth are set on edge," and says, " that they shall never have occasion to use it again," this could be meant of individuals only, because, as a society, the Jews had occasion to use it both before and since. Before, in the reign of Josiah, who, righteous as he was, could not avert the wrath which the crimes of Manasseh had kindled : and since, at the siege of Jerusalem, in their present dispersion, &c. And the reason of it is this: nations, as such, will not subsist in the other world, and therefore the crimes which nations have committed, in their collective capacity, must be punished in this world, or not at all.

a whole people shall sometimes be destroyed for the crimes of their princes. This is evident in the destruction of Troy itself ; and certainly it is much more reasonable that the children of those offending princes should be destroyed ; that these should suffer in their nearest and dearest relations. This is enough to abate the confidence of the most meritorious person upon earth ; for who can tell, how much ill his father or mother may have deserved for him ? This is enough to make every man place a strict guard over all his own actions, that at least he himself may not deserve the vengeance of heaven upon himself and his own children. If this consideration shall engage a man in the pursuit of virtue, and keep him innocent in his own person, he will esteem all the miseries of human life, and even death itself, as only the payment of a debt to nature, and not a punishment. The consciousness of his own innocence will make him submit with patience to every calamity that can befall him,

Why

Why may not Hecuba, when she has bewailed the miseries of her family, be made to talk in this manner ?

“ Yet still the gods have preserved Polydore and Polyxena, to alleviate thy misfortunes. And why, Hecuba, to alleviate thy misfortunes ? Has Priam lost his empire, and so many sons and daughters, for countenancing the rape of Paris ? Did he at last lose his own life for protecting this very Paris, and not surrendering him to the Grecians for the murder of Achilles, during the time of truce, contrary to the faith of a treaty, and while a marriage was solemnising between him and Polyxena ? And didst not thou also, Hecuba, concur in protecting thy son from justice after that barbarous murder ? What then has Priam deserved, that thou hast not deserved ? And why shouldst thou expect a less punishment than he suffered ? Or if thou shalt be suffered to live, will not life itself be thy greatest punishment ? With what comfort

" fort canst thou reflect upon the misfor-  
 " tunes of thy family, the loss of empire,  
 " of so many sons and daughters, and, lastly,  
 " of thy husband? How wilt thou endure  
 " to see the chaste, the virtuous Polyxena,  
 " forced to the bed of Ulysses, and  
 " treated with perpetual scorn and insults  
 " by Penelope? But Ulysses has promised  
 " that thou shalt be to him instead of a  
 " mother, and that Polyxena shall be the  
 " wife of his Telemachus. But perhaps  
 " these are promises to allure us to survive  
 " the ruin of our family, and which are  
 " not likely to be performed, when we ar-  
 " rive at Ithaca. But if these are delusive  
 " promises, Ulysses will at least consent to  
 " our ransom; and hither, to this very  
 " court of Polymeſtor, my youngest, and  
 " now my only son, Polydore, was sent by  
 " Priam with an immense treasure, while  
 " yet Troy was in being, that he might be  
 " able to assist his family upon any misfor-  
 " tune. O Hecuba! these last, these only  
 " hopes will fail. The gods intend no  
 " good to thee. Yet why more evils to  
 " Polyxena?



“ Polyxena? Is she to suffer too for the  
 “ crimes of Paris? Did she consent to  
 “ the rape of Helen, or the murder of  
 “ Achilles?”

And why may not Polyxena reply as follows?

“ Though I did not indeed consent to  
 “ the rape of Helen, or the murder of  
 “ Achilles, am I secure from the wrath of  
 “ heaven? Have the gods destroyed inno-  
 “ cent subjects for the offences of their  
 “ princes, and shall not the guilty princes  
 “ themselves be punished in the destruction  
 “ of their dearest relations? Is Troy now  
 “ in ashes, and the whole people massacred,  
 “ because the father and mother prevailed  
 “ for the protection of a son? And shall the  
 “ sons and daughters of Priam and Hecuba  
 “ escape? Are so many of my brothers and  
 “ sisters destroyed for this cause? And can  
 “ Polydore and Polyxena hope to be ex-  
 “ empted from the same calamity? It was  
 “ not Hecuba, no, nor Priam, who ra-  
 “ vished

“ wished Helen from Menelaus ; they did  
 “ not murder Achilles at the holy altar ;  
 “ they only protected the ravisher and mur-  
 “ derer from justice : he was their son, and  
 “ nature pleaded strongly in his defence.  
 “ Yet what dreadful calamities have they  
 “ suffered on his account ? How many of  
 “ my brothers and sisters have died in this  
 “ quarrel ? What vast numbers of innocent  
 “ subjects have been massacred ? And can  
 “ I and Polydore hope to escape ? Perhaps  
 “ the vengeance of the gods may stop here ;  
 “ perhaps Ulysses will perform his promise,  
 “ and I shall be the wife of Telemachus :  
 “ but of this be assured ; I will never pro-  
 “ titute myself to the unlawful embraces  
 “ of Ulysses ; Penelope shall never triumph  
 “ over me on this account. If she should,  
 “ I shall esteem every evil that befalls me ;  
 “ a just punishment from the gods for my  
 “ own offences : but, so long as I can pre-  
 “ serve my innocence and my virtue, I  
 “ shall think all the calamities of my life,  
 “ and even death itself, to be only the pay-  
 “ ment of a debt of nature ; and, if I must  
 “ be

“ be miserable, I will, at least, have this  
 “ satisfaction, that no other person shall be  
 “ made miserable by my offences.”

What if after this, and before the third scene of the first act, Ulysses be introduced, giving fresh assurances of comfort to Hecuba and Polyxena ?

What if, in the second scene of the second act, Polyxena should confess, that Polymestor has been making love to her, and that she has not given any encouragement to his suit, both on account of her suspicions of his having dealt unfairly by Polydore, and because she will not deal unfairly with Ulysses, who has yet given her no reason to suspect the affair of Telemachus? Some such reason must be assigned for her refusing Polymestor; otherwise, considering that Polyxena is in a state of slavery, and Polymestor a great king, she will be thought too great a fool to raise compassion. Yet her conclusion may be, that she will keep Polymestor in suspense till he shall produce her brother. —

JEFF. GILBERT.

L E T T E R X.

THOMAS SERGEANT, Esq; to Mr. HUGHES.  
Part of a letter.

Maldon in Essex, April 11, 1709.

— I AM glad the Abbé St. Réal diverted you so well as you tell me. He was certainly a very agreeable and gallant man, or he had never had the honour of serving the late Dutchess of Mazarin in the same quality that M. St. Eyremond afterwards succeeded. But for his veracity as a writer of history, I know there is no depending on him. He pleases, and that is his design, but I can assure you, from a more authentic historian, Cabrera\*, whom he quotes, that Don Carlos † was a quite dif-

\* Lewis, of Cordous, a captain of foot. He wrote the History of Philip II, king of Spain.

† Son of Philip II and Mary of Portugal. Being of a violent temper, and having formed a design of joining

ferent person than what he represents him.

I have not yet seen nor heard any thing of "Ben Hoadly's reply \*." Our friend the *Tatler*, under the notion of Mr. Powell at the Bath †, has, in my mind, entered into the depth of the argument in dispute,

joining the malecontents in the Low Countries, the king, his father, caused him to be apprehended and confined, which so enraged him, that, after eating voraciously of all that was set before him, he swallowed a great quantity of cold water, which brought on a dysentery, that killed him. This is the account given by Morosini, the Venetian historian, and agrees with that of Cabrera. The French historians have confidently asserted that he was poisoned, or strangled, by order of his father. See Pierre Matthieu hist. de France, oeuvres de St. Evremond, dict. de Moreri, &c.

\* To the bishop of Exeter's answer to his "Considerations on his lordship's sermon before the queen, March 8, 1708-9."

† See a letter from Mr. Powell to Mr. Bickerstaff, in the "*Tatler*," vol. 1, numb. 50.

and given a complete answer to all that the Rev. Bishop either can or will say upon the subject \* ; and Ben should have referred his lordship to be *mumbled*, as he calls it, by Mr. Bickerstaff, as his lordship had threatened him with that usage, from the worthy author of Timothy and Philatheus †.——

I am, dear Mr. Hughes,  
Your most affectionate humble servant,  
THO. SERGEANT.

\* The letter-writer here seems to allude to some peevish expressions in bishop Blackall's "answer" (from Bath) above-mentioned, viz. "If your reply shall be about 'original contracts, revolutions, &c.' I tell you plainly, that I 'an't' at leisure, nor I 'shan't' be at leisure, nor I 'won't' be at leisure, to write to you so much as one single line about any such matters,"

† The ingenious dialogue here mentioned was entitled "Timothy and Philatheus, in which the principles and projects of a late whimsical book, entitled, 'The rights of the christian church, &c.' [by Dr.

LETTERS XI & XII.

TWO LETTERS (by MR. HUGHES) designed  
for the TAFLER. Now first printed.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

AS you have been very useful to the public by your knowledge of human nature, and are doubtless no less skilled in physic than in astrology, it would not be foreign from your studies if you would, some time or other, favour us with a dissertation on fevers, of which, it seems, there are so many kinds, that the physicians about this town usually discover a new one every year, and especially in the spring, when the blood runs high, and the humours are most predominant. One of the most particular I

“ Dr. Tindal] are fairly stated and answered in  
“ their kinds. Written by a layman.” Printed at  
London in 3 vols. 8vo. 1709. Mr. Oldisworth was  
the author,

have

have read of, is that which Lucian describes in the introduction to his "discourse upon history," which had a very odd original. It was begun by one Archelaus, a player, who, in the theatre at Abdera, with a loud voice and vehement action, performed a part in the *Andromeda* of Euripides, which struck the eyes and ears of his audience so forcibly, that their blood was put into a ferment by it, and great numbers of them seized with fevers. In the height of the distemper they fell into a kind of poetical agitations, in which they mimicked Archelaus's action, and repeated the verses in his part, so that in a few days the whole town rung with heroics, till the next fit of cold weather reduced them once more to prose and their senses.

I have the rather mentioned this remarkable case, because I do not find it in any books of the physicians, though some of them have very learnedly treated on another sort of fever, caused by a little Italian insect called the *Tarantula*. Perhaps music, which



which is found to be the only remedy for the latter, might have been effectual against the other too, and may afford relief in many like cases : and whether an art which has so persuasive an influence on the spirits, and is able to charm down the intemperance of passion, and lull the mind into serenity and pleasure, might not, on some occasions, be made beneficial in the state, and become a public good as well as entertainment, is another speculation which is likewise left to your thoughts, when you shall think proper, by, Sir,

Your humble servant.

MADAM,

**M**Y duty as Censor, with my professed care of the tender sex, and the humour of an old man who is fond of giving advice, are the reasons why I send you this letter.

I am informed by Pacolet (my familiar) that you are one of the most amiable of  
your

your sex, which gives me much concern for you, especially since I understand that your conduct is divided and wavering between love and respect, and that you want no charm but one, which is that of being fixed, and delivered from the uncertainty of a various inclination. Of two candidates for your favour, by what I can judge, you seem to resolve that one shall never have your heart, but not know it; and that the other shall know he has it, but not be the better for it.

Though I write to you in spectacles, I am not so old yet, madam, as to have forgot that this was once my own case with a lady, for whom I had so great a passion, that, after she had given me to understand I had her affections, she thought she might use me as she pleased. And being persuaded to entertain a man she despised, she was so nicely civil, that, because she hated him, she would not deny him, and knowing she might be free with me, who both loved her, and was beloved by her, she yielded  
to

to the importunity of her relations, and married him. By which means I have long continued an unfortunate bachelor, and she a joyless wife, with all the cares of a married state, and none of the satisfactions.

There is no need to advise a woman of your sense what use to make of this example, but if it has the weight with you, which I wish it may, you will not be at a loss how to fix your happiness, and perhaps you may hereafter remember with satisfaction

Your faithful monitor,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

### L E T T E R XIII.

M. HUGHES à Signor CAVALIERO NICOLINI.

SIG. CAVALIERO, Tower, le 4<sup>m</sup>e du Fevrier,  
1709-10.

**D**EPUIS que j'ai eu l'honneur d'être chez vous à la repetition de l'opera \*, j'ai

\* By an inattention to the date of this letter, this rehearsal was supposed, in the first edition, to be  
Vol. I. I that

diné avec Mr. Steele, et la conversation rou-  
lante sur vous, je lui dis la maniere obli-  
geante dont je vous avois oui parler de Mr.  
Bickerstaff, en disant que vous aviez beau-  
coup d'inclination à etudier l'Anglois pour  
avoir seulement le plaisir de lire le *Tatler*.  
Il trouve que votre compliment à l'auteur  
du *Tatler* est fort galant.

Et comme je m'estimerois heureux de  
pouvoir vous encourager dans cette incli-

that of Mr. Hughes's "Calypso and Telemachus."  
But, on reconsideration, as that opera was not per-  
formed till 1712, the opera here meant must certainly  
have been an Italian one. Mr. Addison, in the  
"Spectator" (numb. 405) speaking of the just ap-  
plause given to Calypso by Sig. Nicolini, (who, he  
says, "was the greatest performer in dramatic musick  
that perhaps ever appeared on a stage,") has these  
words: "The town is highly obliged to that excel-  
lent artist for having shewn us the Italian musick in  
its perfection, as well as for that generous appro-  
bation he lately gave to an opera of our own coun-  
try, in which the composer endeavoured to do  
justice to the beauty of the words, by following  
that noble example which has been set him by the  
greatest foreign masters in that art."

nation

nation d' apprendre notre langue, je vous demande la permission de vous faire un present du *Misanthrope* \* en Anglois, que vous pouvez lire avec l' original; et qu' étant une traduction que j'ai fait moi-même, vous me ferez beaucoup d' honneur d' accepter. Je suis sensible qu' il ne sera jamais en mon pouvoir de vous procurer la centieme partie du plaisir que je ressens de vous entendre, et de vous connoître. Mais je tâcherai au moins de vous faire voir, que je suis, avec tout le respect possible, Sig. Cavaliero,

Vôtre tres humble

& tres obeissant serviteur,

J. HUGHES;

\* This translation was then just published, and has been since reprinted with Moliere's other plays translated by Ozell. But no notice is taken by what hand it was translated, and Mr. Hughes's judicious preface is there omitted.

## TRANSLATED.

MR. HUGHES. to SIGNOR NICOLINI.

SIG. CAVALIERO,

SINCE I had the honour of being with you at the rehearsal of the opera, I dined with Mr. Steele, and the conversation turning on you, I mentioned to him the obliging manner in which I had heard you speak of Mr. Bickerstaff, by saying that you had a great inclination to study English merely for the pleasure of reading the *Tatler*. He thinks your compliment to the author of the *Tatler* very polite.

And as I should esteem myself happy in being able to encourage you in this inclination of learning our language, I beg leave to present you with the *Misanthrope* in English; which you may read with the original, and which being a translation of my own, you will do me great honour by accepting it. I am sensible that it will never be in  
my

my power to give you the hundredth part  
of the pleasure which I have felt by hearing  
and being acquainted with you ; but I will  
endeavour at least to convince you, that I  
am, with all possible respect, Sig. Cavaliero,

Your most humble

and most obedient servant,

J. HUGHES.

## LETTER XIV.

MR. ROPER \* a M. HUGHES.

MONSIEUR,

Ce Mardi, 31 Juillet, 1711.

**A**YANT reçu ce matin une lettre de  
Monsi. Hendel †, j'ai crû ne devoir pas

\* This writer was a teacher of music, and, among  
other things, composed for John Denham's " version  
" of the psalms."

† This great master (who was born at Hall in  
Upper Saxony, Feb. 24, 1684,) arrived at London  
in the winter preceding the date of this letter. There  
cannot be a more eminent proof of Mr. Hughes's  
acknow-

manquer à vous en communiquer aussitôt un extrait qui vous regarde, et qui est une réponse au compliment dont vous m'avez bien voulu charger. Je lui écrirai vendredi prochaine, ainsi vous n'aurez, si vous plait, qu'à m'envoyer ce que vous avez destiné pour lui; et je puis, Monsieur, vous

acknowledged skill in the two sister arts than his being so soon noticed and distinguished by this modern Orpheus, who, probably in consequence of this introduction, composed Mr. Hughes's "Cantata of Venus and Adonis." Mr. Handel (as he afterwards spelt his name) returned to Hanover in the winter following, came back to England in 1712, and fixed his residence here for the remainder of his life. His abilities in his profession are universally known; and (till "the Goths prevail") will be admired and felt. "In his character," says an excellent writer, "whatever there was wrong, there was nothing mean; though he was proud, his pride was uniform; he was not by turns a tyrant and a slave, a censor in one place, and a sycophant in another; he maintained his liberty in a state in which others would have been vain of dependence; he was liberal even when he was poor, and remembered his former friends when he was rich." He died April 6, 1759.

assurer,



assurer, que si l'honneur de votre souvenir  
lui fait un sensible plaisir, je n'en sens pas  
moins par le moyen que j'aurai par là de  
faciliter votre correspondance, et de vous  
donner une preuve de la considération ex-  
trême, avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Monfieur, vôtre tres humble

& tres obeissant serviteur,

A. RONER.

## L E T T E R X V.

Extrait de la lettre de M. HENDEL,

— FAITES bien mes complimens  
à Monf. Hughes. Je prendrai la liberté de  
lui écrire avec la première occasion. S'il  
me veut cependant honorer des ses ordres,  
et d'y ajouter une de ses charmantes poésies  
en Anglois, il me fera le plus sensible grace.  
J'ai fait, depuis que je suis parti de vous,  
quelque progrès dans cette langue, &c. —

TRANS-

## TRANSLATED.

Mr. ROWER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

Tuesday, July 31, 1711.

**H**AVING received this morning a letter from Mr. Hendel, I thought it my duty to send you as soon as possible an extract of it, which relates to you, in answer to the compliment which you conveyed by me. I shall write to him next Friday, so you need only send me, if you please, what you intend for him, and I can assure you, Sir, that if the honour of your acquaintance is particularly pleasing to him, I am no less pleased with being the means of promoting your correspondence ; and of giving you a proof of the extreme regard, with which I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.

Extract

Extract from Mr. HENDEL's letter.

— **P**RESENT my best compliments to Mr. Hughes. I will take the liberty of writing to him the first opportunity. If, in the mean time, he will honour me with his commands, and add to them one of his charming English poems, he will lay me under the greatest obligations. Since I left you, I have made some progress in that language, &c. —

## L E T T E R XVI.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

1711.

**M**IR. Clayton and I desire you, as soon as you can conveniently, to alter this poem\*

\* " Alexander's feast, or the power of music, an  
ode for St. Cecilia's day." Mr. Steele and Mr.  
Vol. I. K Clayton

for music, preserving as many of Dryden's words and verses as you can. It is to be performed by a voice well skilled in recitative; but you understand all these matters much better than

Your affectionate humble servant,  
R. STEELE.

Clayton had at that time concerts of music in York-buildings. Agreeably to their request, Mr. Hughes made several alterations in that admired ode. See his "poems," vol. ii, p. 71. But what his opinion was of the music both of that and of "Sappho's ode" by Philips, will appear from the following letter. The honour of doing justice to Dryden, as well as to Milton, was reserved for Handel, who composed "Alexander's feast" in 1736.

"It is to be regretted," says Dr. Warton, in his 'Essay on Pope,' "that Mr. Handel has not set to music Pope's 'ode' as well as Dryden's." But should it not be observed, that that excellent poet, as well as judge of music, Mr. Hughes, was the first who altered "Alexander's feast" for music?

"Monthly Review," vol. xiv, p. 549.

LETTER

L E T T E R . XVII.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. STEELE.

DEAR SIR,

**S**INCE you have asked my opinion about the music, I take it for granted you would have me give it you; and therefore I will shew how faithfully I intend always to obey you, in doing it with a freedom, which I would be loth to use to one for whom I had less friendship, and in whose candour and integrity I did not think myself safe.

I shall therefore, without taking any hints from others, just give you some few observations which have occurred to me as well as I could judge upon the first hearing.

That which seems to me to strike most are the prelude-bases, some of which are very well fancied; but I am afraid they are in themselves too long, especially when re-  
K 2
peated;

peated ; for prelude-bases are only to begin the subject of the air, and do not shew any composition (which consists in the union of parts) so that if they are not artfully worked afterwards with the voice-part, they are no proof of skill, but only of invention.

The symphonies in many places seem to me perplexed, and not made to pursue any subject or point.

The last air of Sappho begins too cheerfully for the sense of the words. As well as I can guess, without seeing the score, it is in D. sharp, from which it varies (in another movement of time) into B flat 3d, and so ends, without returning to the same key either flat or sharp. This being one continued air (though in two movements of time) let some master be asked, Whether it is allowable (I am sure, it is not usual) to begin an air in one key sharp, and end it in a different key flat ? For though the passage is natural, the closing so is, I believe, always disallowed,

The

The overture of Alexander ought to be great and noble; instead of which, I find only a hurly of the instruments, not proper (in my poor opinion) and without any design, or fugue, and, I am afraid, perplexed and irregular in the composition, as far as I have any ideas or experience. Enquire this of better judgments.

The duet of Bacchus is chearful, and has a good effect; but that beginning "*Cupid*," "*Phœbus*," &c. I cannot think, shews any art, and is in effect no more than a single air. Nothing shews both genius and learning more than this sort of composition, the chief beauty of which consists in giving each voice different points, and making those points work together, and interchange regularly and surprisngly, or one point following itself in both the voices, in a kind of canon, as it is called. These artfulnesses, when well executed, give infinite delight to the ear; but that which I have mentioned is not formed after those designs, but where the voices join, they move exactly together  
in

in plain counterpoint, which shews little more than a single air.

I think the words in general naturally enough expressed, and, in some places, pathetically : but, because you seem to think this the whole mystery of setting, I take this opportunity to assure you, that it is as possible to express words naturally and pathetically in very faulty composition as it is to hit a likeness in a bad picture. If the music in score, without the words, does not prove itself by the rules of composition, which relates to the harmony and motion of different notes at the same time, the notes in the singing parts will not suffice, though they express the words ever so naturally. This is properly the art of composition, in which there is room to shew admirable skill, abstracted from the words ; and in which the rules for the union of sounds are a kind of syntaxis, from which no one is allowed to err. I do not apply this last particular to any thing, but only to give you a general idea of what is composition,



sition. Yet, upon the whole, as far as I am able to judge, the music of Sappho and Alexander, though in some places agreeable, will not please masters.

Having thus given you my thoughts freely and impartially (in which perhaps I may be mistaken) I will trust your good sense for the use that may be made of this; and I beg it may not prejudice me with Mr. Clayton or yourself, and that you will not let him know of this, but only inform yourself farther from others, on the hints here given.

I should not, you may be sure, give you or myself this trouble, but that I do not know how far it may concern your interest to be rightly informed, which is the only regard I have in shewing you this way how much I am,

Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

## LETTER XVIII.

ALEXANDER BAYNE, Esq;\* to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,      Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 26, 1711.

AFTER you left me on Saturday night, I took up the *Spectator* of the Wednesday before †, which had made a great part of our conversation; and having carefully considered it, I am still the more of your opinion, that the letter which he inserts is not fully answered. I am therefore tempted to send you some thoughts which occurred to me on that subject, thinking perhaps they might contain some hints which you may possibly improve into a proper answer to that admirable letter. I could not but take notice, that all he says to account for that inconsistency in behaviour of those

\* Barrister at law, and afterwards professor of the municipal law in the university of Edinburgh.

† See vol. ii, numb. 222.

gentlemen who have the justest notions of life, &c. terminates in telling us, that the flower part of mankind are more immediately formed for business, which is an interruption to men addicted to delights. Now this can never be brought to bear ; for we have innumerable instances of men of the greatest vivacity, and who have the most lively taste of delights, that have shewn a great application to business, as well civil as domestic. And if there is any material difference between them and the flower part of mankind in this point, it consists chiefly in this, that the men of a lively, brisk imagination, are apt to make too great haste in things which require a greater exactness, and are more laborious than entertaining. But to find out the source of this great evil complained of in the letter, I am very apt to think we must go back, and enquire into the measures that have been used in our education. If we can find it there, it is plain the intention of the letter may be answered, which is to apply a proper remedy.

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There is nothing more certain and obvious, from common experience, than that the knowledge of rules, and the ready application of them, are two distinct things, and attainable by the same person by different means. The first is the object of our intellectual faculties only ; but the last, or that address or facility of reducing our knowledge into practice, is in a great measure mechanical. There is a habitude, attainable only by repeated acts, which renders the execution of any practical thing easy, which we ought to be made acquainted with in our youth, by a proper application to such things as are then suitable to our capacity, but have some analogy with what is to follow, that the habitude may grow up with us, and be gradually directed to more proper objects as we advance in years. Thus it is very conceivable, that an ingenious man, from his own observations, may be able to read a fine lecture of oeconomy, but absolutely unfit to shew an example of it in his own person, if a careful parent or tutor has not early initiated him

him into little acts of industry, when he laid the first foundation of his education.— I only give you here a sketch of the thought that offered itself to me ; but if it has any good foundation in reason, a very beautiful scheme may be drawn from it for education in general. I am, with the greatest esteem and friendship,

Dear Sir, yours, &c.

AL. BAYNE.

\* LETTER XIX.

Mr. W. DUNCOMBE \* to Mr. NEEDLER †.

DEAR SIR,

London, Dec. 8, 1711.

**I** Remember that the excellent author of the *Spectator*, having, last summer, in one

\* Younger son of John Duncombe, esq; of Stocks, in Hertfordshire. He died Feb. 26, 1769, aged 79.

† Of the navy-office, a man of genius and science, piety and virtue. He died in 1718, aged 28. A

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small

of his rural speculations \*, given an account of the wonderful sagacity of some animals in things absolutely necessary for the support and preservation of their species ; as, particularly, that a hen constantly turns her eggs, that all parts may partake alike of the genial warmth, and never leaves them till they are cold, being seldom absent above an hour in summer, and not so long in winter ; (to which give me leave to add a particular or two in a parenthesis. She will only sit upon those that are sound ; for one of my father's servants in the country having put several eggs under a hen besides her own, she threw two or three of them out of her nest, which, upon breaking, were found to be rotten. Pidgeons, both male and female, cover their eggs ; and if the hen happens to stay out longer than ordinary, the cock will

small volume of his works, in verse and prose, was collected and published by Mr. Duncombe, in 1724, of which there have been three editions.

\* Vol. ii, numb. 120, by Mr. Addison

drive her home); but (to proceed with the *Spectator*) he then observes, that, in other things, which are not conducive to this end, they appear perfectly stupid; for a hen cannot distinguish a piece of chalk from an egg, but, if the latter be removed, and the chalk put instead of it, will still continue to sit, and will hatch any other eggs as well as her own; and, after they are hatched, will as carefully protect and cherish ducks and partridges, as if they were her natural brood. From all this, he at last concludes, that “ what we call instinct in animals (which appears so like reason) is owing to the immediate direction of the supreme Being, by such an operation as that, whereby the several portions of matter are determined to their proper centres; which notion (says he) is delivered in a bolder form of words by a philosopher quoted by Mr. Bayle, “ *Deus est anima brutorum* \*.”

\* “ *Spectator*,” vol. ii, numb. 121.

But

But though the foregoing instances may seem to favour this opinion, yet there are so many indications of memory and reflection in brutes about matters not essential to their preservation, that I think it is hard to deny them all manner of reason in those particulars ; I should chuse rather, (as you do) to allow them a real soul, and rational faculties, inferior to the human. The story \* you relate to prove this reminds me of one, which, I think, deserves to be remembered.

My father had a fierce mastiff, which used to kill all the little dogs he could seize on. He had, at the same time, a favourite lap-dog, who, happening to fall in Cerberus's way, met with the fate common to those of his size. The mastiff (as conscious that he had committed a fault) immedi-

\* Of a horse in Portsmouth-yard, who would labour only till he heard the twelve-o'clock-bell ring ; but after that, no stripes nor blows could force him to proceed.

ately



ately absconded, and could not be found for some time ; but as my father was one evening standing at the court-yard gate, he espied his mastiff creeping along by the wall-side. Having called him into the court-yard, he shut all the doors, and, fetching a horse-whip, lashed him severely. The dog at first ran round the yard, but finding the doors all shut, lay down at his feet, and submitted to his punishment without crying. His master, when he thought he had sufficiently chastised him, opened a door to let him go out ; the dog walked slowly towards it ; he returned, and gave him another lash, to quicken his pace. At this the dog growled, and, he believes, if he had struck him again, would have flown at him. I need make no reflections on this story, for what I would infer from it is very obvious.

But whether the *Spectator's* notion about this matter be true or false, it is certain this was the opinion of a great many ancient philosophers ; but then they carried it a  
great

great deal farther, and contended not only that the souls of brutes, but even of men too, are nothing but an efflux, or emanation, from the Deity.

Mr. Ralphson, in one of his Epistles \*, giving an account of the various opinions concerning the nature of the soul, has these words : “ Remarkable of old was the opinion of those (and it is still embraced by some) that the soul is a ray, as it were, or emanation, of the Deity. Of this opinion formerly were the Stoics, and among the moderns are some enthusiasts, whom it is needless to name. Nor do those philosophers† deserve more notice, who have established a “ common intelligence,” or a “ sole universal intellect,” which they style the “ Agent,” and impart it to mankind in proportion to the

\* See the Epistolæ Miscellanæ annexed to Mr. Ralphson's *Demonstratio de Deo*, p. 67.

† This opinion had been then lately maintained by Mr. R. Burthogg, in a Latin epistle to Mr. Locke.  
“ vari-

“ various minds and dispositions of their  
 “ organs. Similar to this among the mo-  
 “ derns are the notions of Spinoza.” He  
 then quotes several passages from Spinoza  
 in proof of this charge.

The reasons of my transcribing this passage are, 1. To desire you to explain to me the difference between these notions; for Mr. R. speaks as of two distinct opinions, whereas they seem to me to be but one, and the same. And, 2. That I might not be thought too severe in saying; that if lord Shaftesbury be one of those enthusiasts, of whom Mr. R. here speaks, and if his “ universal genius” is the same as is here called the “ universal intellect,” I do not see how he can believe the immortality of the soul, considered as one distinct individual being; since it is plain, according to these notions, that the mind will, at the dissolution of the body, be swallowed up in the infinite abyss of being.

I shall expect, in your next letter, your thoughts on this subject, and am,

My dear friend,  
most affectionately yours,  
W. DUNCOMBE.

• L E T T E R   X X .

Mr. NEEDLER to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,                      Portsmouth, Dec. 20, 1781.

**I** COULD wish that the *Spectator* had delivered his notions concerning brutes a little more clearly and distinctly; for it does not seem to me sufficiently plain, from what he has said, whether he believes brutes to be mere machines or organised bodies, moved and actuated by the immediate hand of God, in such manner as may best conduce to the preservation of themselves and species, and the fitting them for those uses for which they were originally designed; or, that being endued with a sort of inferior or  
sensitive

sensitive soul, they move and actuate their own bodies, receiving only direction and guidance from the Divine Providence.

But the Latin sentence which that ingenious writer quotes from Mons. *Bayle*, and confesses to express his own sentiment, together with the comparison he makes of the operation, whereby he supposes God to direct brutes in their natural actions, to *that* by which the several portions of matter are determined to their proper centres (in which the matter so determined is purely passive, receiving only the impulse of an external agent) incline me to believe, that he embraces the former of these opinions.

This hypothesis, taken in this sense, agrees so far with the *Cartesians* as to deprive brutes of all soul, sense, and perception. Both equally render them mere machines or organised systems of matter; one resolving all their actions into mechanism, and making them the necessary effects of the laws of motion; the other into the external im-

M 2

pulse

pulse and operation of the Divine Power, To speak my thoughts freely; if I believed, that the actions of brutes did not proceed from any soul or principle of action within them; but were either produced by the operation of the Divine Power upon them; or else flowed mechanically from the laws of motion; I should be apt to chuse the *latter* of these notions. At least, if it did not appear utterly impossible to account for the actions of brutes mechanically,—for it seems to me, much more concise and artist-like, and worthier of the Divine Wisdom, so to contrive the structure and disposition of the parts of every animal, as that its proper actions, according to the common laws of motion, should be the necessary effect of its peculiar make and constitution, than to be obliged to intervene himself in an extraordinary manner to produce them.

The passage you quote out of Mr. Ralphson's epistles is very remarkable. I remember that Mr. Blount, in the "Oracles of Reason

“Reason,” compares the soul, when joined to the body, to a small portion of the sea inclosed in a vial; and when separated from it, to the same water confounded and intermixed, by the breaking of the vial which contained it, with the ocean, from whence it was at first taken.

But notwithstanding these pretty similes, which are used to set off this notion, it appears to me very gross and absurd.—For though the ocean, which is nothing but a mass of innumerable distinct particles of water, may be separable into portions and parcels, which may afterwards be poured into it again; yet, how can this possibly be applied to a simple uncompounded being; such as God certainly is! Or who, that has the least tincture of metaphysics, can with patience hear men talk of plucking off snips and pieces from the Divine Essence!

I cannot therefore blame Mr. Ralphson, as too severe, for styling those enthusiasts, who could entertain such idle unintelligible whimsies;

whimsies ; nor for ranking those other philosophers with them, who imagine the same common intellect \* to be imparted to all men, though in different measures, according to the various disposition of their bodily organs ; for this opinion, though not coincident with the former, is nevertheless equally absurd.—For as *that* makes the substance of the Deity divisible into separate portions and parcels ; so *this* supposes him, though one individual being, diversified at the same time into millions of intelligent beings. Otherwise all the men in the world must have been but one soul ; and, consequently, but one individual person ; since the same divine mind animates them all. So that it would be no absurdity to talk of seeing with other mens eyes, and perceiving with other mens understandings.

But not to insist any longer upon the absurdity of supposing the same common soul to

\* N. B. I suppose this universal intellect to be the divine ; as Mr. Ralphson hints, by joining this opinion with Spinoza's,

animate



animate a multitude of distinct persons; 'tis a plain contradiction, to suppose the divine mind to be the soul of any one person, distinct from itself. For, whatever that person should be supposed by this soul to think or perceive,—not he, but God, would truly perceive; this imaginary soul being in reality no other than the Deity.

When I consider the obvious absurdity of these notions, I cannot but admire, how philosophical and ingenious men could ever embrace such wretched whims. Nor can I without satisfaction observe these pernicious opinions (which undermine the foundations of religion, and blast all our hopes of immortality and future happiness, by taking away the personal distinction of the soul after death,) so easily refuted and overthrown.

I must confess there are some passages in lord Shaftsbury's "meditations," which seem to favour this notion; but, however, I believe there are none (allowance being made  
for

for the warmth and freedom of his style) which there is any necessity of understanding in that ill sense. It would be great pity that so pious and elevated a strain of devotion should be tainted with such poisonous notions. I find, though his lordship is reported not to frequent the church, he does not altogether neglect religion. He seems to be of the opinion of the *Quietists*, who believe that the most acceptable worship of the Deity, and that which suits best with his spiritual nature, consists in silent contemplation and inward adoration of his infinite perfections.

But to return to our philosophy. The ancients undoubtedly held the souls both of men and brutes to be certain portions of, or effluvia from, the Deity; but nevertheless, there seems to be some difference between their notions of brutes, and Mr. Addison's in the *Spectator*; they imagined the souls of brutes to be real distinct portions of the universal soul; as appears plainly by *Virgil*: whereas the *Spectator* only believes, that  
they

they are moved and actuated by the divine operation. In particular, some of the verses ascribed to Orpheus ;

*Ipsa agitat totum præcipiti nutant molera, &c.*

and those of Virgil ;

~~—————~~ *Totanique infusa per artus,  
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet,*

attribute not only the souls of men and brutes, but the motion and actuation of the whole corporeal world, to the Deity. In this notion I entirely agree with them ; for, as for the dead and inactive nature of matter, there is an absolute necessity for supposing some active spiritual principle in nature, to move and actuate the corporeal world ; so no being appears to me so fit to preside over the motions of nature, as the author of it.

The question in your letter of October the 8th, is very odd and surprising. 'Tis indeed a very strange thing to consider, that

the probability of a proposition should be capable of decreasing infinitely, and yet never totally vanish. That it is so, may be clearly proved by supposing a certain number of blanks to be put into a wheel together with a less number of prizes; and then the number of both blanks and prizes augmented equally *in infinitum*, by the continual addition of a like number of each.—For it is easy to demonstrate geometrically, that, if to two unequal numbers, A and B, be added equal ones, C and D, the sums  $A+C$  and  $B+D$  shall not be in the same proportion to each other as the first numbers A and B were; but, on the contrary, supposing A the greatest number,  $A+C$  shall bear a less proportion to (or be less in respect of)  $B+D$ , than A bears to B. For example: the number 4 is double of 2: add to both, 2; the sums will be 6 and 4; but 6 is only sesquialter of 4, or contains it once and a half, whereas 4 is double of 2: when it is plain, that the proportion of 4 to 2 is greater than of 6 to 4; 4 being to 2, as 2 to 1; but 6 to 4,

as 3 to 2. But now, as where there is the greatest proportion of blanks to the prizes ; or where the number of blanks is in respect of the number of prizes greatest, there is the greatest probability of drawing a blank ; so on the contrary, for that very reason, where there is the least proportion of the blanks to the prizes, or where the number of blanks in respect of the number of prizes is least, there is the least probability of drawing a blank. Consequently, since, as was shewn above, the proportion of the blanks to the prizes diminishes infinitely, the degrees of probability of drawing those blanks must diminish infinitely too. But yet, since notwithstanding the addition of ever so many equal numbers to the first unequal number of blanks and prizes, the blanks will always exceed the number of prizes, it must always be probable, that a blank will be drawn ; so that, though this probability of drawing a blank decreases *in infinitum*, yet it can never vanish and come to nothing. A wonderful conclusion indeed ! But yet what I think

the above-mentioned considerations do fairly demonstrate.

Another no less wonderful, nor less demonstrable, property of probability; is, that, as it is capable of diminishing in *system*, without ever totally vanishing; so, on the other hand, is it capable of increasing by infinite degrees, without ever arriving at absolute certainty. Thus, if we suppose a certain number of prizes to be put in a wheel, then twice that number of blanks; then four times, &c. it is plain, that when the number of blanks is triple to that of the prizes, is it more probable that a blank should be drawn, than when they are only double; and still, when they are quadruple, it will be more probable than when they are only triple, &c. so that the probability will continually grow and increase. But yet, since there are supposed to be some prizes in the wheel, it can never be absolutely certain that one of them may not be drawn; however manifold the number of blanks may be of the number of prizes.

And

And these I take to be the peculiar and distinguishing properties of the sort of evidence, which is only probable. For absolute certainty, or demonstration, is not capable of more or less; for, since these proofs only are demonstrative, that shew a necessity that the proposition proved should be true; and such a necessity cannot admit of degrees; it follows, that all true demonstrations are, in respect of evidence, equal. I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate  
friend and servant,  
H. NEEDLER.

# L E T T E R XXI.

DAVID MASCARTON, Esq;\* to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

May 22, 1713.

I Feared the fatigue you were obliged to undergo would have some ill effects on

\* This gentleman, who had a place in the office of ordnance, was unfortunately killed some years after,

you, which I am the more concerned for, because you may make yourself worse by thinking this time calls more for your personal attendance than hitherto ; but indeed I have less trouble on that account than for your fever ; because I am satisfied your opera \* is so well received by all the best of both sexes, that you neither will nor can lose any thing by a want of your presence, either before or on Saturday evening.

I read your opera on Monday morning, before seven, at the surveyor's † at Wal-

after, together with several other persons, by a miscarriage in the casting of a large brass cannon, at a foundery in Bunhill-fields. Some damp getting to the mold, blew up the melted metal among the spectators. The prince of Wales (afterwards king George II) and the princess were to have been present, had they not been providentially prevented. The gun itself was kept at Woolwich-warren within these few years, and perhaps is there still.

\* " Calypso and Telemachus."

† Mr. Bridges, surveyor-general of the ordnance,  
lington,



lington, with extreme delight. All the parts of it are pleasing. The method of the story, the easy neatness of the style, the aptness and vivacity of the songs, the conciseness of well-chosen words, (to give the more liberty to the musician to display his artful harmony, without tiring the audience,) and yet clearness of good sense, you must give me leave to own, I think, wonderfully fine and taking. And so they seemed to be to the surveyor, for he expressed, by his looks, and bright twinkling of his eyes, a pleasing satisfaction, which made his approbation drop from him in natural words easier than they usually do\*.

I shall perform your commands to him by letter, but fear I shall not see him till Tuesday or Wednesday, being to attend a proof of great guns at Woolwich on Saturday. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate most humble servant,  
DAVID MERCATOR.

\* Mr. B. had a hesitation in his speech.

L E T T E R XXII.

A LETTER designed for the SPECTATOR.  
Now first printed.

S I R,

1712.

**A**FTER the encouragement you have shewn to musical entertainments of English composition, I persuade myself you will approve of the endeavours of the gentlemen who attempt to bring an English opera \* upon the stage, and contribute to-

\* "Calypso and Telemachus." Such was, at that time, the partiality in favour of Italian operas, that, after many such had been encouraged by large subscriptions, this of "Calypso and Telemachus," originally written and set in English after the Italian manner, was prepared with the usual expence of scenes and decorations; and being much crowded and applauded at the rehearsals, a subscription was obtained for it as usual. This alarmed the whole Italian band, who apprehending that their harvest would soon be at an end, had interest enough, (the duke of Shrewsbury, whose dutchess was an Italian, being then lord chamberlain) to procure an order, the day before the performing

wards the supporting of so laudable an undertaking, against the affectation of some, and the prejudice of others, who have declared against it. I shall therefore take leave to lay before you what is objected to it, and observe a little upon it.

Now that Mr. Nicolini is to leave us \*, and that his not performing can be no greater objection against an English opera, than against operas in general; the only one that is insisted on, is, that the poetry is English. A hard matter indeed! That the very argument which every reasonable man would make use of to promote a thing should be turned against it.

ming of this opera, to take off the subscription for it, and to open the house at the lowest prices, or not at all. This was designed to sink it, but failed of its end. It was, however, performed, though under so great discouragement, at the queen's theatre in the Haymarket, and was revived, some years after, at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

\* See the "Spectator," vol. vi, numb. 405.

I readily grant, that the soft and open pronunciation of the Italian language favours music in general more than ours does ; but still our own is not so wanting in that particular, but the defect may be so well supplied by a skilful poet, that the difference there is will be more than balanced by hearing words that give us agreeable ideas ; instead of brute syllables that can give us Englishmen no ideas at all. And here I cannot but observe, that as every scene in an opera is not to shew the lover and his mistress, it may frequently happen, that the majesty of some English words will appear to be more agreeable to the music, as being more proper to the subject, than the softness of the Italian ; for our senses are never so elegantly gratified as when our reason has a share in the entertainment.

There are some persons who have acquired a certain cant, that the music is the only thing to be regarded in an opera, not considering that there is an inseparable connection

nection between the beauties in the music, and those of the poetry. I would have such therefore informed, that, in dramatic music, the greatest beauty lies in the expression ; which, whether effected by the movement of the parts, or by the modulation of the harmony, is that in music which affects our passions, when justly adapted and applied to words impressing ideas on the imagination which are apt to raise them. And thus the united force of poetry and music, exerting itself on the imagination, produces in the hearer a stronger perception, than would arise from the ideas raised singly by the music. If, therefore, the music demands at least words of known signification, whereby it may display its greatest beauty, it is evident, that in the Italian operas we do not hear that in its perfection, for the sake of which alone we introduced them. And let us consider now what a strange description it would be of a public diversion of the polite part of a whole nation, to say that it was such that the music in it was the only entertainment,

ment, the poetry being in an unknown language, whereby the great beauty of the music too lay concealed. The reason that so few have had any taste of the recitative-music, may be easily collected from what I have said, since it had nothing to recommend it but the expression of the music, which I have shewn was lost to us. But were we once made acquainted with this particular style, by having it set forth to us with all the charms of English verse, we shall, no doubt, as commonly hear a tune-catcher humming over to himself a piece of recitative as he now does an air.

Thus far in answer to those who place the sole entertainment of an opera in the music ; but, for my part, I think we ought to expect something from the poetry too, and I cannot but think, that an English opera, well written, and agreeable to the rules of dramatic poetry, would be no small addition to the entertainment.

My

My intention is not to enlarge in praise of this new opera of "Calypso and Telemachus," nor to engage you to recommend it farther to the town, than that they would, without prejudice, give it as fair a hearing as they are used to give to a new Italian opera, since thus much, at least, we owe, in common justice, to the gentleman of a foreign nation \*, who has been at so much pains to reconcile us to our own language, as to present us with an opera in it. And upon that condition I shall gladly leave his performance to shift for itself.

When I consider that I am writing to a man of your philosophy, I cannot but observe, on this occasion, how much more invincible are the prejudices of our advanced years than those of our youth. These are only the wrong notions of our education, which, upon better information, we are ready to give up, no one judging it an imputation to have it thought he wanted

\* Mr. Galliard,

judg-

judgment to make a right choice when he was a boy. But those are the acquisitions of our manhood, which our vanity secures against all attacks, and renders impregnable: for, in this particular, such is its dominion over us, that, even after conviction, we would seem still to entertain the false opinion, vainly flattering ourselves, that while we appear not to be conscious of our error, the world therein can never discover our folly.

### L E T T E R XXIII.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Apr. 24, 1713.

**T**HIS is to acquaint you that I am forced to practise a great piece of self-denial. In short, I must deprive my play\* of the noble ornament you designed for it. My friends, who all of them concur with

\* "Cato."

me



me in admiring your beautiful copy of verses, are however of opinion, that it will draw upon me an imputation of vanity ; and as my play has met with an unexpected reception, I must take particular care not to aggravate the envy and ill-nature that will rise on course upon me. Besides, to tell you truly, I have received other poems on the same occasion, and one or two from persons of quality, who will never pardon me if I do not give them a place at the same time that I print any other. I know your good sense and friendship towards me will not let you put a wrong interpretation on this matter ; and I am sure I need not tell you with how much sincerity and esteem, I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and

most faithful humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

LETTER

## LETTER XXIV.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR,

Apr. 25, 1713.

**I** AM extremely obliged to you for your kind letter. The warm expressions of friendship in it give me a much more sensible pleasure than any I could receive from the approbation of my verses. I confess, when I wrote them, I had no thoughts of your printing them ; and though nothing would flatter me so much in the making them public, as the satisfaction of seeing my name with yours, yet I am one of those friends who think your present resolution perfectly right, and entirely acquiesce in your reasons \*. I cannot but applaud at the

\* These verses, with several others, were however prefixed to all the subsequent editions of "Cato," but none from "persons of quality" appeared among them.

same

same time your chaste enjoyment of fame,  
which I think equally above envy and in-  
capable of receiving any addition. I am,  
with all possible esteem,

Sir, your most affectionate and  
most obedient humble servant,  
JOHN HUGHES.

L E T T E R XXV.

Mr. POPE to the Rev. Mr. BERKELEY \*.

DEAR SIR,

Sunday,

**M**Y lord bishop † was very much con-  
cerned at missing you yesterday: he desired

\* Afterwards the justly celebrated bishop of Cloyne.  
This letter, though without a date, must have been  
written in the year 1713, when the author, by the  
means of Swift, first became acquainted with Mr.  
Berkeley, who was then in England, in his way to  
Italy, as chaplain to the earl of Peterborough, ambas-  
sador to Sicily and the Italian states. His letters to  
Pope from Leghorn and Naples (see that poet's  
"works," 12°. vol. 8, pp. 264, 277, and 289) make  
Vol. I. P us

me to engage you and myself to dine with him this day, but I was unluckily pre-en-

us regret that there are only three of them. During his absence, Trinity-college, Dublin, of which he was then one of the senior fellows, created him, in 1717, D. D. by diploma. Dr. Berkeley returned to Ireland in 1718, and in 1724 was advanced to the deanery of Derry, where he was no sooner settled, than he formed a plan for the promotion of religion and learning in America, by establishing a college in the islands of Bermuda. With this benevolent and truly christian view, having obtained a royal charter, the dean set sail for Rhode-island in September 1728. But not finding himself supported, in this laudable design, by those who alone could render it effectual, he returned to England in 1731, and in 1733 was promoted to the bishopric of Cloyne. His lordship died at Oxford, in the 73d year of his age, January 14, 1753, (having settled there a few months before, to superintend the education of his son) and was interred in Christ-church cathedral, where an elegant monument is erected to his memory, with as elegant an epitaph by Dr. Markham, now bishop of Chester.

To Cato Virgil paid one honest line.

Pope never wrote a truer than that which does justice to Berkeléy.

† Atterbury, who, having heard much of Mr. Berkeley, wished to see him. Accordingly he was  
one

gaged. And (upon my telling him I should carry you out of town to-morrow, and hoped to keep you till the end of the week) he has desired that we will not fail to dine with him the next Sunday, when he will have no other company.

I write you this, to intreat you will provide yourself of linen and other necessaries sufficient for the week ; for, as I take you to be almost the only friend I have, that is above the little vanities of the town, I expect you may be able to renounce it for one week, and to make trial how you like my Tusculum, because I assure you, it is

one day introduced to the bishop by the earl of Berkeley. After some time, Mr. B. quitted the room : on which lord B. said to the bishop, " Does my cousin answer your lordship's expectations?" The bishop, lifting up his hands in astonishment, replied, " So much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, I did not think had been the portion of any but angels, 'till I saw this gentleman."

no less yours, and hope you will use it as  
your own country villa, the ensuing season.

I am, faithfully yours,

A. POPE.

## LETTER XXVI.

Mr. BAYNE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Wemy's, Sept. 4, 1713.

**I**T is no small pain to me to think that I  
am henceforth to be cut off from my dear  
Mr. Hughes's company. It is a reflection,  
I can assure you, that makes my heart ach,  
even now, while I have the greatest reason  
imaginable to enjoy a tranquillity of mind,  
by having laid the future happiness of my  
life here, upon very reasonable foundations;  
but it is still some comfort to me to hope,  
that, in place of your conversation, you  
will be so kind to me as to let me have your  
correspondence. I am now to tell you, that  
a young lady has got possession of my heart,  
and

that I have good reason to think I shall soon have her in exchange. It happens that this young lady is a *Mrs. Mary*, and a youngest daughter, upon which you'll easily imagine that I have thought of the *Sparkler*\*, and flatter myself that my favourite is very like Mr. Ironside's. There is something very particular in my story, arising from friendship, of which our intimacy challenges an account from me.

You may remember, I had a cousin and friend, that, two years ago, came to see me, and stayed some time in Lincoln's Inn. With this gentleman, you must know, I have had a very long, constant, and warm friendship; and, you'll readily imagine, he was at Edinburgh to meet me upon my arrival there. The next morning we contrived to be together *tête à tête*, when he, who has devoted himself to a single life, took occasion to complain to me how much he

\* See the character of the "Sparkler" in the "Guardian," numb. 5.

suffered

suffered by my absence, and how joyless even his rural amusements, and one of the prettiest country-seats of his, were to him, while I had no share therein, wishing withal, as he had done two years ago, that I could think of leaving England, find out a proper mate for myself, and come and live with him. You cannot doubt but these warm sollicitations of so dear a friend made a very deep impression on me. A few hours after, I chanced to go to pay my respects to this gentleman's mother, whom I found at a tea-table with her three daughters: the *Sparkler* very soon caught my eye; for having known her when she was a girl, and then a great favourite of mine, I had an elegant satisfaction in observing that she was now what she then promised to be. In short, I soon found myself so much hers, and she being so nearly related to my friend, that I could not but think that Providence had contrived to make this proposal effectual. I gave into it, and matters are as far advanced as decency could permit in so short a time,

It



[ III ]

It will be an infinite pleasure to me to hear from you, and I beg that you will believe me, in every state and condition of life, to be with great truth, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and  
most humble servant,

AL. BAYNE.

LETTERS XXVII, XXVIII, & XXIX.

Three LETTERS (by Mr. HUGHES) designed  
for the GUARDIAN. Now first printed.

SIR,

THERE are few men but are capable, at some time or other, of making a right judgment of themselves; therefore having, as I think, caught myself in one of these wise fits, I am resolved to make use of it, while it lasts, and lay my case before you. I was bred a mercer. I need not tell you that most of our profession are orators. I have, with some pains, attained  
to

to a great volubility of tongue, and am a perfect master in the art of shop-rhetoric, which, with the help of a fair wig, a plausible bow, a gentle inclination of the head in proper parts of my discourse, and an easy motion of the hand, sets off all that I utter, and has helped me to thrive in the world very comfortably. By this means, Mr. Ironside, as I owe my prosperity to noise, I am grown an utter enemy to silence, and when I go among my plain honest neighbours, who are not of any of the talking professions, I cannot help assuming a superiority over them, which, I find, has been a little resented. I have often resolved to confine my oratory to the verge of my shop, and to employ it only in setting off my silks and brocades, but long habits are not easily overcome, and the musical sound of my own voice has tempted me, as often, to break that resolution. Many of my acquaintance, I know, would take it kindly if I talked less, and if you would put me in a way to do it, I should be very glad to oblige them. You must know, that I am  
some-

sometimes chairman of a club, where some of them complain that they have not their share of the discourse, and others (in railery, I suppose) call me the fine speaker. I have offered to pay double for my club, but that will not satisfy them. Besides, Mr. Guardian, I have heard that you moralists say, it is difficult for a man to talk much without offending against truth, innocence, or good manners; and how do I know, now I am serious, whether this unhappy talent may not, at some time or other, have misled me into falsehood, uncharitableness, or scandal? It is possible that the superfluity of my discourse may have fallen upon the reputation of some honest man, and have done him an irreparable injury. I may, in the torrent of my loquacity, have lessened real merit, or magnified little failings, beyond the allowance of charity or humanity. I may have raised an unjust jealousy by a flower of speech, practised upon credulity by a smooth sentence, and, in the heat of an argument, I may have called a man knave by a shake of the

head and a shrug of the shoulders. To be plain, I have searched my heart, and find there is a great deal of vanity at the bottom of it. Therefore, Mr. Guardian, now I am in a proper disposition, if you will be pleased to give me a lecture on this subject, and be so kind as to convince me that I am a coxcomb, you will do a very particular service to, Sir,

Your very humble servant.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;  
Or, in his absence, to the keeper of the lion,  
at Button's coffee-house, Covent-garden.

OLD IRONSIDE,

Sept. 1713.

**I**F your lion had not less breeding than a bear, he would not have opened his throat against so genteel a diversion as masquerading\*, which has ever been looked upon, in all polite countries, as tending to no

\* See the "Guardian," vol. ii, numb. 142 & 154.  
other

other end than to promote a better understanding between the sexes. But I shall take another opportunity, Mr. Ironside, to talk with you upon this subject. My present business is with the lion; and since this savage has behaved himself so rudely, I do, by these presents, challenge him to meet me at the next masquerade, and desire you will give orders to Mr. Button to bring him thither, in all his terrors, where, in defence of the innocence of these midnight amusements, I intend to appear against him, in the habit of Signor Nicolini, to try the merits of this cause by single combat. I am,

Yours,

INCOGNITO.

HONEST NESTOR,

**P**RYTHEE, stop your lion's mouth a little on the chapter of masquerading. I have pursued a dear creature several of these gay nights through three or four as odd changes as any in "Ovid's Metamorphoses,"

Q<sub>2</sub>

and

and she has promised, at the next, in the habit of a gypsy, to tell me finally my fortune. Be dumb till then, and afterwards say what you please.

Your humble servant,

TIM, FROLICK.

L E T T E R XXX,

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. ADDISON,

DEAR SIR,

October 6, 1713.

**I** DO not doubt but you know, by this time, that Mr. Steele has abruptly dropped the *Guardian* \*. He has published this day a paper called the *Englishman*, which begins with an answer to the *Examiner*, written with great boldness and spirit, and shews that his thoughts are at present entirely on politics. Some of his friends are

\* The last number of the "Guardian" was published October 1, 1713.

in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper should be discontinued, which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party-matters.

I know not whether such a paper as the *Guardian* may hereafter be attempted by other hands. I remember, you were once pleased to ask me, what I thought would be a good plan; and this unexpected occasion has given me a thought, which I beg leave to offer to your consideration: and because I cannot, at this distance, so well explain it to you in the compass of a letter, I inclose a slight sketch I have just begun of it to-day: only I must acquaint you, that what I send is a sequel of a paper which is to open the plan, and which describes a society of learned men, of various characters, who meet together to carry on a conversation on all kinds of subjects, and who empower their secretary to draw up any of their discourses, or publish any of their writings, under the title of the *Register*. By this means, I think, the town might be  
some

sometimes entertained with dialogue, which will be a new way of writing, either related or set down in form, under the names of different speakers; and sometimes with essays, or with discourses in the person of the writer of the paper.

I chuse to send you the second paper, though unfinished, because you will see an offer in it at a new-invented character, with a cast of oddness in it to draw attention, and to lay a foundation for a great variety of matter and of adventures. I wish I could tempt you, by any slight thought of mine, to take something of this kind into consideration: I should, on such condition, be willing to furnish one paper in a week, on this, or any plan you shall think more proper, but without you I shall make no farther use of it.

I shall only add, that it is my opinion, and, I believe, that of most others, that such a paper should be only three times a week: when it should begin, or whether  
at



at all or not, I submit to you, and shall be glad to be favoured with a few lines from you on this, directed to me in, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

L E T T E R XXXI.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Bilton \*, Oâ. 12, 1713.

**I** AM very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and the specimen, which I read over with great pleasure.—I think the title of the *Register* would be less assuming than that of the *Humanity-Club* ; but, to tell you truly, I have been so taken up with thoughts of that nature for these two or three years last past, that I must now take some time *pour me delasser*, and lay in fewel for a future work. In the mean time, I should be glad if you would set such a project on

\* Near Rugby in Warwickshire.

foot, for I know nobody else capable of succeeding in it, and turning it to the good of mankind, since my friend has laid it down. I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself\*; but

\* Mr. Addison (as the event shewed) was too true a prophet, his friend "poor Dick," who was then member for Steckbridge, being expelled the house of commons, March 15, 1713-14, for some libellous paragraphs in the "Englishman," and in another paper called the "Crisis."

A late excellent developer of the human heart, [Mrs. Catherine Talbot,] in her xvith "essay," p. 133, after drawing, with great precision, "that kind  
" of shatter-witted amiable character, which gains no  
" confidence, and loses all respect; that careless,  
" gay, good-humoured creature, as full of liveliness,  
" and entertainment as void of caution and discretion,  
" which lives on from moment to moment, without  
" meaning any harm, or ever taking thorough pains  
" to do good;" adds, "By all I could ever learn,  
" the great and amiable sir Richard Steele was one of  
" these whimsical unhappy mortals. With a genius  
" and a heart that few have ever equalled, he had  
" this defect in conduct to such a degree, as made  
" him, in every respect, but that of an author, as  
" hurtful

he has sent me word, that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him, in this particular, will have no weight with him.

I beg you will present my most sincere respects to Sir Richard Blackmore, and that you will add my sister's\*, who is now with me, and very much his humble servant. I wish I could see him and yourself in these parts, where I think of staying a month or two longer.

"hateful a member of society as well could be. Wit  
 "like his turned his very distresses into entertain-  
 "ment, and it is hard to say, whether he raised in his  
 "acquaintance more love, diversion, or compassion.  
 "But what pity it is, that such a mind should have  
 "had any blemish at all!"

\* Dorothy, first married to Dr. Sartre (a Frenchman) prebendary of Westminster, and afterwards to Daniel Combes, esq; Swift (after dining with this lady and her first husband at his prebendal-house, Oct. 25, 1710,) says of her, "Addison's sister is a sort of wit; very like him. I am not fond of her," &c."—See letter vii of his "Journal to Stella."

I am always, with the greatest truth and  
esteem,

Sir, your most faithful and  
most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

L E T T E R XXXII.

SIR RICH. BLACKMORE \* to Mr. HUGHES.

S I R,

Nov. 11, 1713.

**W**HEN the assistance I offered to you  
and Mr. Addison was declined by both, I

\* This writer, though the butt of the wits, especially of Dryden and Pope, was treated with more contempt than he deserved. In particular, his poem "on the creation" has much merit, and is extolled by Mr. Addison as "one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse." See the "Spectator," vol. v, numb. 339. And let it be remembered, that the resentment of those wits was excited by Sir Richard's zeal for religion and virtue; by censuring the libertinism of Dryden, and the (supposed) profaneness of Pope. He died Oct. 9, 1729:

resol-

resolved, by the aid of another friend, to publish a paper three times a week, and to own that I had some hand in it. Accordingly this design has been twice publicly advertised. The paper is called the *Lay Monk*\*; and now, I believe, the tenderness of your friendship, joined with your diffidence of success, begins to put you in pain, and make you tremble for me. But I intreat you to dismiss all concern of that nature, for I can run no risk. I am not determined by desire of fame, or profit, to undertake this difficult and hazardous province, but I have other views, which I am under obligations to pursue, though I should run a greater venture than I do now. If I miscarry, I am but where I was; if I succeed, I shall have the satisfaction of accomplishing a design that I have formed for public good.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

R<sup>D</sup>. BLACKMORE.

\* The first paper was published Nov. 16, 1713, the last Feb. 15, 1713-14.

## LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR,

December 5, 1713.

I Designed long ago to have acknowledged the favour of your kind letter; and, at the same time, to have acquainted you that I had laid aside all thoughts of the design mentioned to you in my last. I had indeed been prompted to it by our very worthy friend Sir Richard Blackmore, who is apt to think, as you do, much too partially of my poor abilities. But when I perceived you were tired with an entertainment you had so long given the town, with much better success than I could ever propose, I could not persuade myself to engage as a principal in an undertaking, in which I was only willing to have been an assistant. Sir Richard was, however, of opinion, that such a design ought not to be dropped, and therefore determined to make the experiment, which he believed might turn to the public

public good ; and, by his commission, I send you the papers \* which have been hitherto published, to which he adds his sincere respects to your sister.

You may believe, when this design was once set on foot, I could not be wholly unconcerned : I must therefore desire your indulgence to the third, sixth, and ninth papers ; and the rest, I am sure, will entertain you very well. I do not own my part, but to yourself, having so much business to attend at present, besides my ordinary affairs, that I am never sure of a day's time. I should have been very glad if I could have accepted of your kind invitation, and have waited on you in the country. No one has more entire esteem for your friendship, nor more longs for your return to the town, than, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

\* These papers were collected into a volume in 1714, under the title of the "Lay-Monastery." The Friday's papers were by Mr. Hughes, the rest by Sir Richard Blackmore. There are forty numbers.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

A. I. R.

April 13, [1714.]

I MAKE use of the freedom you so obligingly allowed me, of sending you a paper of proposals for "Homer," and of intreating your assistance in promoting the subscription \*.

I have added another for Mr. Pate †, if he thinks fit to oblige me so far, as you seemed inclined to believe he might.

\* Mr. Pope began to give out subscriptions in 1713.

† "Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper," so styled by Swift in his "letters to Stella," Sept. 17, and Oct. 6, 1710. Lord Hervey was once very desirous of entering into a satirical war with Pope, in revenge for that poet's scurrilous and illiberal treatment of him, (who was really a man of great sense and abilities, and on that account only had the honour of being called up into the house of lords in his father's



I have left receipts signed with Mr. Jervas, who will give 'em for any subscriptions you may procure, and be (I am sure) very glad to be better acquainted with you, or entertain you with what paintings or drawings he has. He charges me to give you his most humble service, and I beg you to think no man is, with a truer esteem than I, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and faithful servant,

A. P O P E.

Pray make my most humble service acceptable to Sir Richard Blackmore\*.

father's life-time,) telling bishop Hoadly, that "if he had any genius, it was for satire." The bishop desired his lordship to apply the following story. "Will Pate," going home pretty late and pretty mellow, would needs quarrel with a night-man, who had given him a slash with his whip, and, running to the man's cart, began to pelt him. "Oh, oh," says the fellow, "are you thereabout? That's my trade." Lord Hervey replied immediately, "he would have nothing to say to Pope."

\* It appears from the above, that Mr. Pope and this poetical knight were then upon terms of friendship,

L E T T E R XXXV.

Mr. HUGHES to SIR GODFREY KNELLER\*,

SIR GODFREY,

Aug. 19, 1715.

**K**NOWING how great an admirer you are of Rubens, and of his genius for alle-

ship, which were first broken by Sir Richard's accusing Mr. Pope of profaneness and immorality, (see his "essays," vol. ii, p. 27) on a report from Curl, that he was author of a "travestie on the first psalm." Had it not been for this, all the knight's bad poetry would scarcely have procured him a place in the "Dunciad," as in that poem the author "professed "to attack no man living, who had not before printed and published against him;" and on this principle, having ridiculed "Dr. Watts's psalms" in the first edition of that satire, those lines were, at the instance of Mr. Richardson, the painter, a friend to both, in all the subsequent editions omitted.

\* This great painter was born at Lubeck in Holstein, in 1646, and after studying under Rembrandt in Holland, and also at Rome and Venice, came over to England in 1674, accompanied by his brother, without intending to reside here, but to return through

gorical painting, I could not avoid thinking of you when I undertook to publish Spenser\*, who had the same genius with

through France to Venice. They were recommended to Banks, a Hamburgh merchant, and Godfrey drew him and his family. The pictures pleased. Mr. Vernon, secretary to the duke of Monmouth, saw them, sat to the new painter, and obtained his master's picture by the same hand. The duke was so charmed, that he engaged the king his father to sit to Kneller. His success fixed him here. The series of his portraits prove the continuance of his reputation. . . .

He was knighted by king William in 1692, was made a baronet by George I, and died Oct. 27, 1723.

"Walpole's anecdotes of painting," vol. iii, p. 107—111.

\* There was no man at this time more equal to the task; and, on the other hand, there was no task that could have proved more acceptable to him. Spenser and Hughes seem to be allied by genius.—Both great poets, both remarkable for their strict morals, both public-spirited men, both well received by the great, and yet neither of them much indebted to fortune. It was happy for the memory of Spenser, that the revival and illustration of his writings were committed to a person of such candour and capacity.

Rubens, and is the most painter-like poet, and the finest designer of the virtues and vices of any writer extant. As I am sure, therefore, he cannot fail of entertaining you, I beg leave to make you a present of his works. I have, at the same time, taken the liberty to print you in the list with my subscribers, being very desirous that a work, which will live for ever, should be honoured with the name of the best artist our age has produced. If you will accept of this small testimony of the great respect I have for you and your art \*, you will very much oblige, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

It must have been a very pleasing labour to Mr. Hughes to restore the sense, to revive the honour, to repair and deck with fresh garlands the monument of so worthy a man. The spirit and elegance with which he discharged his trust, as an editor, are incontestable proofs of all that we have advanced.

Dr. Campbell. See Biog. Brit. vol. iv, p. 2706.

\* Mr. Hughes was very desirous of paying his poetical tribute to the merit and friendship of this great painter, but was always deterred (he said) by  
reading

## L E T T E R XXXVI.

Sir. GODFREY KNELLER to Mr. HUGHES.

MR. HUGHES, Whitton\*, August 24, 1715.

**I** HAD your most obligin letre, with the most acceptable present of Mr. Spencer's

reading Dryden's admirable poem on the same occasion. In honour of painting, as well as of music, Pope, however, entered the lists with his master Dryden, whose superiority (distinguishable as it is) is in nothing more apparent than in the choice of his subject. Pope was as unlucky in celebrating the paintings of Jervas, as he was in extolling the virtues of Bolingbroke. He composed indeed an "epitaph" for Kneller: but "what a falling off was there!" How inferior is that bad copy of an extravagant original, not only to Dryden and himself, but also to the eulogiums which sir Godfrey received "on the duke of Ormond's picture" from Prior, "on his picture of the king" from Addison, and "at his country-seat" from Tickell; which last Mr. Walpole has, by mistake, ascribed to Steele, it being printed in his "miscellanies."

See "Anecdotes of Painting," vol. iii, p. 114.

\* Near Hounslow,

worcks, wishing I had knowen of a subscription, and hope you will give me an opportunity of showing my obligation, and that I may deserve (in some degree) your so favorable good opinion you have of, Sir,

Your most humble and  
most obedient obliged servant,  
G. KNELLER.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

Binfield \*, Oct. 7, 1715.

**E**VER since I had the pleasure to know you, I have believed you one of that uncommon rank of authors, who are undesigning men and sincere friends; and who, when they commend another, have not any view of being praised themselves. I should be therefore ashamed to offer at saying any

\* In Windsor-forest.

of those civil things in return to your obliging compliments in regard to my translation of "Homer;" only I have too great a value for you not to be pleased with them; and yet, I assure you, I receive praises from you with less pleasure than I have often paid them to your merit before, and shall (I doubt not) have frequent occasions of doing again, from those useful pieces you are still obliging us with.

If you were pleased with my preface, you have paid me for that pleasure, in the same kind, by your entertaining and judicious essays\* on Spenser. The present you make me is of the most agreeable nature imaginable, for Spenser has ever been a favourite poet to me: he is like a mistress, whose faults we see, but love her with 'em all.

\* "An essay on allegorical poetry," "Remarks on the fairy queen," "on the shepherd's calendar," "&c" prefixed to Mr. Hughes's edition of "Spenser's works."

What

What has deferred my thanks till now, was a ramble I have been taking about the country, from which I returned home, and found your kind letter, but yesterday. A testimony of that kind, from a man of your turn, is to be valued at a better rate than the ordinary estimate of letters will amount to. I shall rejoice in all opportunities of cultivating a friendship I so truly esteem, and hope very shortly to tell you, in town, how much I am, Sir,

Your obliged and faithful

humble servant,

A. POPE.

Since you desire to hear of my progress in the translation, I must tell you that I have gone through four more books, which (with the remarks) will make the second volume \*.

\* Soon after writing this letter Mr. Pope, removed from Binfield to Twickenham, from Windsor-forest to the side of the Thames, which, in a letter to Mr. Blount, he styles one of the "grand æras of his days, " and a notable period in so inconsiderable a life."

LETTER



L E T T E R XXXVIII.

SIR RICHARD STEELE \* to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, St. James's Street, Jan. 8, 1715-16.

A Paper called the *Town-talk* † is particularly designed to be helpful to the stage. If you have not sent the mask ‡, which is to come out on Thursday, to press, if you please to send me the copy, it shall be recommended to the town, and published on Thursday night with that paper.

Your affectionate friend  
and most humble servant,  
RICHARD STEELE.

\* Sir Richard Steele was at this time member for Boroughbridge in Yorkshire.

† Neither this, nor the "Theatre," nor the "Spinster," (all by the same hand) have been collected into a volume.

‡ "Apollo and Daphne," a masque, by Mr. Hughes, set to music by Dr. Pepusch. See it in his "poems," vol. ii, p. 167.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Mr. BAYNE to Mr. HUGHES.

Edinburgh, July 23, 1716.

**I**T is now so long since I heard of my dear Mr. Hughes, that I am grown extremely impatient to know how you do. The thought of your frequent want of health, when we lived together, makes me often very uneasy when I think of you, and I wish you could send me such accounts of the improvement of your naturally weak constitution, that I might present you to my imagination always in perfect health. I have had more reason of late to regret my absence from you than at any time since I left you. I was all this winter in the country, within ten miles of the seat of the late rebellion, wherein a great many of my friends and acquaintances were unhappily engaged: so you'll easily imagine, that, in such a melancholy situation, I often wanted the comfort of a friend's company. You'll  
forgive

forgive me that I frequently wished for you, not considering that it might have added to your uneasiness when it lessened mine. Mr. Needler \*, under whose cover I send you this, made me hope some time ago to have heard from you, and to have received some things you have done lately. I hope now you will make good what you then intended, for I can assure you, I stand much in need of the satisfaction that any thing from you will always give me, having very few moments free from the anxious thoughts that are occasioned by the dismal circumstances, in which, not only several of my nearest relations, but many of my good acquaintances here, have involved themselves. As to every other thing, I thank God, I am perfectly easy, if I could see Mr. Hughes, but since in that I cannot be happy, I must e'en make shift as I have done hitherto, in the company of some of my friends, that are now become pretty well acquainted with you. I shall expect

\* See letter xix, note †.

to hear very soon from you, and I hope you will not disappoint me, for, believe me, there is nothing can give me greater satisfaction.

I am, my dear friend,  
Your most faithful friend and servant,  
AL. BAYNE.

# LETTER XL.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. BAYNE.

DEAR SIR,

[1716.]

**I** AM much ashamed to think how long it is since that I had two very kind letters from my good friend Mr. Bayne, which have lain by me unanswered. I find that the awkwardness of confessing, and the trouble of excusing, after some time, a fault, are very apt to betray one to add to it by delays, as people that are behind-hand with their creditors, though they may be very honest, are not very forward to make up their accounts. In the first place, I must freely

freely own, (if a general fault can excuse a particular one) that I always was a very bad correspondent. But besides that, I think I may truly say, that a great part of the tranquillity and happiness of my life deserted me from the time that I lost the conversation of so valuable a friend. For I have scarce ever since been free either from hurry of business at some times, or, at other times, bad health, or misfortunes. About a twelvemonth since, I had the affliction to lose a very good father, and since that I have had such shocks in my weak constitution, that I thought this winter I should have followed him. Your enquiries, in your last, concerning my state of health, are so very kind and affectionate, that, for both our sakes, I am glad I can now inform you, (which I could not have done till lately) that I hope I have a comfortable prospect of getting it tolerably re-established.

I can very easily imagine the sensible impression which the calamities of many of his

friends and countrymen must have made upon a good man; and I can assure you, that, during the late rebellion, my thoughts were often with you, and sympathised in that concern which I know it must have given you. I hate that thought of Lucretius, *Suave mari magno*, &c. that "when we ourselves are safe on the shore, we may look with pleasure on the ship which is lost in a tempest:" it is at least selfish and narrow, if not barbarous and ill-natured: as it would be for a man in his senses to look upon a madman, and to see the ruins of reason, without some pity and fellow-feeling of the sufferings of his species,

I am sure, you cannot more frequently or more ardently have wished for my company, than I have done, and do still, for yours. Whether it is that a long course of ill health has made me more humourful, and lessened my taste of common diversions and acquaintance, but I assure you, I find very few whose conversation and temper can afford me that satisfaction, which, I think, I could

could always have in yours. If I am at all known in your part of the world, (as you tell me in one of your letters) and you have taught some of your friends to think kindly of me, I impute it all to your affection for me, and am glad to have that mark of it. I have likewise some friends here whom I have made acquainted with you, and who, upon occasion, indulge me in the liberty of talking my whole heart of you, and, I believe, do not like me the worse for it.— Among some of these I lately met with a gentleman of your country, who knows you, and was a very good voucher to the company for what I asserted. The gentleman I mean is Mr. Strahan \*, of the pay-office at the horse-guards, who appears to me to be a sensible and a good-natured man, and of whom I hear a worthy character.

\* Since that time known to the learned world by his translation of the “Æneid of Virgil” into blank verse, in the last books of which he was assisted by Mr. Dobson, the translator of “Milton.” He died about four years ago, in a very advanced age.

Though

Though you mention nothing of your lady in your last letter, you may be sure I have not forgotten (though I may have forgiven) the person who was the occasion of our separation and your happiness. I have been looking over afresh the letter you wrote to me just before your marriage: it was the greatest compliment you could make me at that time, to mingle my friendship with an affair so much at your heart: and since you flattered me then, that she seemed to have some regard to my opinion of you, and kept my letter, to produce it, as you say, if there should be occasion, it is time now to challenge her upon that head, and ask her, Whether she has not found I was in the right? I am not ashamed that a testimony under my hand is standing out on this matter, and am in no pain about her answer.

Though I have mentioned some reasons of my long silence already, yet, after all, I should have writ much sooner, if I had not designed you a small parcel as well as a letter,



letter, and stayed to make some addition to it. One thing was, that I hoped, by this time, I should have been able to have sent you a tragedy\* which I have under my hands, and which (if I had not been hindered by illness) I had designed for the stage this winter. But I have yet only been able to finish four acts of it, and must now defer it till the next winter. The "Spen-  
 "ser's works" is a set I had laid by for myself, and which I now rather chuse to send in paste-boards than stay for the binding, and lose the opportunity which Mr. Needler tells me he has of conveyance. Sir Richard Blackmore, with whom I have often talked of you, gave me, some time ago, the small edition of his "Prince Arthur" for you: and I have a small collection of papers †, by the same hand, which were published in single half-sheets (like the *Spectator*) but with no great suc-

\* The "Siege of Damascus."

† The "Lay-Monastery." See letters-xxxii and xxxiii.

cess, the town having been before too long entertained in the same way. There are some discourses, which, I believe, will amuse you. You may be sure, on such an occasion, I could not be wholly unconcerned, though I was not in the secret till the first paper was printed. I will therefore own to you (what I would not have commonly known) that the character of "Ned Freeman," and all the Friday's papers, were mine. It is certain, that though this project did not succeed like the *Spectator*, it began to grow upon the town, and might have been continued with moderate success, if sir Richard had not been weary and dropped it. . . . .

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

Mr. HUGHES to Mrs. BRIDGES \*.

London, Aug. 15, 1716.

**I** WISH I were capable of acknowledging the favours, for which I am a debtor to Mrs. Bridges, in any proportion to the sense I have of them, and of the very friendly manner in which they are bestowed. It is a very great pleasure to receive obliga-

\* The wife of — Bridges, esq; surveyor-general of the ordnance. In a "collection of poems" by Mrs. Elizabeth Toller, a lady of genius, learning, and fortune, (published, after her death, in 1755) are the following verses in memory of Mrs. Bridges :

" If copious wealth, enjoy'd to full content,  
 " Or length of days, in peace and honour spent,  
 " Is all the anxious heart of man can crave,  
 " Yet here they cease, and vanish in the grave :  
 " Behold the sacred stone, where Bridges lies,  
 " But spare your tears, for virtue never dies."

She died Dec. 1, 1745, aged 88.

tions, when they flow from persons to whom we would wish to be obliged, and whose friendship and esteem is a real happiness. In this case, if it is not a testimony to our merit, yet it is at least an incitement to endeavour more to deserve it; and it is often seen, that the approbation of worthy persons is a means of making us more worthy of that approbation. I am in the less concern about what is out of my power, the making any return besides this acknowledgment, because I remember a nice observation of the duke de Rochefoucault, "That too much solicitude to acquit one's self of an obligation is at the bottom but a refined sort of ingratitude." I am therefore very easy under a debt which I do not pretend to repay.

In some of our conversations at Wallington, which, I think, had a very agreeable mixture and relief of mirth and seriousness, I had the satisfaction of observing, Madam, that my thoughts then agreed with yours, on subjects of consequence which have been  
long

long disputed among us, and in which it is almost a general fashion to declare on the uncharitable side. This has given me occasion to search after a small pamphlet\*, which I published some time ago, and in which I endeavoured, as clearly as I could, to express my thoughts at that time; and I shall be glad if it gives you any satisfaction. I send it the rather, that, (though you may perhaps think I have been too much an author) you may see I have not always trifled in the choice of my subjects; for, I am sure, whoever can help to settle this controversy on a right footing, will do the nation a very good service. After all the enquiries that I have been able to make, I cannot but think that they only are in the wrong, on either side, who are too positive

\* Entitled, "A review of the case of Ephraim and Judah, and its application to the church of England and the dissenters. In a letter to Dr. Willis, dean of Lincoln, occasioned by his thanksgiving sermon, preached before her majesty at St. Paul's, on the 23d of August, 1705." Printed in the year 1705.

that the others are so, since the difference is very little between them. If there are two roads from this place to Wallington, though the one perhaps is the more commodious and frequented, and what I would chuse, and the other not bad, or much out of the way; yet why are not both right, and what need is there to quarrel about the matter? Methinks, this is so easy a way of solving the question, that it is strange any one should miss it. It puts me in mind of Fontenelle's comparing our search after truth to blind-man's buff; she often comes in our way, and we sometimes lay hold of her, and let her go again, and do not know it: but it is no wonder, since we put the handkerchief over our own eyes, and make it to be a play in the dark,

Since I am troubling you with a packet, give me leave to add to it a collection of poems\*, which perhaps you have not

\* Poems and translations, printed for Pemberton, 1714.

seen; the publisher has given me too much a place in it, but there are some pieces by other hands (particularly that on the duke of Marlborough \*) which I need not fear to recommend to your perusal. . . .

You see, Madam, my letter is a kind of visit, which I am loth to conclude; but it is time to beg pardon, and to tell you that I am, with very great respect, Madam,

Yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

My humble service to Mr. Bridges and Mrs. Sabet †. May I venture to point out to her a comment on that verse ‡ in Deuteronomy, mentioned by her friend, the bishop? I mean a letter. || in the *Spectator*,

\* "A pindaric ode," by Mr. Somerville, author of the "Chace."

† Sarah-Elizabeth.

‡ Chap xxii, ver. 5. "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, &c."

|| On riding-habits for ladies.

vol.

vol. II, numb. 104. I own it is mine, so that if there were any heresy in it, I shall be a very persisting heretic if she cannot convert me.

L E T T E R XLII.

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq; \* to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Covent garden, Oct. 22, 1716.

**A**S you were so good formerly to promise me a little of your poetical assistance, you can never give it me at a time when it will be more useful than now. I beg you would be so good as to think of some words for Mr. Eccles and the new year. The entertainment is not to consist of above half an hour in time at most. Three or four airs, with some little recitative between, is what the composer will be glad

\* Poet laureat to king George I, and well deserving of the laurel for his dramatic writings. He was also secretary of the presentations to lord chancellor Parker. He died Dec. 6, 1718.



of. I need not tell you, you are the fittest man in the world for this occasion, by your equal knowledge of music and poetry. I will only beg you now, for friendship's sake, to have compassion on, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and

faithful humble servant,

N. ROWE.

\* Considering the humane and friendly disposition of Mr. Hughes, it is probable, that, in compliance with this request, the new year's ode for 1717 was written by him. Though Cibber, most certainly, disclaimed all assistance, it was not unusual for his predecessors to call in auxiliaries on such occasions. The new year's ode for 1720 was, in like manner, written by George Jeffreys, esq; at the request of Mr. Baskin, his fellow-collegian, then poet-laureat.

" The above letter," says a very judicious writer, " does great honour to Mr. Hughes: it shews that " his parts were confessed, and at the same time his " capacity esteemed, not only by those who were the " best judges, but by those, who, if his candour and " friendly turn had not been to the fall as conspicuous as his abilities, would very probably have considered him as a rival."

See " Biographia Britann." vol. iv, p. 2707.

LETTER

\* L E T T E R XLIII.

Mr. NEEDLER \* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

London, June 15, 1717.

**H**AVING received your obliging letter, I went on Tuesday, according to appointment, to visit Mr. Hughes ; but, to my surprise, was informed, that he was very ill, and just fallen asleep. He is, it seems, relapsed into his fever.

I returned home melancholy and disappointed, reflecting upon the imperfection and uncertainty of all earthly happiness. How many advantages (said I to myself,) must concur in a single person, to render him completely happy ? Nature, virtue, and fortune, must each contribute their share ; and if any one of these fails to bring in its *quota*, his happiness is lame and im-

\* See letter xix, note †

perfect.

perfect. And how rarely do we find them all conspiring to favour the same person? Suppose him endued by nature, with a clear understanding; by the principles of virtue, with piety; justice, and the most improved humanity; possessed of the esteem and love of all that know him; yet if health be wanting; if a fever revel in his veins and exhale his spirits, how little taste or enjoyment can he have of all the rest\*? The stoics indeed thought virtue alone sufficient to happiness; and thence concluded, that since it is in every man's power to be virtuous, it is also in every man's power to be happy. But, alas! every day's experience too clearly proves the vanity of this notion. Human life is liable to many miseries, which all our virtue and prudence can neither prevent nor remedy. They may indeed, in some measure, contribute to support and buoy us up under these fatal

\* Of the truth of this observation, Mr. Needler himself was soon after a melancholy instance.—See letter xlvii.

calamities ; but to remove them entirely,  
is beyond their power.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged,  
and most affectionate humble servant,  
H. NEEDLER.

# LETTER XLIV.

Mr. HUGHES to Bishop HOADLY\*.

MY LORD,

London, July 12, 1717-

I Know not whether I am not to beg pardon for what † I send your lordship. It

\* The best elogium on this great prelate (successively bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester) is the list of his writings in defence of civil and religious liberty, communicated to the authors of "Biographia Britannica" by his son, the present chancellor of the diocese of Winchester. He died in 1761, aged 85.

† A pamphlet, entitled, "A layman's thoughts on the late treatment of the bishop of Bangor, in  
" the-

was written (after a very imperfect manner) during a great indisposition.. Whether it was worth publishing, I cannot tell ; and I think, however, I should not desire to be known to your lordship in it, but only to shew you, that (even under the uneasiness of a fever) I could not sit still, and think myself unconcerned, whilst a person, whom I much honour, was so barbarously treated\*.

“ the charge made against him by Dr. Snape, and  
 “ undertaken to be proved by the bishop of Carlisle  
 “ [Dr. Nicholson.] In a letter to the bishop of  
 “ Carlisle.”

\* Bishop Hoadly's sermon “ on the nature of  
 “ Christ's kingdom,” preached before the king  
 • March 31, 1717, having been attacked by Dr. An-  
 drew Snape, the bishop published an answer, in which,  
 upon occasion of a report spread by some persons  
 about the town, that he was put upon preaching that  
 sermon, to serve some political ends, he uses these  
 words ; “ God knows, I preached what I found there  
 “ [in the New Testament] without the knowledge  
 “ of any man living.” This solemn and positive de-  
 claration was inconsistent with a story that had been  
 told Dr. Snape, namely, that the sermon was  
 preached with the knowledge, and submitted to the

I heartily congratulate your triumph over your enemies, and wish you all the better

correction of a certain person, who advised the making alterations in it. Upon this, in his "second letter," he thus addresses himself to the bishop: "I must needs say, your evasive equivocal way of writing favours very strongly of such communication, [that is, with a Jesuit] and whether the same person may not have helped you to a mental reservation to justify a solemn appeal to God, that what you preached was 'without the knowledge of any man living,' when a living man has testified that it was preached with his knowledge, and submitted to his correction, your lordship best knows." This was no sooner published, than the bishop of Bangor called upon Dr. Snape for the proof of what he had asserted; who presently declared that he had received that account from Dr. Hutchinson, who had heard the bishop of Carlisle say, that he had spoken with the person who advised the bishop of Bangor, upon reading his sermon, to insert such words as "absolutely, properly," &c. And that some days after, the same divine again assured him, that he had heard the same prelate a second time declare that matter to be true, and that he would justify it to all the world. Upon this Dr. Snape drew up the passage, waited upon the bishop of Carlisle, read it to him, and was allowed by him to publish it, with  
an

rewards due to your great virtue, goodness,  
and public spirit.

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

an assurance that he would stand to it. This was the substance of Dr. Snape's advertisement: to which the bishop of Carlisle was persuaded to add, "This is true," though he afterwards declared that it was not strictly so. However, being now called upon to name the "living man," who was to attest the truth of what he asserted, he fixed on Dr. Kennet, [dean of Peterborough] who, he declared, according to the best of his remembrance, was the person who told him, that the sermon was preached with his knowledge, and submitted to his correction; and that the Dr. advised and with difficulty prevailed to have the above-mentioned words inserted. This was denied by Dr. Kennet, in the most solemn manner, in all his conversations, public advertisements, and private letters to his friends, and even in his last will, so great was the impression it made upon him.

See the "life of bishop Kennet," p. 165, &c.  
and the "appendix" to it.

LETTER .

L E T T E R XLV.

Mr. HUGHES to Lord Chancellor COWPER\*.

MY LORD,

September 27, 1717.

**I** HAD the pleasure, before I left Hertingfordbury, of being informed by Mr. Hughes †, that your lordship had very kindly discoursed with him about me, and in such a manner as lays me under the highest obligations. I esteem every oppor-

\* Sir William Cowper was appointed lord keeper of the great seal in 1705, was created a baron in 1706, and in 1707 was appointed lord chancellor, which post he held till the change of ministry in 1710. On the accession of king George I, he was again appointed lord chancellor, and on his resigning the great seal in 1717-18, he was created an earl. His public character is well known. His taste and private virtues will appear from these letters. His lordship died in 1723. The present earl is his grand-son. The preamble to lord Cowper's patent, on being created an earl, being drawn up by Mr. Hughes, is added in the " appendix."

† Judge-advocate.

tunity



tunity your lordship has been pleased to allow me of waiting on you as a very great honour; but the generous concern you have expressed for my welfare, is a distinction I am proud of; and it is with pleasure I can now think of every disappointment I have met with elsewhere, if it is a means of giving me a place in your lordship's thoughts. I beg leave to say, that as every favour will be doubled to me, by the satisfaction of owing it to that hand from which I would most desire to receive it; so the particular manner in which your lordship has thought of me, is what I shall esteem a very great addition to it. I am sure, it will always give me the ambition of appearing, in all possible instances of duty and respect,

My lord,

Your lordship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES\*.

\* Soon after this, the lord chancellor (without any previous solicitation) appointed Mr. Hughes his secretary for the commissions of the peace.

\* LETTER XLVI.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JABEZ HUGHES\*.

DEAR SIR,      Woolwich, Feb. 24, 1717-18.

**W**ALKING lately in a pensive humour by the river-side, while the billows were rolling at my feet, and the wind whistling through the neighbouring trees; the idea

\* Younger brother of Mr. John Hughes, and, like him, a votary of the muses, and an excellent scholar. He published, in 1714, a translation of "The rape of Proserpine," from Claudian, and "The story of Sextus and Britho," from Lucan's *Pharsalia*, b. vi, in 8vo. These translations, with notes, were reprinted in 12<sup>o</sup>. in 1723. He also published, in 1717, a translation of Suetonius's "lives of the twelve Cæsars," and translated several "novels" from the Spanish of Cervantes, which are inserted in "The select collection of novels and histories," printed for Watts, 1729. He died Jan. 17, 1731, in the 46th year of his age. A volume of his "Miscellanies, in verse and prose," was published in 1737. His widow accompanied the lady of governor Byng to Barbadoes, and died there in 1740.

of our unfortunate friend, among a variety of melancholy objects, offered itself to my thoughts ; whom I was always wont to think of, with extreme pleasure ; but now, O sad vicissitude ! can never remember without the utmost anguish of heart.

“ Thou didst in vain (thought I,) employ so many solitary hours in the pursuit of knowledge ! Thou didst in vain rise up early, and watch ’till midnight, in order to enrich thy mind with the sublimest notions ! Thou didst in vain search out the secrets of nature, and pry into the laws by which the mighty Maker of the world directs his actions ; since thou hast no sooner obtained the object of thy wishes, but the dear purchase is ravished from thee, and all thy exalted speculations are scattered into air !

“ Surely man is made in vain ! He restlessly moves about for a few years ; and then (as it were,) vanishes, and is forgotten : thus a watery bubble shines with va-

“riety of gaudy colours, but is broken by  
“the least breath of wind.

“Before the statesman can put his pro-  
“jected schemes in execution, the naturalist  
“go through his intended experiments, or  
“the mathematician conquer his stubborn  
“problems; they are either immaturely  
“snatched away; or else their heads per-  
“haps are disordered, and their judgments  
“shattered and unhinged; and thus the  
“whole frame of their glorious designs is  
“dashed in pieces! How (said I) can it  
“consist with infinite wisdom and goodness,  
“to create a being with such excellent en-  
“dowments and faculties; and then to cut  
“him down, while he is yet green, and  
“has not had leisure to improve his powers,  
“or to bring any thing to perfection?  
“Does it not look like sporting with the  
“miseries of his creatures, to give them  
“just a glimpse of happiness, and then to  
“plunge them into darkness?

Thus

Thus I should have gone on complaining, had I not corrected these hasty thoughts by the consideration, that this world is only the nursery for a better; and that if we act, during the short term of this fleeting life, agreeably to the will of that wise Being who has placed us here, we shall speedily be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where we shall spread and flourish to all eternity. Though here,

The ways of heaven seem dark and intricate ;

there, all our difficulties shall be solved; and the whole scheme of Providence appear to be the work of perfect goodness and consummate wisdom. We are apt fondly to over-rate these transient sufferings, deluded by our vain imaginations: but that incomprehensible Being, who beholds at once all things past, present, and future, forms a very different judgment concerning them. For what proportion can there indeed be between time and eternity? Or what can be more just than the reasoning

of the apostle, were it regarded merely as the argument of a philosopher? *For I reckon; that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.* Rom. viii. 18.

I considered further, that God must be conceived acting as a wise, as well as merciful, Being; and that therefore he proceeds by general laws, and the most compendious methods; which, though they may sometimes seem to occasion lesser irregularities, yet, upon the whole, exalt the divine attributes the most magnificently.

By these reflections I allayed, in some measure, the workings of my troubled thought: but, if a violent grief may ever be justified, the melancholy condition of so valuable a man and faithful a friend may surely claim the utmost transports! He was a diligent and unbiassed searcher after truth; always willing to submit to its convictions, even "to the destruction of his own opinions;" as Aristotle rightly teaches, a philo-

philosopher ought. Indeed by an over-eager application to the study of the mathematics, (without intermission or any recreation,) he increased at least the pain, which, I greatly fear, will prove fatal to him! Let not, however, philosophy suffer for the indiscretion of any of her votaries. The tree of knowledge now yields fruit both pleasant to the taste, and useful for life; though it may be unwarily converted into poison, and prove our destruction.

The reflection on Mr. Needler's unhappy fate may be a warning to others, not to indulge themselves with too much eagerness even in the pursuit of knowledge itself; but sometimes to unbend their minds by innocent amusements; considering that this world is designed for action, rather than speculation. . . . .

I am, with all sincerity, Sir,  
Your most affectionate, and  
faithful humble servant,  
WM. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER

## LETTER XLVII.

Bishop Hoadly to Lord CADOGAN \*.

MY LORD,

April 19, 1718.

**I**F I did not know your readiness to oblige, I would not trouble you in this manner. Mr. Hughes, whom your lordship was formerly inclined to serve, upon my recommendation, is in fear of losing a pretty good place, which the late lord chancellor had but just given him, viz. "the office of secretary to "the commissions of the peace." I cannot forbear to intercede with you, that you would be so good as to write a letter by him,

\* This nobleman, who had served with great reputation under the duke of Marlborough, being second in command of the English forces, was, a few days after the date of this letter, created an earl, with limitation of the barony to his brother, the present lord: he was then just setting out on an embassy to Brussels, where he made his public entry on the king's birth-day, and in 1720 signed the quadruple alliance. He died in 1726.

before



before you leave England, to the new lord chancellor, if he be not fixed, to engage him to continue Mr. Hughes in the same office. He is worthy of all your regard, a firm friend to the administration, a very ingenious man, and exceedingly beloved by all that know him. I hope, you know me enough to think I would not mention any thing to you which I did not esteem it for your honour to interest yourself in. And therefore I again intreat this of you.

I am glad of this opportunity of congratulating you upon your new honour; of wishing you a good voyage, all success, and every thing equal to your wishes, and to your merit; and above all, a safe and happy return to us; and of assuring you that I am, with a respect and gratitude equal to the obligations I have received from you,

My lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

BENJ. BANGOR\*.

\* The above was not delivered, for the reasons assigned in letter fifty.

## L E T T E R XLVIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

London, May 1718.

**T**Hough I cannot help joining with the general voice in lamenting, with much concern, the loss the public has sustained in your lordship's quitting that great trust, which never has, nor can be placed in more worthy hands than your lordship's; yet I think it my duty, at the same time, to congratulate your lordship on your being honourably eased from a very great burden; the constant fatigue of which must have made it uneasy, and might have proved prejudicial to your health. Your lordship has been seen to act in every thing with that prudence, mature thought, and equal temper, that, I am sure, the resolution you had taken must have been founded on the best reasons; and I most zealously and sincerely wish your lordship all the satisfaction in the consequences of it which you can expect or desire.

I never

I never can express to your lordship the half of what I feel, as often as I think of your very generous and distinguishing favours to me; all the circumstances of which will ever leave on my mind the most grateful impressions. I esteem that short space of my life, in which I had the honour to attend your lordship, as one of the happiest parts of it; and if I cannot avoid, on this occasion, having a proportionable concern, yet to your lordship, who has shewn so very humane and tender a regard to my welfare, I think myself obliged in duty to declare, that I have no regret for any consequences to myself, so much as of that being deprived of the satisfaction of being near your lordship, and the frequent opportunities of being honoured with a conversation filled with goodness and condescension, and every thing that could render it valuable and agreeable.

I wish your lordship increase of health  
and happiness, and with the most duti-  
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ful regards to your lordship and my lady  
Cowper,

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

## L E T T E R XLIX.

Earl COWPER to Lord Chancellor PARKER\*.

MY LORD,

May, 1718.

**O**F the many that were losers by my resigning the great seal, I shall venture to recommend but one gentleman to your lordship, the bearer, Mr. John Hughes, who served for some little time in the office of secretary for the commissions of the peace; and I should not do that, but for two reasons; the one, that he hardly served long enough to make him amends for preparing himself to execute that trust; the other, that I am convinced, from the little

\* Created earl of Macclesfield in 1721. He held the great seal till the year 1724, and died in 1732. The present earl is his grandson.

time

time he did serve, that your lordship, if you continue him in that service, will thank me for having recommended him; and your so doing will be also a very great obligation on, my lord,

Your lordship's  
most obedient humble servant,  
COWPER.

I most heartily wish your lordship much joy.

\* L E T T E R L.

Mr. HUGHES to Bishop Hoadly \*.

MY LORD,

June 2, 1718.

I WAS in hopes I should have waited on your lordship before this time, otherwise I had not so long delayed returning you my hearty thanks for the letter you favoured

\* Since the publication of the first edition, this letter has been very obligingly communicated to the editor by Mr. chancellor Hoadly.

me with to my lord Cadogan\*. I had indeed no opportunity of making use of it; and my lord Cowper being in town the next day, I found his care of me had made any other way of application unnecessary. The kind part which I have observed, on this and other occasions, my friends take in my welfare and success, is one of the greatest satisfactions I have ever known in life; and among those friends I have great reason to place your lordship with the foremost; your constant good-will and kindness to me being what I esteem as a real happiness, and an honour I shall always prefer to the approbation of thousands.

I am going now to confess to your lordship a theft which gave me very great pleasure. After the time was elapsed for the delivering your letter, I took off the cover, and stole a reading of that which you did well to spare my blushes by not letting me see before. I found there what at once touched

\* See letter xlvii, p. 186.

my heart, and tried my philosophy, how I could bear, without vanity, so warm a recommendation, not only above what I deserved, but beyond what I could have expected even from your lordship's known zeal and hearty manner of serving those you think kindly of. May you always persist in thinking so partially of me; and I promise you, I will do my best never to undeceive you!

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

## L E T T E R L I.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

August 15, 1718.

**H**AVING just met with the inclosed verses, which have been but lately dispersed, I think them so very good, that I could not deny myself the pleasure of sending them to your lordship, who perhaps may not yet have

have seen them. I am informed they were written by Mr. Welsted, a gentleman I have heard mentioned by Sir Richard Steele, as a promising genius; and who has written some few short poems before, but is little known\*.

It was a double mortification to me, that my illness prevented my paying my duty to your lordship when you were lately in town. I am going next week to get a recruit of Surry air, and to try the daily exercise of a horse on the downs, which I hope will qualify me in a little time for a journey into Hertfordshire.

\* If Mr. Welsted had written nothing else, or, at least, if he had not offended Mr. Pope, by his "Triumvirate" and other satires, he would scarce have been pilloried in the "Dunciad," in that celebrated parody on Sir John Denham,

"Flow, Welsted, flow, like thine inspirer, beer,  
 "Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;  
 "So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;  
 "Heady, not strong, and foaming, though not full."

I think



I think I have found two good pictures which will fit the places your lordship would have supplied, and which your lordship may have at any time, if you approve them. I saw the pictures mentioned by Mr. Woodford, but do not think there are any your lordship would like. . . . .

I am, my lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

## THE GENIUS

As one, written in 1717, on occasion of the Duke of Marlborough's lethargy.

1.

AWFUL here, Marlbro, rise!

Sleepy charms I come to break;

Hither turn thy languid eyes;

Lo! thy Genius calls; awake!

2.

Well survey this faithful plan,

Which records thy life's great story;

'Tis a short but crowded span,

Full of triumphs, full of glory!

3.

One by one thy deeds review!

Sieges, battles, thick appear;

Former wonders, lost in new,

Greatly fill each pompous year. 4. This

4.

This is Blenheim's crimson field;  
Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd !  
Here retiring squadrons yield,  
And a bloodless wreath is gain'd.

5.

Ponder in thy godlike mind  
All the wonders thou hast wrought ;  
Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,  
Be the subject of thy thought !

6.

Rest thee here, while life may last :  
Th' utmost bliss to man allow'd,  
Is to trace his actions past,  
And to own them great and good.

7.

But 'tis gone—O mortal born !  
Swift the fading scenes remove—  
Let them pass with noble scorn ;  
Thine are worlds which roll above.

8.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,  
Pleas'd thy ripe approach foresee ;  
Men, who acted wond'rous things,  
Though they yield in fame to thee.

9.

Foremost in the patriot band,  
Shining with distinguish'd day,  
See, thy friend, Godolphin, stand !  
See ! he beckons thee away.

10. You-

10.

Yonder seats and fields of light  
 Let thy ravish'd thought explore;  
 Wishing, panting for thy flight,  
 Half an angel, man no more!

## LETTER LII.

EARL COWPER TO MR. HUGHES.

SIR,

Colegreen\*, Aug. 9, 1718.

**I** GIVE you many thanks for yours of the 5th instant, with the excellent verses of an uncommon kind. It puzzled us here in the country to reconcile the 3d stanza, which prepares for a particular enumeration of the duke's actions, with the 4th, which mentions only two, and no more are enumerated after. But, I take it, the genius is supposed, after mentioning "Blenheim," to see in the plan "the bloodless wreath," and thinking that now most fit for the duke to dwell upon, alters his de-

\* Near Hertford.

sign of pointing to his deeds one by one, and proceeds immediately to give him the exhortation which follows. There is one Mr. Welsted, reader of the Charter-house, who is said to have wit in conversation: I cannot tell whether he, or another, be the Welsted you mention as the author.

If the learned have advised you to take the air on the downs of Surry, as particularly good for your case, I have nothing to say, but submit, and hope you'll believe there is good reason for that advice; but if otherwise, I wish you had tried Hertfordshire air at first, where you and your horse should have been very welcome: or you might have used any of mine, if they pleased you better. It is certain you cannot do better than to use gentle riding. I will only desire leave to add to the prescription, that you will admit of as much idleness and vacancy from hard thinking, as you possibly can. I most earnestly wish you perfect success, and am, Sir, Your obliged humble servant,

COWPER.

LETTER

## LETTER LIII.

Hr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

London, Aug. 12, 1718.

WITH the greatest satisfaction I return your lordship my most humble acknowledgments for the honour of your letter, and am extremely glad the verses I sent were so acceptable. This has given me occasion to enquire after what I could farther meet with from the same hand, and thought now to have sent your lordship the author's first fruits. I find he mentions an "ode to the king," which I am sorry I cannot yet procure. The person your lordship has heard of, though a man of "wit in conversation," will not be suspected, among those who know him, for panegyrics of this kind; his sentiments and principles being of a different turn. What I have heard of this gentleman is, that he is a young man whom Sir Richard Steele some

A 2 2

time

time ago professed to patronise and encourage, and used to recommend among his acquaintance. I find the "verses on the duke of Marlborough" are hitherto very little dispersed; and I wish the author were acquainted with your lordship's very just remark on the 3d and 4th stanzas. Perhaps placing the 3d stanza after the 4th might obviate the objection.

Your lordship's very kind invitation is the best recommendation to me of Hertfordshire air, and will engage me to shorten my intended stay in Surry. I am extremely happy in having leave to increase a debt, which it will be always the highest honour and pleasure to me to own. And if any thing could make me more partial yet to my own welfare, it is that your lordship does me the honour to express yourself concerned in it. I am, with all possible ties of duty and zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

## LETTER LIV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

Colegreen, Sept. 25, 1718.

**I** HAVE great reason to think it will be a satisfaction to your lordship to have some account of the progress of my health since your lordship's going to town. I thank God, my fever is quite off, (I hope past danger of a return,) and I am as much better for the time as can possibly be expected. I have recovered a tolerable appetite, and feel an accession of strength every day. As I cannot but have the utmost regard to all your lordship's commands, which are so kindly intended for my good, I have not changed my lodging, but am going on here in a regular course of few medicines, and moderate exercise; and have good encouragement to hope I shall soon satisfy my doctor, that this air is not less restorative than the downs of Surry.

And

And now that I have time to look back on my past suffering, I am very much concerned and ashamed at the trouble I gave your lordship: but when I recollect the experience I had, on that occasion, of your lordship's exceeding humanity, and the inexpressible relief it was to me, under extreme pain, and apprehensions of the worst consequences, my heart is melted, and it is not in the power of words to shew the sense I have of it. I can truly say, that, after a long course of ill health and misfortune, which had almost made me indifferent to every thing, it was your lordship's very kind notice of me, that first made life more desirable; and I shall think it one of the greatest pleasures of it, while it lasts, to employ it in all the returns of duty and thankfulness to your lordship, which are within my poor ability. I beg that (with my humble duty) my lady Cowper may know how troublesome a guest I have been, and that, though it happened in her ladyship's absence, I have not wanted any thing necessary or convenient. I have begun



gun to call in music in aid of my cure, and sometimes have tried the harpsicord, but it will make no harmony in the absence of that hand it has been used so absolutely to obey. I wish your lordship much prosperity in your new habitation \*, and am, with very many obligations,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

## LETTER LV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

**I** SEND you a small piece of history †, so exceedingly well written, and by so honest

\* In Lincoln's-inn-fields.

† "The history of the revolutions in Portugal. By "the Abbé Vertot. Printed for Samuel Buckley, 1712." To this curious piece of history, (written in a very particular manner, and with equal vivacity of style and sentiment) Mr. Hughes did so much justice, that  
the

a pen, that I presume it will not be unacceptable to your lordship, even in the translation. I do not set my name to it, but your lordship is so many ways entitled to every thing in which I am concerned, that I am glad to take any opportunity of expressing my grateful sense of all your favours, and with what profound veneration I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

## L E T T E R LVI.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

O<sup>a</sup>. 25, 1718.

..... **H**AVING mentioned to your lordship a dialogue \* in the manner of Lu-

the translation was as well received in England as the work itself had been in France. See "Jacob's lives of the poets, vol. i, p. 81." By some accident, it was not published till after Mr. Hughes's death.

\* "Æsculapius, or the hospital of fools." This is justly esteemed not inferior to any thing transmitted to us from the ancients.

cian,

cian, written by Mr. Walfh, I send the "miscellany\*" in which only, I think, it was ever printed. I have indeed some difficulty in putting a book into your lordship's hands, in which the publisher has given me too large a share, and inserted some trifles of mine which were very young performances. But I can, without reserve, recommend the "ode on the duke of Marlborough," which, I believe, your lordship will think is a very fine piece of poetry. I am informed, it was given to the publisher by Sir Samuel Garth, from a hand that would be concealed †. That of Prior's ‡ I look upon to be one of his best perfor-

\* Poems and translations, printed for Pemberton in the year 1714.

† This ode was written by Mr. Somerville, author of the "Chace."

‡ Imitated from "Horace, book iii, ode 2," and written in the year 1692. This ode is in honour of king William, but when Mr. Prior published his poems (as above-mentioned) he had changed his opinion of men and measures.

mances, though, (for what reason I know not) he has omitted it in the late edition of his poems. There is likewise a short "ode of Horace" (to Mæcenas) which, I remember, was translated many years ago by Mr. Gilbert \*, (now chief baron in Ireland) and I think is done with very great elegance and correctness. I believe, these, and some few others in this collection, may be entertaining, though your lordship never wants employment for your leisure hours. I find, the town is in expectation of my play † this winter, which awakens in me the fears of an author, though I have endeavoured to make it more pardonable by some alterations ‡. But I am undetermined about it, till I have the honour to wait on my lady Cowper. When her la-

\* See letter ix, p. 37. note \*.

† The "Siege of Damascus."

‡ These alterations were insisted on by the players, with a fantastic view of exalting the character of Phocylas; but that of Eudocia is in the same proportion

dyship thinks it may seasonably appear upon the stage, I shall think so too, and not before ; and could only wish that the juncture, which, on other accounts, is so much desired, and could best favour it, were at hand.—But I beg pardon for the length of this letter, and am, with the greatest regard and duty, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

## LETTER LVII.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

S I R,

Colegreen, Nov. 2, 1718.

**I** BEGAN to be in fear for you ; but I thank you for comforting me by yours of the 25th of last month, by which I find you as well as you can expect, on first co-

tion degraded, her violent resentment, and utter rejection of her lover, being, as the play now stands, unreasonable. The original plan is added in the appendix.

B b 2

ming

ming to the air of London. I am, on farther consideration, still more assured, that the thing you principally have to attend to, is the endeavouring to breed as little phlegm as possible, which, I guess, must be taking care of your digestion, by all the means you can think of. I desire you to believe me, when I tell you, that you are the first I ever ventured to write to advice of this kind; I believe it is because I find more motives than usual to wish you a long and prosperous life. The miscellanies you are so kind as to send me, please me in more places than you recommend. I perfectly agree with you in what you think of the "ode on the duke of Marlborough," and I must confess, I taste Dr. Pope's "ballad\*,"

\* "The Salisbury ballad, with the learned commentaries of a friend to the author's memory," written by Dr. Walter Pope, author of the "Old man's wish," who lived with Dr. Ward, then bishop of Salisbury. "This poem (says the editor) was given me in manuscript by my worthy friend Anthony Henley, esq; who used to call it his favourite, for the humour and simplicity of it, and its

as my acquaintance Mr. Henley\* did. My wife saith, she is much obliged to you for the compliment you make to her on the subject of your play, and that she shall be ready to speak with you upon it whenever you please.

I am, with great truth,  
Sir, your very faithful humble servant,  
COWPER.

## LETTER LVIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

November 4, 1718.

I CANNOT but take the first opportunity to acknowledge the very welcome

"its delicate raillery on the Dutch commentators. I think, indeed, his judgment was as right in that, as it was in every thing else relating to poetry and criticism."

\* Of the Grange in Hampshire, grandfather to the present earl of Northington.

favour

favour I received yesterday of your lordship's letter, as the greatest pleasure I have tasted since my coming to town. I look upon my fears to trouble your lordship with an account of myself sooner as part of my distemper, which, for some days, had given me apprehensions I was unwilling too hastily to make known to your lordship; having observed that my illness came upon me in the same manner, and with the same symptoms, as last winter: but, I thank God, those apprehensions are now removed; my illness being very much abated for about a week, so that I have been able to go abroad; and the continual wasting by phlegm being moderated, I find that my strength daily increases; so that I am convinced, that your lordship judges very truly of my case, and I cannot be enough thankful for your kind advice. I ought likewise to acquaint your lordship, that I have followed the exercise you were pleased to recommend, with some benefit already, and am in hopes of farther success,



cess. It would be very idle in me to trouble your lordship so frequently with the history of my infirmities, if I had not experienced, with the greatest delight, that to the favours for which I am indebted to your lordship, you are pleased to add so great a seasoning of tenderness, that I cannot but esteem this beyond all other obligations ; and I ought, in duty, to let your lordship know, that your intention in it, of doing me good, is not without its effect ; for I have never found any cordial so reviving to my spirits, as this has been, and always is, to my mind.

I am, with the greatest gratitude,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

## L E T T E R L I X.

JOHN ALLEN, Esq; \* to Mr. DUNCOMBE†.

Dublin, Easter, 1719.

— I WILL venture to affirm that the passion we call pity, is in no part of the creation but the two-legged animal; the tenderness and care of beasts and birds to preserve their brood is quite out of the question, and I begin to think the effects you contend for are hardly natural, I am sure they are very inconvenient;

Since pity is accompany'd with pain,  
Why should I ease by your affliction gain?

\* Only son of John Allen, esq; of Gretton in Northamptonshire. His agreeable wit, elegant manners, and polite conversation, endeared him to persons of the first rank in king Charles the second's court, particularly the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Dorset, and Sir Charles Sedley, with whom he lived in the greatest intimacy. He died at Dublin in 1720, aged 75.

† See letter xix, note \*.

It

It would please me to hear of madam Gyllenborg\* and her sweet child †. I fancy her count is in some danger, since king George has reached baron Gortz at Stockholm ‡.

You make flight of Ormond's giving us a visit. It is well if you are prepared for him; for, I believe, he will have the man-

\* Niece to Mr. Allen, first married to Elias Deritt, esq; deputy of the great wardrobe, and after his death to count Gyllenborg, ambassador from Sweden.

† Miss Deritt, who was afterwards created by the queen of Sweden countess Gyllenborg, and married baron Sparre.

‡ Immediately after the death of Charles XII. at Frederickshall, December 11, 1718, baron Gortz, his prime-minister, was arrested, tried, and executed at Stockholm, being charged by the senate with all the oppressive measures of the late reign. Having been deeply engaged in the Swedish conspiracy against George I, in the year 1716, baron Gortz, at the desire of that prince, had been arrested at the Hague, and at the same time count Gyllenborg was seized and sent out of England.

ners to see our betters first. But, for your comfort, no king and parliament were ever beaten; I mean entirely subdued; unless I am mistaken in Richard III. I think I am not; the parliament, I believe, was not sitting when Richmond landed.

When I was young, I admired M. Dacier as much as you can do, and perhaps despised Scaliger more. I have lived to change my mind, and am almost of the contrary opinion.—What sort of play is that which has for name “Busiris, king of Egypt\*?” Under what difficulties must an author bring himself, who takes his subject as high as the contemporary of Hercules? The “Chit-chat†” is come to us with a cha-

\* A tragedy by Dr. Young.

† A comedy by Thomas Killegrew, esq; gentleman of the bed-chamber to the prince of Wales. So strongly was the author's interest supported by his friends, that the profits were said to have amounted to upwards of a thousand pounds.

“Companion to the playhouse,” vol. i.

rafter

rafter it by no means deserves. How could it find audiences for ten days? The writer of "Raleigh \*" is something of a scholar, and has a great deal of good diction, but is by no means a "play-writer." But I write to you what you should write to  
Your affectionate humble servant

J. ALLEN.

L E T T E R L X.

Mr. ALLEN to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Dublin, May 19, 1719.

**I** Believe, your ingenious friend, who says, I was born *melioribus annis*, means only that I am an old man; and he is in the right, *Vixi cum quibus*, modestly says Horace: but in another place,

————— *Me*

*Cum magnis vixisse, invita fatebitur usque*

*Invidia* —————

\* "Sir Walter Raleigh," a tragedy, by Dr. Sewell.

I cannot help remarking, that though he writes to the great Mæccenas, he neither means him, nor any of the court of Augustus, but Brutus and the true lovers of liberty. . . . .

I should be mightily pleased with what Mr. Hughes has essayed upon Lucian \*, and have a value for what I know of him. I wish also to see the French *Œdipus* †.

\* "*Charon, or the ferry-boat, a vision*," first printed in the year 1718, with a dedication to the "*Swiss Count*" [Heidegger,] which, from prudential reasons, was omitted in Mr. Hughes's works, though it contained a satirical vision, not less entertaining and instructive than the little piece to which it is prefixed. It is therefore inserted in the "*appendix*" to this work. Mr. Garrick's dramatic satire, called "*Lethe*," (first acted in 1748) seems formed on the model of Mr. Hughes's "*Charon*."

† By M. de Voltaire. This tragedy was written in 1714, when the author was but nineteen years of age. "You remember (says he, in a letter to the Abbé d'Olivet, dated in 1761,) "I was bold enough "to attempt the terrible subject of *Œdipus* about seven and forty years ago." It was played for the first

The man who arrogantly contemns the ancients, will easily be brought to defy the gods. Though, I think, there are as shocking expressions in Sophocles and Dryden. "Busiris" is reprinted here. Nothing can be more like those monstrous scenes than those monstrous hangings. I will only add what the most correct Virgil says on the subject,

*Quis illaudati nescit Bufridis aras ?*

Yet, I must own, I approve "the tall white plume, like a high-wrought foam." That bursts out like Homer or Milton. But the man this new writer seems to imitate is Dr. Blackmore; whether by choice, or chance, I know not. The celebrated "moon-simile" is scandalously stolen from Lee's "Mithridates," and somewhere from Mr. Addison.

first time at the end of the year 1718, and ran five and forty nights, Du Frêne, a celebrated actor, and of the same age with the author, played the part of *Œdipus*, and madam Desmarêts, an excellent actress, performed that of *Jocasta*, and soon after quitted the stage. Both Father Folard and M. de la Motte have since treated the same subject.

Look-

Looking for some papers last night, I found a few lines written on an annually-returning occasion (now at hand) which makes the attempt a little difficult. King George was born, in 1660, the day before the 29th of May, the restoration of king Charles the second. The whole epigrammatic force is, "One is better than t'other." There is history enough for the birth of Alexander, and the burning of Diana's temple.

Helper divine, Diana, here on earth,  
Neglects all objects for young Ammon's birth,  
Anxious from stately Ephesus retires,  
And leaves her temple to devouring fires.  
So, whilst our blessing yet lay unreveal'd,  
A happy burden in the womb conceal'd,  
Sophia was the charge of every star;  
No less employ was Providence's care:  
Britannia lab'ring, with convulsions torn,  
Charles could not be restor'd, till George was born.

J. ALLEN,

LETTER



\*L E T T E R LXI.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

Colegreen, May 31, 1719.

**I** WAS very sorry for my ill fortune, when calling yesterday at Hertingfordbury to wait on you, and obtain the favour of your company at dinner with me, I found you were just gone for London: but I was concerned extremely, when I was told you had been so ill, that you designed to rest at Waltham-crofs, and make two days journey of it. If the weather prove hot again, I believe you should get your attendance excused for this Trinity term, and be quiet somewhere in a clear air. As I told you, I dare not sollicit you, lest it should prove to your hurt; but you may be assured, I cannot know a greater pleasure than to have your company, and do you good.

I am, with the most perfect respect,

Sir, your faithful humble servant,

COWPER.

LETTER

## L E T T E R LXII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

London, June 2, 1719.

AFTER a short unsuccessful trial of the air, in which I have been followed with some bad visits of my old fever, I returned to town this afternoon in tolerable good health, and met with a very welcome cordial, your lordship's kind letter. I am often out of countenance, when I reflect how much trouble my almost constant indisposition occasions to my friends; but the truly affectionate part your lordship condescends to take in what relates to me and my little concerns, is no small support to me under it, and one of the greatest satisfactions I have to think upon in life. I most heartily return your lordship thanks both for your advice and invitation. As I hope to spend but little of this season in town, I believe I am under a necessity of having recourse to  
affes

affes milk, and the air of Carshalton, to which I am advised, and where I found great benefit the last year : but having more of the summer now before me, I hope I shall be able, in some time, to wait on your lordship in a better state of health than I have hitherto done, and to improve it with the pleasures of Colegreen, of which I cannot help thinking as a sort of home, since I am always sure to meet there with the greatest indulgence, in the kindest of patrons and best of friends.

I am, my lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

## LETTER LXIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Lord Chancellor PARKER.

MY LORD,

WHILST your lordship's time has been so much engaged, I durst not allow myself to break in upon it with any trifles

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of

of mine ; but now you will have some recess, I shall be proud if your lordship will let this small poem \* wait on you for an audience, at some leisure hour in the country. It was written several years ago, when I had better health, for endeavours of this kind, than for some time of late, and was published at the particular instance of Mr. Addison, for whose judgment, I know, your lordship has a very just esteem : and as my friends have persuaded me to think this the most pardonable of my errors in print, I could not but be desirous of making it known to your lordship, who, perhaps, may not have seen it at its first publication.

The greatest incitement to attempts of this kind (which have always something ambitious in them) is the approbation of

\* “ An ode to the Creator of the world, occasioned by the fragments of Orpheus ;” printed for Tonson in the year 1713, and reprinted in Mr. Hughes’s “ poems,” vol. ii, p. 79. This is mentioned with applause in the “ Spectator,” vol. vii, numb. 537 and 554.

persons

persons of the first character in the age. Your lordship's extensive genius has not more made you a judge of all the various improvements and productions the mind of man is capable of, than your goodness and humanity incline you to be an encourager of whatever is praise-worthy, or has even the merit of being well attempted. I cannot, on this occasion, but applaud my own happiness, in the station I have the honour to be placed in, which gives me the pleasure of contemplating so many great talents, and such excellent virtues. And it is a double satisfaction to me to think, that I owe the favour I have received from your lordship, not only to the recommendation of your lordship's great and worthy predecessor, (to whom I have the highest obligations) but likewise to your own free and ready inclination; so ready and generous, as to meet my request, and almost prevent my asking. So valuable a circumstance in your lordship's favourable regard to me, at first, and your constant kindness

fiace, will engage my utmost zeal to approve myself, my lord,

Your lordship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

# LETTER LXIV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

Part of a letter.

MY LORD,

London, June 20, 1719.

. . . . **S**INCE my last to your lordship, my fever has been pretty severe, and has wholly confined me to my own house, but is at last abated, by the drinking of asses milk twice a day, after the bark had failed; so that I think I am now on the mending hand, but have not yet been fit for any journey farther than to Earl's-court\*. In a week or ten days, I hope to remove farther, and pursue the most probable methods to which I am directed for my recovery.

\* Sir Richard Blackmore's.

I con-

I condole with your lordship the loss of that fine genius Mr. Addison\*. I shall often now think of that topic, from which Lucretius draws a very elegant reproof to a common undistinguished person, who bewails himself on the shortness of life and the certain prospect of death :

*Lumina sic etiam Solis bonus Ancus reliquit,  
Qui melior multis quam tu fuit, improbe, rebus,  
Adde repertoires de Brinarum atq; leporum,  
Adde Heliconiadum comites —  
Tu vero dubitabis & indignabere obire?*

Dryden, as I remember, has finely translated this, but I cannot recollect the lines†.

\* He died at Holland-house near Kensington, in the 54th year of his age, three days before the date of this letter.

† They are as follows :

“ Ancus, thy better far was born to die,  
“ And thou, dost thou, bewail mortality † ?  
“ The founders of invented arts are lost,  
“ And wits who made eternity their boast.  
“ And thou, dost thou, disclaim to yield thy breath,  
“ Whose very life is little more than death ?

‡ Mr. Pope has borrowed these two lines in his  
“ translation

I am not capable of writing your lordship any particulars of the action in Scotland \*, not knowing any thing but by the

“ translation of the Iliad,” b. xxi, substituting only “ Patroclus” for “ Ancus,” in the speech of Achilles to Lycaon.

\* Among other schemes of Alberoni, one was to procure a diversion of the troops from England to the north of Scotland, where a detachment of 300 Spaniards were to land with some of the rebel lords [Seaforth, Marshal, and Tullibardin] who were to head their clans and followers there in a rebellion; and for that purpose they brought with them arms for 2000 men. The Spanish lieutenant-colonel, who commanded this detachment, being assured that he would be joined by 2000 rebels in arms as soon as he landed, finding himself disappointed, was for returning in the frigates that brought him. A few of the clans, however, joined him, and they pretended to defend two passes, that of Glenhill and that of Strachell, against major-general Wightman, who was advancing at the head of a body of regular troops to dislodge them, which he did (June 10) with an inconsiderable loss. Next day, the Spanish party surrendered themselves prisoners at discretion, and delivered up their arms; and thus ended this attempt, the success of which depended chiefly on that of the invasion of England, which



public news. I wish your lordship and family much health, and am, with the greatest zeal, my lord,

Your lordship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

I have not been able to obey my lady Cowper's commands in seeing Sir Godfrey Kneller; but can assure her ladyship that the book in the picture is taken care of.

## L E T T E R LXV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD; Wallington \*, August 30, 1719.

I AM extremely obliged to your lordship and lady Cowper for many kind enquiries

which had before been defeated by a violent storm which dispersed and disabled the Spanish fleet of men of war and transports (with the duke of Ormond and 6000 troops on board) off Cape Finisterre.

"Mod. univ. hist." vol. xv, p. 561-2.

\* Near Carlhalton, the seat of Mr. Bridges.

after

after my health : I wish I had been in a condition sooner to have given your lordship some account of it, but indeed I have been brought so low with my asthma, and a continual lurking fever, and have lain so long in a languishing state, that I cannot say, till very lately, I have had any thoughts of a recovery ; and I am sensible it is still very uncertain ; so that, at best, I do not now flatter myself so much with the hopes of being well, as of moderating my distemper so as to be tolerably ill ; which, in chronical cases, of so long continuance as mine, is the most, I believe, that can reasonably be expected.

I have been very desirous to make the experiment of this air, which is many ways recommended to me, and of gentle exercise : and these I have looked upon as my last reserve. But I had unhappily lost the greatest part of the summer, before I was able to bear being removed to this place. I have now been here about three weeks, and found even so small a journey a fatigue,  
which,

which, together with a cold I soon got, renewed my fever, so that, at first, I was worse for the change: however, I have now been several times on horseback, sometimes better, and sometimes worse, after it; but, upon the whole, I have gained an appetite, and some degree of strength: with this little stock, I am trading on as cautiously as I can, and should be in more hopes of increasing it, if I had not long found my native climate too like that artificial one of 'Change-alley, (which, I think, has its name very properly,) so that what I have gained one week, I frequently lose the next, and very often can as little tell why.

. . . . Among many satisfactions I am denied by my unhappy circumstances, it is with great uneasiness, I find myself deprived of the hopes I had once entertained of seeing Hertfordshire again this summer, and indeed I do not find my philosophy more fail me in any article, or leave me to regret the want of health more, than when I reflect on those favours of your lordship,

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which have rendered it chiefly defrable to me, and which, more than any thing, would give relish to the enjoyments of it, But I must submit to my lot, with the satisfaction that I can say, I have been happy ; and I agree with my friend Horace, that he has had no ill portion,

———— *Cui licet in diem  
Disisse, Fini* \*.

But for the rest, viz, his recommending a total unconcern for what may happen to-morrow, it is a fine thought, but, I believe, was written in perfect health. May your lordship, and your family, long enjoy that, and every other satisfaction of life ; which no one more ardently wishes, than

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

\* Happy the man, and happy he alone,

He who can call to-day his own ;

He who, secure within, can say,

To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day !

Dryden.

LETTER

LETTER LXVI.

Earl Cowper to Mr. Hughes.

S I R,

Colegreen, Sept. 22, 1719.

**I** WOULD not answer the favour of yours of the 30th of last month sooner, because every trouble must be very disagreeable to you, in your weak condition; and if receiving a letter be but a little one, yet writing, especially in the manner that you do, must be too much exercise of your strength, and I know you to be so good as to reckon yourself in debt from the time of your receiving one: but rather than do you the least harm, unless you mend much in point of health, I will acquit you for three lines.

It was a great pleasure to hear by Mr. Hughes\*, you were a little better since my receipt of yours: I would advise you therefore to carry your hopes yet a little beyond

\* Of Hertingfordbury, Judge-advocate

the condition of being "tolerably ill;" though you find yourself sometimes worse after riding, not to be discouraged, but to persevere, if you are able: nothing can serve you effectually, but that, and the eating within the appetite it procures you, that you may well digest what you eat; and how tempting soever a cordial is to the faint, touch none but after dinner. I am confident, I am guilty of repetition, and that I have ventured to write to this effect before; but I am very solicitous in this matter, and therefore I trust you will excuse me, if I press upon you, over and over, the rules, I am sure, I have lived by for some years past.

I am of your opinion, that your friend Horace's "unconcern for the morrow" was a rant, written in good health, when he had reason to believe the morrow would be agreeable: 'tis all that can be desired, from one under sickness, to keep from a degree of dejection, which will help to increase the distemper.

Mr.

Mr. Hughes tells me you have made considerable alterations in your play: It would add to my satisfaction in seeing it represented, if I found you were there, and well enough to bear the lamps during the action. . . . .

'Tis impossible to hinder self-love from mixing with every thing; and I fear, if I call myself to a true account, the sensible diminution of the pleasure I had, by your company, in my retirement, adds to the concern I should otherwise have (though very great) for my friend's sufferings.

I am, with the truest affection and greatest respect, Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,  
COWPER.

LETTER

## LETTER LXVII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR,

London, Nov. 5, 1719.

**M.** Fontenelle, in one of his dialogues\*, mentioning the difference between barbarous nations and those which are accounted polite, makes it to consist in this, that the latter generally take care to varnish their actions with specious pretexts, though, in reality, they have no more justice and integrity than the former. "Whoever would strip Europe of her formalities," says Montezuma, who is one of the interlocutors, "would render her very like America. Civility measures all your steps, dictates all your speeches, intricates all your dis-

\* Of the dead. A translation of this work was published by Mr. Hughes in 1708, to which are added two original dialogues, the one between Lucius Junius Brutus and Augustus Cæsar, and the other between Empedocles and Lucilio Vanini.

"courses,



“ courses, and perplexes all your actions,  
 “ but does not enter into your hearts ; and  
 “ all the justice which should be in your  
 “ designs, is found only in your pretexts.”

But if the religion, whose livery that gentleman is obliged to wear, would have given him leave to suffer his Indian to speak out, he might have produced instances of more notorious violations of the laws of humanity by the refined and well-bred Europeans, without the mask of plausible pretexts, than can be paralleled among the wildest clans of rough barbarians, who, taught by nature, inviolably observe that golden rule, *Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris*. Witness the many slaughters and the wide destruction of the poor helpless Indians by the bloody Spaniards ; witness the Parisian and Irish massacres ; and, above all, the fatal blow that was this day intended to be given ; when, according to the notions of the conspirators, (such was their charity !) king, lords, and commons were to have been plunged “ quick into “ hell,” without one moment’s respite for  
 repen-

repentance. On such occasions, who can forbear crying out with the poet,

*What dire effects from superstition flow !*

I have been told by a friend, that he has seen ten or twelve Jews, at a time, burnt alive at Lisbon, merely for the sake of their religion ; while the people were rejoicing and triumphing round the kindled pile, and tauntingly exclaiming, “ Now you are going to the Devil ! ” And yet the very same persons might be seen to relent, and shew tokens of compassion, at the execution of a common malefactor. So far has the priest prevailed over the principles of nature and humanity !

It is amazing how men can be made to believe, that the common Father of all, (who rejoices in all his works, else he would not have created them, or at least would cease to uphold them in being,) can be delighted with the destruction of his children, and pleased to see his divine images

ges defaced ; and that the source and centre of goodness and mercy can be atoned by human victims, and the blood of their brethren ! How much preferable are the dictates of pure uncorrupted nature to the religion of such christians ! The God they frame to themselves more resembles a Baäl or a Moloch, whose ears were delighted with the cries of miserable victims, than that Being, whose darling attribute is mercy !

The emperor Marcus Antoninus finely says ; “ If the question be put to us, what “ is our art or profession ? our answer should “ be, ‘ To do good. As God made the “ world, not for his own good, (since he “ was infinitely happy before,) but for the “ good of his creatures ; so our religion “ must necessarily be this, To do good to “ his creatures ; for therein we concur “ with the will of God.” But the preposterous religion of these men seems to consist in the unravelling of God’s workmanship, at least as far as it lies in their power, and in destroying all their fellow-

creatures, whose minds are not cast exactly in the same mould with their own. For they cannot intend their conviction by such absurd methods. Force may indeed make hypocrites, but can give no new light to the understanding. As soon may a fit of the gout be removed by a syllogism, or a violent fever by a demonstration in Euclid, as the mind be illuminated by fire and faggot. "Such premises," as one pleasantly says, "infer no conclusion, but that of a man's life." And if you terrify a man into a profession of what he does not believe, "instead of erecting a trophy to God," as an ingenious author observes, "you will only build a monument for the Devil."

But for my farther opinion on this subject, I refer you to the late excellent archbishop Tillotson's sermon, preached on this day's solemnity, 1688. . . .

. . . . Mr. Cibber has lately published a play, (altered some years ago from the "Cid")

"Cid" of Corneille, and entitled the "Heroic Daughter,") which he has dedicated to Sir Richard Steele, whom, among other topics of praise, he commends for his humility in submitting to be assisted by another great author, (plainly designing the late Mr. Addison,) and by that means, letting him into a share of fame with him. The daubing sycophant tells him, that "he may fairly apply to his singular conduct what Anthony says of Octavius, in 'All for Love ;'

" Fool that I was ! upon my eagle's wings

" I bore this wren, till I was tir'd with soaring,

" And now he mounts above me."

On this occasion the following lines were written, extempore, by one who has an odd fancy that Cibber and Steele are inferior to Corneille and Addison :

Thus Colley Cibber greets his partner Steele \* ;

" See here, fir knight, how I've outdone Corneille !

\* They were at that time joint patentees.

" See here, how I, my patron re-inveigle,  
 " Make Addison's wren, and you an eagle!  
 " Safe, to their silent shades we bid defiance,  
 " For living dogs are better than dead lions."

I am, Sir,  
 Your very affectionate nephew \*,  
 W. DUNCOMBE.

## LETTER LXVIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD. Wallington, Nov. 6, 1719.

IT is now some time since I had the honour of your lordship's last letter, and not-

\* Mr. Duncombe's mother was Mr. Allen's youngest sister. He had three other sisters, the eldest of whom was married to George Fulford, esquire, of Fulford, in Devonshire, the second to John Wright, esq; of Knightsbridge, in Essex, attorney-general of Jamaica in 1685, and the third, first to Sir John Tyrrell, bart. of Springfield-hall in Essex, and, after his death, to Sir Thomas Stampe, knight, lord-mayor of London in 1692.

withstan-

withstanding your indulgence in so kindly excusing me from writing, when you think it would be a fatigue to me under my illness, yet I am ashamed to own the state of it. I have been unwilling to let you know, that I have been worse than when I wrote last, and have not at any time since been able to say, I have been better, which is what I waited for; only I think I have gained a little strength of late, after several shocks of my fever, and that my asthma is not quite so bad as it has sometimes been. I am now preparing to leave this place, yet not being in a condition to bear the town, I have fixed my station, for a time, to be in my old lodgings at Islington, having found that the most beneficial of any air near the town: so that I hope I may be able to get over this winter, as I have done some others; but I fear it will be mostly within doors.

I find, in every instance of goodness from your lordship, my obligations increasing; and I beg leave to say (if possible) my gratitude

titude and affection. Your advice has an advantage over that of other physicians, for it carries a cordial with it. I am glad I can say, that the rules your lordship recommends, are what I have carefully followed for some time. I avoid all strong cordials, especially in a morning, drink very little wine, have left off malt liquors, and keep to a regimen, which, I hope, in time may do me service. But I fear I am for some time a broken horseman, having, with all the care I could take, suffered more by colds caught in riding, than I have gained by the air and exercise.

I have finished the alterations of my play, and, I believe, shall be determined, by the expectations of the town, to let it take its fortune on the stage, having had some assurance from the players, that they will take care of it without my attendance. I shall beg leave shortly to ask your lordship's and my lady Cowper's advice, in particular, relating to this affair, with  
which



which I will not trouble your lordship at present. I am, with all possible zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

L E T T E R LXIX.

Mr. HUGHES to the Countess COWPER\*.

MADAM,

AS soon as I was informed, that your ladyship had done me the honour to enquire after my play, I resolved, unfinished as it is, to get it transcribed, and rather to send it imperfect than omit the very first opportunity of putting it into your ladyship's hands; there being nothing I should more wish to its success, than to have the pleasure of seeing it grow up under so happy and illustrious a patronage.

\* This lady (who was the earl's second wife) was the daughter of John Clavering, esq;

I look

I look upon it, madam, as a very fortunate omen, that the person to whom I was most desirous to introduce it, should so generously afford me an opportunity of doing what I had before aspired to. My namesake \* will acquaint you, that, when I began this small amusement, I flattered myself with the secret hope of making it, when it should be finished, an humble offering to your ladyship. You have therefore, madam, if I may presume to say it, been already a kind of muse to this work ; and I have written it under the influence of an ambition to please my lady Cowper. This, indeed, is owning a great deal ; and if I have not been able, after all, to make it worthy of such a distinction, yet I remember a remark of M. Fontenelle, “ that in many things we should not proceed so far as we do, if we did not, to animate our endeavours, propose to ourselves an imaginary point of perfection, which is indeed beyond the reach of our utmost abilities.”

\* Edward Hughes, esq; of Hertingfordbury.

But

But your ladyship has laid an obligation upon me, the generosity of which I can never sufficiently acknowledge, in your entertaining, implicitly, so favourable an opinion of this performance, and its author, as to think of reading it to that great and royal person \*, to whom nothing comes more advantageously recommended than by your ladyship. The merit of the chief character † in this play is, as your ladyship will observe, raised on that kind of virtue for which her royal highness is so illustriously distinguished, an unshaken adherence to her religion. But farther than this I have not presumed to attempt, the circumstances of the story not allowing it to be a parallel character. I have therefore

\* The princess of Wales, afterwards queen Caroline. Lady Cowper was one of her ladies of the bed-chamber. The offer that was made to her highness (when princess of Anspach) of an alliance with the archduke Charles (afterwards the emperor Charles vi) and her refusing it, the condition annexed being a change of religion, are well known.

† Eudocia.

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only

only done as painters do when they draw a Helen or Venus, they single out some real object of beauty for their study ; and though they vary the likenesses, and do not pretend to draw the exact picture of that, or any other particular person, yet it serves them to raise and improve their own ideas. I am extremely sensible of the great honour your ladyship does me, and shall always endeavour to approve myself, with the utmost zeal,

Madam, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

## L E T T E R LXX.

Mr. HUGHES to the Countess COWPER.

MADAM,

**T**HE concern your ladyship was pleased to express for my interest, when I had the honour to wait on you yesterday, and the caution you were pleased to recommend to me

me not to hurt it, is so generous, that I cannot but think it deserves my particular acknowledgments. I have thought of it since with that dutiful regard I shall always have to your ladyship's sentiments, and am only sorry that I am so far frustrated of my first design, as not to be at liberty to attempt (as I intended in the epilogue) to draw a very great character, of which I have only offered at some faint shadows in one part of the play. But if I must deny myself this satisfaction, for fear of offending, yet I cannot part with that other which has been my chief ambition in preparing this work for the public, the pleasure of addressing it to your ladyship\*. May I be forgiven, if I own farther, that I have a secret vanity in asking this, at a time when your ladyship's virtues, and disinterested adherence to them, are at once the ornament and reproach of the age? It would be doing myself too much honour to believe it possible, that the resentment of any per-

\* This tragedy was, however, dedicated to earl Cowper.

for, on such an occasion, could descend to me. But if it should, I have weighed the consequences of that too, and, in the few prospects I have, the greatest satisfaction I know in life, is the care not to omit any of the material duties of it; among which I esteem the owning my obligations to your ladyship. I shall therefore have the greater pride in obtaining your permission to lay hold of this first opportunity that offers, of expressing to the public some part of the sense I have of those obligations, and with what duty I am, Madam,

Your ladyship's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

# LETTER LXXI.

Mr. HUGHES to ROBERT WILKS, Esq;\*

SIR,

Islington, Nov. 24, 1719.

I Desired Mr. Mills sometime ago to acquaint you and the rest of the managers,

\* Of this celebrated actor (who, it is allowed, has had no equal in genteel comedy) Cibber says, "that

that I had just finished the alterations of my play. Though I have met with many

“ that if he was not the most correct or judicious,  
 “ yet (as Hamlet says of the king his father) ‘Take  
 “ him for all in all, &c.’ he was certainly the most  
 “ diligent, most laborious, and most useful actor  
 “ that I have seen upon the stage in fifty years.”

Apology, &c. p. 408.

And to his moral character an excellent moralist bears the following testimony: “ Mr. Wilks, what-  
 “ ever were his abilities or skill as an actor, deserves  
 “ at least to be remembered for his virtues, which  
 “ are not often to be found in the world, and per-  
 “ haps less often in his profession than in others. To  
 “ be humane, generous, and candid is a very high  
 “ degree of merit in any state; but these qualities  
 “ deserve still greater praise when they are found  
 “ in that condition which makes almost every other  
 “ man, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent,  
 “ petulant, selfish, and brutal.”

Life of Savage, p. 16.

Sir Richard Steele, Wilks, Booth, and Cibber were at this time joint managers and patentees of the new theatre in Lincoln’s-inn-fields. Mr. Wilks died in September, 1732. Pope says, on that occasion, in a letter to Gay, “ The death of Wilks leaves Cib-  
 “ ber without a colleague, absolute and perpetual  
 “ dictator

interruptions by my illness, I have now completed what I designed, and given it all the finishing I am able. As it is now modelled, I think there is nothing left which may hazard the success of it. But I hope I may say farther, that I have considerably improved it, and that in other places, besides the chief incident. I have also retrenched whatever lines could be spared, to shorten it, without obscuring the story, or hurting the sense. And now finding the town in expectation of it, and the demands of my friends (and of some great ones) pressing upon me, I am willing it should appear on the stage, though my bad health, which has hitherto interrupted it, makes me incapable of attending it. To this, I assure you, nothing more encourages me than my dependence on you, and your friendship, which I promise myself on this occasion; and I shall believe, that, though I cannot be present, yet under your care

“dictator of the stage, though indeed, while he lived,  
“he was but as Bibulus to Cæsar.”

and



and direction nothing can be wanting to give it the utmost advantages. Mr. Southerne has the copy, and will deliver it to you very shortly: he is so generous as to offer me any assistance in supply of my absence, and will, whenever it may be necessary, attend the rehearsals. I make you no compliment, but that of my real opinion, when I assure you, that I think no one can more truly touch all the tenderness of heart and variety of passions in the character of Phocyas than yourself, and that I shall have a particular pleasure in your taking that part. That of Caled is a bold theatrical one, and is the real character of a man who appears very great and terrible in the history of those times. Mr. Booth would give it a very great strength and lustre; as Mrs. Oldfield would add all the grace and beauty possible to the part of Eudocia. Mr. Mills, I believe, will like that of Abudah, and the good-nature of the part makes it very fit for him \*. But these matters I hope to be able

\* The parts, however, were, it seems, very differently cast, the good-natured Mr. Mills performing the

to settle with you very shortly ; and as soon as I can bear to lie a night or two in town at my own house, I will let you know, and ask the favour of seeing you there on a Sunday evening, or some time that may be convenient to you. In the mean time, I beg you will let the play be copied out, and put into a forwardness, that no time may be lost.

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

## L E T T E R LXXII.

Mr. WILKS to Mr. HUGHES.

STR,

Nov. 30, 1719.

**I** COULD not so properly answer your obliging letter, 'till I had received your play, which Mr. Southerne put into my hands last

the part of the fierce and cruel Caled, Mr. Wilks Eumenes, Mr. Booth Phocyas, Mr. Thurmond Abudah, and Mrs. Porter Eudocia.

Saturday :

Saturday: we are now very busy about his "Spartan Dame\*," which we propose to launch some day next week. Nothing in my power shall be wanting to put yours in the utmost forwardness; and I do assure you, Sir, I am concerned, on a double account, that your ill state of health has interrupted it so long. When I have the

\* This play was written "before" the revolution, but was never permitted to be acted "before," though the author had often solicited for leave.

"British theatre," p. 111.

"By the favour of indulging friends," as the author expresses it in his preface,) this play succeeded on the stage beyond expectation.—It was indeed imitably acted, Booth, Wilks, Cibber, Mills sen. Mrs. Oldfield, and Mrs. Porter, all performing in it, in the height of their reputation, and the full vigour of their powers. Mr. Southerne cleared, it was said, 500l. by it: and, in his dedication, he told the duke of Argyle, that "it had procured him so large a poetical estate of reputation, that he could afford to pay his grace part of the debt that he owed him, out of the income of it." Mr. Allen told the author, five and twenty years before, that it would never succeed, but on reading it again, "found it very different (he said) from what it was then."

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plea-

pleasure of seeing you (which I hope will be soon) I shall be glad to take your farther instructions about it.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

ROB. WILKS.

# LETTER LXXIII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR,

London, Dec. 22, 1719.

YOU may remember I promised you a criticism upon an "ode of Horace" by Mr. Hughes. That gentleman has since made me a more valuable present, viz. "a beautiful ode in allusion to it," which will let you into the sense of it in a more agreeable manner than a mere criticism could have done. The ode I mean is the 20th of the iid book. As Horace has inscribed it to Mæcenas, lord Cowper is Mr. Hughes's patron, who will be allowed, by all equal judges,

judges, to be a greater man than the former appears to have been by any authentic proofs in history ; and as Horace was the best lyric poet of his time, Mr. Hughes may, without flattery, be reckoned of the living lyric poets *facile princeps*. He is one of those few —

————— *Quibus arte benignâ*  
*Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan ;*

and seems to have been formed (to borrow an agreeable metaphor from the late archbishop of Cambray) “ by the hands of the “ graces.” He stands distinguished by his skill in music and drawing, as well as by the smiles of the muses who preside over poetry and the other parts of polite literature.

Because it is possible, that Horace may not be in your company when you receive this letter, I will, in the first place, transcribe some lines of the original, and briefly consider how they have been generally understood by commentators,

H h 2

*Ad*

*Ad MÆCENATEM.*

*Non uſitatâ, nec tenui ſerar  
 Pennâ biſformis per liquidum æthera  
 Vates : neque in terris morabor  
 Longius ; inuidiâque major*

*Urbes relinquam. Non ego, pauperum  
 Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas  
 Dilectè, Mæcenas, obibo ;  
 Nec Stygiâ cobibebor undâ.*

*Jam jam reſiduum cruribus aſpera  
 Pelleſ ; et album mator in alitem  
 Superne ; naſcunturque leues  
 Per digitoſ humeroſque plumæ.*

*Jam, Dædaleo ocior Icaro, &c*

The chief diſpute has been whether *dilectè* is to be joined with *Mæcenas*, or to follow *vocas* in the ſenſe of *O dilectè*. Some take it the former way, and then they underſtand *vocas* to ſignify the ſame with *vocas ad cœnam*, as it is uſed by Catullus and other Latin writers. But M. Dacier rejects this ſenſe (I think with reaſon) as unworthy of Horace, and fitter for a parasite than a polite writer. He, therefore, and others, conſtrue

construe it the latter way ; but then all the use they make of it, is, that they suppose Horace “ insinuates to Mæcenas in an agreeable manner,” (as M. Dacier expresses himself) that he was not unworthy of the affection and tenderness his patron testified for him, in calling him, “ my dear, my life,” and in using other expressions of the like import, since he was so excellent a poet, and should be crowned with immortality. So that the whole design of Horace, according to these gentlemen, is to be the herald of his own praise, and modestly to acquaint Mæcenas, (if you will allow a modern phrase) what a “ very pretty fellow” he was. The learned Dr. Bentley’s fruitful genius has discovered a sense, of which, I believe, none of his predecessors ever thought, and he delivers it with the authority of an oracle. His words are so very remarkable, that I cannot forbear transcribing them :—

“ *Quid multa ? sine dubio sic construendus*  
 “ *est locus, ‘ non ego, non ego obibo, quem*  
 “ *vocas*

‘vocas Sanguis pauperum parentum.’ *Hic*  
 “*nihil jam ineptum ; hic pulchrè habet anti-*  
*thesis ;* ‘ non ego quem pauperis libertini  
 ‘ filium vocas, obibo : neque paupertas  
 ‘ neque ignobilitas generis obstabit, quo  
 ‘ minus sempiternum nomen ex scriptis  
 ‘ meis consequar.”—

But notwithstanding this triumph, the doctor can scarce believe, that the good-natured Mæcenas could in earnest upbraid his beloved Horace with his being born “*patre libertino* ;” and therefore, to solve the matter, he conjectures that he must only speak it jocularly ; or rather, (according to the laudable maxim, *posita quolibet sequitur quodlibet*,) that those blundering rogues the transcribers have made a mistake here, and that, instead of *vocas*, we ought to read *vocant* ; which, by the help of *subintelligitur nominativus*, and an emphatical *scilicet*, signifies, that the enemies and maligners of Horace upbraided him with the meanness of his parentage.

Mr.



Mr. Hughes takes this ode to be only a genteel compliment to Mæcenas, and, in short, no more than this; that though he was descended from obscure parents, yet, since Mæcenas had honoured him with his friendship, and treated him with so much tenderness and affection, he was above envy, and secure of immortality. And the "*non usitatâ pennâ*" in the first stanza, the "*jam jam*" in the third, and the "*jam*" in the fourth, all confirm this sense. It is indeed so plainly the drift of the ode, that when it has been once pointed out, we are ready to wonder (as the Spaniards did at Columbus's breaking the end of the egg, and making it stand upright,) how any one could miss it. And yet I do not remember to have met with any commentator, who has placed it in this light. But I will no longer detain you from the pleasure of reading Mr. Hughes's ode.

O D E

To the Lord Chancellor C O W P E R.

In allusion to Horace, book ii, ode 20.

I.

I'M rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er!  
 Prepar'd, a tow'ring swan, to soar  
 Aloft; see, see the down arise,  
 And cloath my back, and plume my thighs!  
 My wings shoot forth; I now will try  
 New tracts, and boldly mount the sky,  
 Nor envy, nor ill fortune's spite,  
 Shall stop my course, or damp my flight.

2.

Shall I, obscure, or disesteem'd,  
 Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?  
 Or vainly toil my name to save  
 From dark oblivion and the grave?  
 No—he can never wholly die,  
 Secure of immortality,  
 Whom Britain's COWPER condescends  
 To own, and numbers with his friends.

3.

'Tis done—I scorn mean honours now;  
 No common wreaths shall bind my brow.  
 Whether the muse vouchsafe t'inspire  
 My breast with her celestial fire;  
 Whether my verse be fill'd with flame,  
 Or I deserve a poet's name,

Let

Let fame be silent; only tell  
That generous COWPER loves me well.

4

Through Britain's realms I shall be known  
By COWPER's merit, not my own:  
And when the tomb my dust shall hide,  
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,  
Vain pomp be spar'd, and every tear;  
Let but some stone this sculpture bear,  
" Here lies his clay, to earth consign'd,  
" To whom great COWPER once was kind."

As averse to vanity as I hope I am, I cannot but be pleased with the favourable opportunity of adding my name after that of so distinguished a patriot, and fine an orator, which is given me by being,

Sir,

Your most affectionate nephew,  
and humble servant,  
W. DUNCOMBE.

Mr. Hughes's " Siege of Damascus" is now in Drury-lane house, and will come on in about a month's time. He is at a

loss for a good "governor \*," and wishes Elrington had been here.

You may perhaps wonder that I say not a word of the applauded "Spartan Dame." The author bears the character of a courteous, well-natured gentleman, and is likewise one of Mr. Hughes's friends; and therefore I am silent.

## LETTER LXXIV.

Mr. HUGHES to the D. of BUCKINGHAM†.

MY LORD,

[London, Jan. 1719-20.]

**I** TAKE the liberty, by the hands of Mr. Rotherham, to send your grace the copy of a play now in the house, and in a forwardness to be acted: I heartily wish I had

\* "Eumenes."

† A man of uncommon wit and spirit, and of no less gallantry and politeness. He cultivated an early acquaint-

been favoured with an opportunity of submitting it to your grace's perusal sooner, which might have been much to my instruction and advantage; but I cannot, even now, satisfy myself, without being ambitious of having the opinion of the best judge of the age. I know not how it has happened to so great a lover of poetry (though a very small dealer in it) as myself, to be always a personal stranger to your grace; but I must beg leave to say, on this occasion, that your excellent *Essay on Poetry*, which I often read and studied when a boy, was one of the first pieces that both instructed me to write and deterred me from it; so that I have not made this adventure for the stage till an age of life, which is usually thought not too young

acquaintance with Dryden and other men of genius, to whom he was indebted for a much greater share of reputation than was derived from his personal merit.

“Granger's biograph. hist. vol. II, part 2, p. 493.”

His grace died Feb. 24, 1720-21, aged 77.

for judgment, if that be ever attained, nor past the warmth of fancy. And now, looking upon it as a sort of poetical debt to lay it before your grace, as the eldest, as well as the best, critic of our English poetry, I can truly say, that the mixed applause of an audience (if I were sure of it) will not give me so solid a pleasure, as to know, that it has, in some degree, your grace's approbation.

I am, with the greatest respect,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

## L E T T E R LXXV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, Jan. 22, [1719-20.]

**Y**OUR letter found me, as I have long been, in a state of health almost as bad as that you complain of; and indeed what makes me utterly incapable of attending to  
any

any poetical task, even that of Homer. This minute too I can scarce return you the civility of an answer, being in the full operation of a vomit I have taken. I can only say, with sincerity, I am heartily concerned for your illness, and the more uneasy with my own, in that it hinders me from serving you. I truly wish you health and life, to enjoy that reputation and those advantages which so much ingenuity, joined with so much virtue, deserves. As soon as I am able to be in town, I will wait on you with the play, in which, and in every thing else, I wish you all success.

I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful and

most obedient servant,

A, P O P E.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXXVI.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Red-lion-Street, Jan. 22, 1719 20.

I HUMBLY beg your lordship's acceptance of this picture \*, which I had sent sooner, but that I received it not till lately from Sir Godfrey, with a caution to take care of it for some time, the drapery not being quite dry. I am the more emboldened to present it, the hand being Kneher's, and (as he says, and other good judges of painting think) not one of his worst performances. It is impossible I can place it in any hands so much to my own pleasure and satisfaction as your lordship's, if it may but serve to remind you of one, on whom you have bestowed the most generous and engaging favours : and I am very desirous, that

\* This picture is at Colegreen. A good print was engraved from it by Gerard Vandergucht, and prefixed to Mr. Hughes's poems,

what.



whatever happens to me, I may have the honour to have some memorial of me remain in your lordship's family ; to which I have such great and particular obligations. I am, with all possible zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

S I R,

Jan. 24, 1719-20.

**I** THANK you for the most acceptable present of your picture, and assure you that none of this age can set a higher value upon it than I do, and shall while I live ; though I am sensible posterity will out-do me in that particular.

I am, with the greatest esteem and sincerity, Sir, Your most affectionate  
and obliged humble servant,

COWPER.

I intend

I intend to wait on you very quickly, if I hear you are well enough to be troubled with me.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,

**I** RETURN you the play sooner than I am willing to part with what I like so extremely well, because you press it. Upon my word, I think it every way worthy of you, and make not the least doubt but the world will do you the justice you deserve in the acceptance of it. I continue very much out of order, but must be forced to be in town (well or ill) some days this week, upon indispensable affairs; when I will wait upon you, and tell you my sincere thoughts, none of which is more sincere than that I am truly, Your most obliged and

most faithful servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

JOHN MERRILL, Esq\*; to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR,      Golden-square, Feb. 1719-20.

**T**HOUGH it is a long time since I had the pleasure to see you, yet I believe you have heard from some of both our friends, that I have not forgot frequent enquiries after a health that shared my warmest wishes; and I have, with the greatest concern, heard of the illness you labour under, and am very sorry it is to such a reason I owe the loss of the very great satisfaction

\* At this time member of parliament for Tregony, and afterwards for St. Albans. He died in December 1734. Lord Bathurst, in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated November 22, 1735, mentions him in the following manner: "I have lost the truest friend, I may almost say, servant, that ever man had, in Mr. Merrill; he understood the course of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom, as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and, in this respect, he was of singular use to me."

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I should

I should have had in marking the beauties as well as reading the words of your play ; which came to me in such an unlucky time, that I cannot say I have read it, though the hour or two I have taken from my sleep to look upon it, makes me ashamed to own I have not improved the opportunity your friendship gave me of so agreeable an entertainment, which I hope to make myself some amends for by a greater attention when it appears in public, whose favour, I believe, you will have little occasion to ask by your friends, if the house have taken care to cast the parts as they ought ; for the novelty, that secures the first audience, will, I doubt not, be so many friends to increase the succeeding ones to your wishes. . . .

I am glad of every occasion to express the sincere esteem and friendship with which

I am, &c.

J. MERRILL.

LETTER

L E T T E R LXXX.

Mr. HUGHES to the Duke of NEWCASTLE\*.

MY LORD,

Feb. 4, 1719-20.

**T**HOUGH I am so weak as to be forced to make use of another hand to write, having for a long time lain under a dangerous illness, yet your grace's generosity is so extraordinary, that I cannot forbear returning you my most humble thanks for your protection and recommendation of my play to the care of the actors, and your zealous encouragement of it, which I esteem as a very great honour. This is the more generous, and worthy of your grace, in regard that I have given up this play to the importunity of my friends, and the expectation of the town, at a time when I am

\* His grace was then lord chamberlain. After filling most of the highest offices of state under three princes with the utmost integrity and steadiness of principles, he died Nov. 17, 1768, aged 75.

not capable of looking after it myself, or soliciting its interest, and when I cannot so much as see it acted. If I recover, I shall, with the greatest pleasure, take the first opportunity of waiting on your grace with my thanks in person, and shall ever retain the most grateful sense of your favour to

Your grace's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, Feb. 18, 1719-20\*.

**I** HAVE been much concerned not to have waited upon you as I designed, since you obliged me with your play. I am since much more troubled to hear of the continuance of your illness. Would to God

\* Mr. Hughes died the night before this letter was written, aged 42.

you

you might live as long, as, I am sure, the reputation of your tragedy must! I am a fellow-sufferer with you, in not being able to see it played, having been and still being too much indisposed to go to any public place. But I could be extremely glad, some particular friends of mine had that pleasure I cannot enjoy: you would highly favour me in letting three or four ladies have a side-box, who have sent into the country to me, upon information that the boxes are disposed of by you. I am sorry to give you this trouble, when perhaps, for your health's sake, you should not have a moment's disturbance, and I could not send sooner, at this distance. Pray think I wish you all the success you deserve, and all the health you want.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

A. POPE.

LETTER

## L E T T E R LXXXII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR, London, February 23, 1719-20.

**Y** Ester-night I performed the last sad office to the remains of my late honoured friend Mr. Hughes, by attending him to the grave, and supporting the pall. *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari cœpit?* I am overwhelmed with grief, and know not what to say. He departed this life in the prime of his age, and on the very night his tragedy was first acted, some few hours after it had been received with the universal applause of his grateful countrymen \*. He had indeed been languishing in a consumption for several years; but yet, as long as life remained, his friends were wil-

- \* " So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd
- " With anguish bore the arrow in his wound;
- " Then drew the shaft from out his tortur'd side,
- " Let gush the torrent of his blood, and died."

Dr. Young.  
ling



ling to cherish hope. The vigour of his mind remained unbroken to the last, and about ten days before he died, he drew up a very elegant dedication to lord Cowper, which when his brother had transcribed, he bade him add the date, rightly presaging that he should not live to see it published. He was induced to bring it on the stage chiefly by the hopes of being useful to his relations, and expressed himself well pleased, on that account, that he had put the finishing hand to it. It is surprising that he should be able to write so nervous and spirited a prologue, and such a humorous an epilogue, in so languishing a condition. When he found himself declining apace, he said, that "if his illness continued to grow upon him so fast, the prologue must be spoken in black \*; and, (added he,) "I doubt, that will be too much for my

\* The prologue to Mr. Thomson's posthumous tragedy of "Coriolanus," which was written by Mr. (now lord) Lyttelton, was thus spoken by Mr. Quin. Such a prologue, so spoken, so felt, was more pathetic than most tragedies.

" friends

" friends to bear." On the day before he died, he said, " I am now burning out "apart." . . . . I find, this melts me too much, and therefore I must forbear. He only wished to live till he had accomplished some beneficent actions. One of which was to have done something for the relief of the great Milton's daughter \*, who bears the character of a woman of very

\* Deborah, Milton's third daughter, who married Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver, in Spital-fields, and died August 24, 1727, aged 76. Dr. Ward, professor of rhetoric at Gresham college, knew her by the likeness she bore to her father's picture, and telling her so, she informed him that Mr. Addison told her the same thing; for he, hearing she was alive, sent for her, and desired her to bring some papers of her father's as a proof of her being his daughter. But she was no sooner introduced to him than he said, " Madam, you need no other voucher, " your face is a sufficient testimony whose daughter " you are." He made her a handsome present of a purse of guineas, with a promise of procuring her an annual provision for her life; but he dying soon after, she lost the benefit of his generous design. She appeared to be a woman of good sense, and a genteel behaviour, and to bear the inconveniences of a low fortune

good sense, but is reduced so low, as to be obliged to teach school for a livelihood; and Mr. Hughes could have been serviceable to her by the interest he had among persons of distinction. After he had quite finished his play, he desired to hear no more of it, that he might turn his thoughts to more important subjects. He would often say, he thought it a fond thing for persons to desire to give a signal before they had their heads struck off; "for," added he, "if it were left to us, we should have always one thing or other to do, that

fortune with decency and prudence. She had several children, and for the benefit of her youngest daughter, Elizabeth (who married Mr. Thomas Foster, and kept a chandler's shop in Cock-lane near Shore-ditch) the mask of "Comus" was acted at Drury-lane house in 1750 (with a prologue by Mr. Samuel Johnson) which brought her near 130*l*. Mrs. Clarke, being ill treated by her mother-in-law, went and lived as a companion with a Mrs. Merian in Ireland, 'till her marriage, and came over again to England during the troubles in Ireland under king James II.

"Birch's life of Milton," pp. lxxvi, lxxvii.

“would make us unwilling to quit the  
“stage of life.”

I could dwell much longer on so worthy  
a subject, but the ingenious writer of the  
inclosed paper \* has happily prevented me.  
And one who was more intimately acquainted  
with Mr. Hughes, during the latter  
part of his life, than the writer of it, cannot  
but bear testimony to the truth of the  
character there given.

May you long enjoy a firm state of health  
for the comfort and improvement of all  
your friends, and particularly of, Sir,

Your most affectionate nephew,

W. DUNCOMBE †!

\* The “Theatre,” numb. 15. By Sir John Edgar  
(Sir Richard Steele.) See it in the preface to this  
work.

† Mr. Duncombe, in the year 1726, married Mr.  
Hughes’s only sister, and in 1735, published his  
“poems, with some select essays in prose,” in two  
volumes, 12°.

One day, when Mr. Hughes, recovering from a violent fit of coughing, had breathed himself (it was not long after he had written his "Charon\*,") he said, smiling, "My friend Charon will waft me over in a little while, and leave all this behind."

# L E T T E R LXXXIII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JABEZ HUGHES.

SIR,

Feb. 26, 1719-20.

I Cannot omit the acknowledgements I really think I owe your great civility, especially at so melancholy and affecting a moment, as that of your worthy brother's death must have been to you. Indeed, even his common acquaintance must have known enough of him to regret his loss; and I most heartily condole with you upon it. I believe, I am further obliged to you for his

\* See note on \* letter lx, p. 216.

play, which I received yesterday, and read over again with more concern and sorrow than I ever felt in the reading any tragedy. The real loss of a good man may be called a distress to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient distress, how finely drawn soever. I am glad of an occasion to give you, under my hand, this testimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author. I am, with my hearty thanks to you, Sir,

Your most obliged  
and most humble servant,  
A. POPE.

# L E T T E R LXXXIV.

Mr. JABEZ HUGHES to Mr. POPE.

81 R,

London, May 16, 1720.

**T**HERE is something so singularly polite in your being pleased to honour me with

with the last volumes of your excellent "Homer," that I am impatient to return my thanks immediately for so acceptable a favour. I have often heard my dear brother mention your presenting him with the volumes which were published in his lifetime, with much pleasure, as an obliging expression of friendship ; but thus to complete your valuable gift to one, who never had the happiness of being personally known to you, is particularly genteel and kind.

I am the more touched with this unexpected regard, as proceeding from an author, who had always appeared to me distinguished by a certain peculiar felicity and elegance of genius, from which the principal and inimitable graces of poetry arise ; and though, from this prepossession, I believed your translation, when you began it, would be performed with great beauty and merit, I must own the success is beyond my expectation, and I am surprised to see with what vigour you have supported so  
long

long a labour : with what a wonderful warmth of imagination, a copiousness and power of expression, and fine harmony of numbers you have conducted it to the end. We know the privilege Horace indulgently allowed to Homer himself, in the length of so extended a course ; but you have certainly waved it in the translation, and are “ awake ” through the whole.

In a word, Sir, I congratulate you very heartily on your happy conclusion of this noble undertaking ; by which you have enriched our tongue with an admirable version of the most celebrated poem of antiquity, and have acquired to yourself the immortality of your applauded author.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged and obedient servant,  
JABEZ HUGHES.

\* LETTER



\* L E T T E R LXXXV.

REV. DR. HERRING \* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Barley, Aug. 20, 1728.

**Y**OU will excuse me, if I take this opportunity to profess myself much obliged to you for many favours which I have received from you, more particularly for that, which stands distinguished in my me-

\* Afterwards successively bishop of Bangor, and archbishop of York and Canterbury. He was then rector of the parish from whence he dates, near Royston in Hertfordshire, and preacher to the society of Lincoln's-inn. "This amiable prelate" (as he is justly characterised by Dr. Jortin) "had piety without superstitiousness, and moderation without meanness, an open and liberal way of thinking, and a constant attachment to the cause of sober and rational liberty, civil and religious. Thus he lived and died, and few great men passed through this malevolent world better beloved, and less censured than he."

Life of Erasmus, vol. i, p. 42, note.

His grace died March 13, 1757, aged 64.

memory,

mony, as one of the most generous and disinterested offers of friendship, which ever I received from any one since I was acquainted with the world \*. It is a cir-

\* This alludes to two letters by Mr. Duncombe (first printed, without a name, in the Whitehall Evening Post, in March and April, 1728,) in justification of the doctrine maintained by Dr. Herring, in a sermon at Lincoln's-inn-chapel, which had occasioned a great clamour, on account of its alluding to the "Beggars Opera," then exhibiting at the neighbouring theatre, and presuming to condemn it, as of pernicious consequence to the practice of morality and christian virtue. Experience confirmed the truth of this observation, by the many robberies committed daily in the streets during the representation of that piece, beyond the example of former times; and several thieves and robbers afterwards confessed in Newgate, that they raised their courage at the play-house, by the songs of their hero Macheath, before they sallied forth on their desperate nocturnal exploits. What Cicero says of the poets in general may with more reason be applied, with a little alteration, to these popular songs: *Ita sunt dulces, ut non modo audiantur, sed etiam ediscantur, sic ad malam disciplinam, vitamque dissolutam et effrænatam, cum accesserunt hujusmodi poetæ, nervos omnis virtutis elidunt.*

These

cumstance in my life which I remember with very particular gratitude to you, and pleasure to myself. You are very kind again to follow me into my country retirement, and to withdraw yourself from the conversation of your friends in town, to pay me a visit here ; for, next to doing it in person, a letter is the most acceptable thing. It is next to the countenance of a friend, and, like that, inspires a certain chearfulness and vivacity ; a thing which is sometimes wanted in the country : for, whatever we may think of the pleasures of solitude and contemplation in the noise and hurry of company and business, life cannot pass off any where agreeably, without the intercourse of friendship and conversation.

I have not seen the pamphlet you mention, but am exceedingly pleased with the

These two letters have since been republished in the preface prefixed to archbishop Herring's " seven sermons," printed in 1763.

passages which you have quoted out of it. As to the question itself, my sense of it is, that the "reasonableness" of virtue is its true foundation; and the Creator has formed our minds to such a quick perception of it, that it is, in almost every occurrence of human life, self-evident: But then I am for taking in every possible help to support and strengthen virtue; beauty, moral sense, affection, and even self-interest: and it seems to me as if the Creator, to secure the practice of it, had adapted various arguments to the various tempers of men, and their different solicitations. And virtue, thus secured and guarded, may perhaps not unfitly be compared to those buildings of a Gothic taste, which, though they have a good foundation, are furnished nevertheless (against all accidents) with many outward supports and buttresses, but so contrived and adjusted by the architect, that they do not detract from, but even add to, the beauty and grandeur of the building.

I have

I have read over your criticisms on Tindal's translation \*, and think them exceedingly just and necessary. Such hasty mercenary translators really put an affront upon the public, and seem to take for granted that men have neither taste nor judgment. The inaccuracies of style, the lownesses of expression, and the many omissions in this translation, are prodigiously offensive. The history of Rapin Thoyras is so much debased and mangled by them, that one would think the translator had a design upon his character, and intended to make him appear ridiculous, by putting him into an awkward English dress. For really, if Mr.

\* Of Rapin's history, in a pamphlet entitled "Remarks on Mr. Tindal's translation, &c. In a letter to S. T. [Sigismund Trafford] esq;" The concluding paragraph is as follows: "Mr. Dryden's elegant version of Father Maimbourg's history of the league is, with regard to style and language, a much better model for any one who will oblige the public with an accurate translation of M. de Rapin Thoyras's history, than Sir Roger L'Estrange's translation of Josephus, or of Quevedo's visions."

Tindal

Tindal does not take a little more pains, Rapin Thoyras will become of the same class with the rest of our English historians. The *Guardian*\*, I remember, has made a few very just observations on the style of the great lord Verulam, which if Mr. Tindal had considered, he would not have fallen, as he often does, into that vulgar and abject manner of expression.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

THO. HERRING.

\* Vol. i, numb. 25.

**A**N old Spanish proverb says, "He is  
 "a blockhead that cannot make one verse,  
 "and he is a fool that makes more." Be  
 that as it may, I am ambitious, as the pub-  
 lic has been so indulgent to this little col-  
 lection, to enrich it with the insertion of  
 "a hasty prologue to All for Love", as an  
*unique*, written by Mr. Hughes's friend the  
 late bishop of Winchester, the only copy of  
 verses (as far as is known) of his composi-  
 tion, and now printed from his own hand-  
 writing. Of his skill in music, and his lady's  
 in painting, we are informed by his son, in  
 the preface to the late edition of his works ;  
 but here we see in them the union of the  
 three sister-arts : an assemblage of accom-  
 plishments scarce ever exceeded, but by  
 Mr. Hughes himself, who united them in  
 his own person :—

Where virtue is, these are most virtuous,

says our great dramatic poet ; but it sel-  
 dom happens, as in these examples, that  
 religion,

religion, truth, and the graces are of the same company.

Though a single expression or two may be left in the "prologue," through haste or inadvertancy, which a severe critic might with altered, it may, I think, be affirmed with truth, that the two lines introduced from one of our greatest poets, Dryden, (though excellent in sentiment,) are the worst in the whole piece, both as to sound and obscurity. Let me observe also, before I mention the particular occasion of it, that the two last lines plainly refer to the 6th stanza of Mr. Welfsted's elegant ode, written the year before, and printed in this volume, p. 195.

In the summer of the year 1718, the bishop of Bangor, with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Sir Richard Steele\*, made a visit of

\* Bishop Hoadly and Sir Richard Steele had long been connected as public men and fellow-labourers in the cause of liberty. The share that the Tatler took in the controversy with bishop Blackall has been mentioned



some days at Blenheim-house, by invitation; where, he found, the ladies and gentlemen of the family, and a few of the neighbourhood, had got up the tragedy of "All for Love", to entertain the duke of Marlborough, who had shewn, before this, some symptoms of that paralytic disorder, which impaired his senses, and, at length, terminated in a total decay, and his dissolution. Lady Bateman, (one of his grace's granddaughters by the earl of Sunderland,) who played the part of Cleopatra, had in vain applied to Sir Richard Steele for a prologue on that extraordinary occasion, and seemed chagrined at the disappointment. At night, when the family retired, the

mentioned, p. 52. Mr. Hoadly was one of the four friends, who, in 1711, revised and corrected Mr. Steele's "Crisis" before it was printed. Mr. Addison, Mr. Lechmere, and Mr. Minshull were the other three. Mr. Hoadly was also the reputed author of "A dedication to his holiness Clement XI." an admirable piece of grave humour, signed "Richard Steele," being prefixed to his "Account of the state of the Roman Catholic religion throughout the world," published in 1715.

bishop

bishop desired pen, ink, and paper might be brought to his chamber, and, the next morning at breakfast, presented to lady Bateman the following "prologue;" which she spoke, the same evening, to the duke and dutchess, his grace shedding tears at the unexpected compliment from a favourite grand-child.

In the course of the play, Sir Richard, who sat next to the bishop, often observed how well and feelingly captain Fishe performed the part of Anthony. This gentleman, who had been the duke's page, had distinguished himself in the army, and, as I have been informed, died a lieutenant-colonel. In one of the scenes where Fishe was very sweet upon his Cleopatra, Sir Richard whispered the bishop, "I doubt, 'this 'Fishe' is 'Flesh', my lord."—I must mention another incident at their going away. Sir Richard said to the bishop, "Does your lordship give money to all 'these fellows in laced coats and ruffles?'" "No doubt," replied the bishop. "I have  
" not

"not enough\*," said the knight; and when he passed by them in the hall, he accosted them in a speech, telling them, "that he had found them 'men of taste,' and, as such, invited them all to Drury-lane theatre, to whatever play they should please to bespeak," he having then a share in the patent †.

\* One of the little witty shifts to which the knight was often reduced, related by Savage, is said to have been practised about this time.

See the "Life of Savage," p. 13.

† He obtained this in 1714 by the friendship of the duke of Marlborough, which he owed to a pleasant repartee (reported to the duke, and taken as it was meant) on his grace's preferring his relations.

See "Biographia Britannica", vol. vi, p. 3829.

A hasty PROLOGUE TO ALL FOR LOVE,  
 Acted at BLENHEIM-HOUSE, in the summer, 1718.

Written by Bishop Hoadly,

AND

Spoken by Lady BATHURST.

WHILE ancient dames and heroes in us live,  
 And scenes of love and war we here revive,  
 Greater in both, in both more fortunate,  
 Than all that ever ages past call'd great,  
 O MARLBOROUGH, think not wrong that I thee name,  
 And first do homage to thy brighter fame.

Beauty and virtue with each other strove  
 To move and recompense thy early love;  
 Beauty \*, which Egypt's queen could never boast,  
 And virtue she ne'er knew, or quickly lost!  
 A soul so form'd and cloath'd, heav'n must design  
 For such a soul, and such a form, as thine.

\* Of the beauty of the dutchess of Marlborough,  
 if we had no other testimony, no other would be  
 wanting than her portrait painted by Kneller, and  
 engraved by Smith; and the duke, it is well known,  
 was distinguished in the French army under marshal  
 Turenne by the name of "the handsome English-  
 man."

But

But, call'd from soft repose, and beauty's charms,  
 Thy louder fame is spoke in feats of arms.  
 The fabled horses of great Philip's son  
 By thy great deeds the world has seen outdone ;  
 The Cæsars that Rome boasted, yield their bays,  
 And own, in justice, thy superior praise :  
 They fought the empire of the world to gain,  
 But thou, to break the haughty tyrant's chain ;  
 They fought to' enslave mankind, but thou to free  
 Whole nations from detested slavery :  
 " Their guilty paths to grandeur taught to hate  
 " By virtue, nor to blush for being great \*."

This heap of stones which Blenheim's palace frame,  
 Rose, in this form, a monument to thy name.  
 This heap of stones must crumble into sand,  
 But thy great name shall through all ages stand †.

\* See Aureng-zebe, act v.

† Dr. Campbell, in his life of the duke in " Biographia Britannica," has expressed the same idea with equal elegance in prose : " The noble pile near Woodstock may be justly styled his monument, but without pretending to the gift of prophecy, one may venture to foretell, that his glory will long survive that structure, and that so long as our histories remain, or indeed the histories of Europe, his memory will live and be the boast of Britain, who, by his labours, was raised to be the first of

In fate's dark book I saw thy long-liv'd name,  
 And thus the certain prophecy proclaim :  
 ' One \* shall arise, who will thy deeds rehearse,  
 ' Not in arch'd roofs, or in suspected verse ;  
 ' But in plain annals of each glorious year ;  
 ' With pomp of truth the story shall appear.  
 ' Long after Blenheim's walls shall moulder'd lie,  
 ' Or, blown by winds, to distant countries fly,

" nations, as, during the age in which he lived, he  
 " was deservedly esteemed the first of men."

Vol. ii, p. 1352.

\* If his lordship in these lines alluded to any particular historian, it must probably be the friend who sat next him, as Sir Richard, in the sixth number of a paper called " The Reader," dated May 3, 1714, had intimated a design of writing " A history of the war in Flanders ; the relation to commence from the date of the duke of Marlborough's commissions as captain-general and plenipotentiary, and to end with the expiration of those commissions." But this design he never executed, and after his death, in 1729, the materials were returned to the dutchess dowager of Marlborough, who, by her last will, left them to Mr. Glover and the late Mr. Mallet, for the same purpose, with 1000*l.* to be equally divided between them. But the first of these gentlemen declined the trust, and the latter never discharged it.

' By

- By him shall thy great actions all survive,
- And by thy name shall his be taught to live.

O cherish the remains of life ; survey  
Those years of glory which can ne'er decay ;  
Enjoy the best reward below allow'd,  
The mem'ry of past actions great and good !

END of VOL. I.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the

main results of the paper. The second part is devoted to a discussion of the

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B Y

SEVERAL EMINENT PERSONS DECEASED.

I N C L U D I N G

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF  
JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.

(AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS)

A N D

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS,

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS :

W I T H

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL.

By JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.

One of the SIX PREACHERS in Christ Church, Canterbury.

The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS.

V O L U M E II.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. JOHNSON, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

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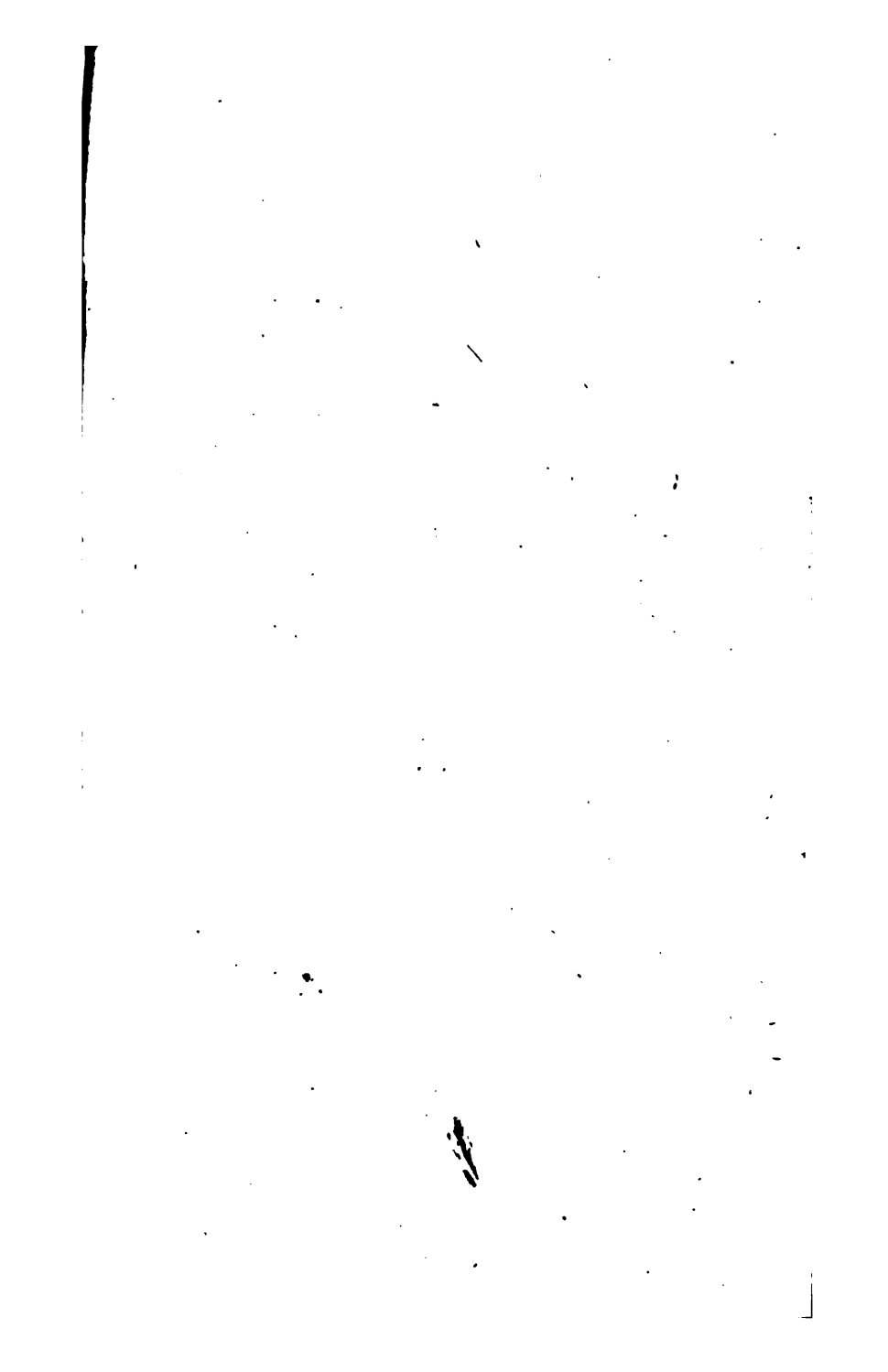
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- Page 35, line 20, for " the summer," read "summer"
- 113, note \*, for "Weykhamite," read "Wykehamite"
- 115, note †, for " earl of Stanhope, read " earl Stanhope"
- 217, note, for " p. 143", read p. 205"
- 226, note †, for " p. 145", read " p. 208"
- 235, note † & ‡, for "p. 163 & 164", read " pp. " 227 & 228"
- 236, note \* & †, for p. 166 & 168", read " pp. " 230 & 232"



[ 1 ]

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---

L E T T E R S, &c.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

Rev. Dean SWIFT to the Rev. Mr. WALLIS \*.

S I R,

Dublin, May 13, 1721.

I HAD your letter, and the copy of the bishop's † circular inclosed, for which I thank you; and yet I will not pretend to

\* Son of the dean of Derry, and vicar of Athboy in the county of Meath. He died in 1746.

† Dr. Evans, translated from the see of Bangor to that of Meath in 1715. In this diocese was the vicarage of Laracor, which Swift held with his deanry. Some dissensions having arisen between bishop Evans and his clergy, Swift took part with

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B

the

know any thing of it, and hope you have not told any body what you did. I should be glad enough to be at the visitation, not out of any love to the business, or the person, but to do my part in preventing any mischief. But in truth my health will not suffer it; and you, who are to be my proxy, may safely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the bishop would not be dissatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himself airs when he finds I am not there †. I now

the latter. At the first visitation which he attended, hearing his diocesan very severe in his animadversions on a poor curate, for a matter of little or no importance, the dean stood up, and told his lordship, that "having once been witness of such improper unepiscopal behaviour, he would never be witness of it again, and therefore gave his lordship notice, that if he had any fault to find with him, he must find it then, as he was determined not to attend any other visitation."

† By a warm expostulatory letter from Swift to this Cambro-Hibernian prelate, dated July 5, 1721, (see "Swift's works," vol. xviii, p. 141) it appears that his lordship did "give himself airs," by  
refusing

employ myself in getting you a companion to cure your spleen.

I am your faithful humble servant,

J. S.

refusing to admit this proxy at the visitation, though he attested the dean's want of health, &c. he being then tormented with an ague. " At the same time (Swift proceeds) " I must be plain to tell you, that " if this accident had not happened, I should have " used all endeavours to avoid your visitation, upon " the public promise I made you three years ago, " and the motives which occasioned it; because I " was unwilling to hear any more very injurious " treatment and appellations given to my brethren " or myself; and, by the grace of God, I am still " determined to absent myself on the like occasions, " as far as I can possibly be dispensed with by any " law, while your lordship is in that diocese, and I " a member of it."

## LETTER LXXXVII.

Dean SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

S I R,

Dublin, Nov. 3, 1722.

**Y**OU stole in and out of town without seeing either the ladies \* or † me, which was very ungratefully done, considering the obligations you have to us, for lodging and dieting with you so long. Why did you not call in a morning at the deanry? Besides, we reckoned for certain that you came to stay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were so kind

\* Mrs. Johnson (or Stella) and Mrs. Dingley. These ladies went to Ireland, by Swift's invitation, in 1701. The former was his concealed but undoubted wife, being married to him in the year 1710 by Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher, who had been his tutor. She died January 27, 1727-8, aged 44, "absolutely destroyed," as lord Orrery says, "by the peculiarity of her fate."

† "And" in the original, no doubt by mistake.

as to be at Laracor \*, where I hope you planted something; and I intend to be down after Christmas, *where* † you must continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the use I intend to make of Laracor. All I would desire is, what I mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I suppose your project would cost me ten pounds and a constant gardener. Pray come to town and stay some time, and repay yourself some of your dinners. I wonder how a mischief you came to miss us. Why did you not set out a Monday, like a true country parson? Beside, you lay a load on us, in saying one chief end of your journey was to see us; but I suppose there might be another motive, and you are like

\* The dean's vicarage-house there, where he intended to make several improvements, is now totally ruined, though one of his biographers says, "he left it a convenient and agreeable retreat to his successor, at a considerable expence."

† The dean, it may be supposed, rather meant "when."

the

the man that died of love and the cholic.  
Let us know whether you are more or less  
monkish, how long you found yourself  
better by our company, and how long  
before you recovered the charges we put  
you to. The ladies assure you of their  
hearty services, and I am, with great truth  
and sincerity,

Your most faithful humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

Dean SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

S I R,

Dublin, February 12, 1722-3.

I WOULD have been at Laracor and  
Athboy \* before now, if an ugly depend-

\* Mr. Wallis's living, near Laracor.

ing

ing chapter-business \* had not tied me here. There is a lay difficulty that concerns the government, the archbishop †, the chapter, the dean ‡, Dr. Howard §, and Robin Grattan ||, and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my design is to do a job for Robin Grattan, but the rest have their different schemes and poli-

\* Probably the disposal of the curacy of St. Bridget's, Dublin, in which the dean espoused the interest of Mr. Robert Grattan.

† Dr. King, then archbishop of Dublin.

‡ Dr. Swift himself.

§ Afterwards bishop of Elphin.

|| Afterwards curate of St. Bridget's, prebendary of St. Audeon's, and one of the dean's ten executors. To this Mr. Grattan, (who was one of the seven sons of Dr. Grattan, a venerable and hospitable clergyman) Swift whimsically bequeathed his "bot-tle-screw, his second best beaver, and his strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother, Dr. James Grattan, [a physician] during the life of the said doctor, who hath more occasion for it."

tics,

tics, too deep and too contemptible for me to trouble myself about them. Mean time you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten.---I beg you will step there for a day or two, and *do* \* what is necessary now, before the season is too late, and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine (which will not be ready 'till then, for it is but just bottled) and we will be merry at your house and my cottage.

I sent your memorial, drawn up by myself, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr. Kearney †, to recommend it to the primate ‡: I likewise desired Mr. Morgan to second it. I have in vain hitherto sought Dr. Kearney, but shall find him soon; and I intend to engage Dr. Worth § and

\* The word in the original is illegible.

† Treasurer of Armagh.

‡ Dr. Lindsay.

§ An eminent physician.

Mr.



Mr. Crofs \*, and probably all may come to nothing---*Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as usually---Mrs. Johnson eats an ounce a week, which frights me from dining with her. My crew † has drunk near three hogsheads since I came to town, and we must take up with new when I come down. I suppose you are in the midst of spleen and justice. I have often an ill head, and am so fortunate as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Pooley the painter is dead?

I am ever yours,

J. SWIFT.

\* Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin.

† Meaning, perhaps, his chapter.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Dean SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

SIR,

Dublin, April 8, 1727.

I AM just going for England \*, and must desire you to be my proxy at the bishop's visitation †. I find there is likewise a triennial visitation, and think the enclosed ‡ may serve for both, with your wife management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanry

\* The dean being on a visit to Mr. Pope in 1726, hastened back to Ireland on receiving an account that Mrs. Johnson was dangerously ill; and on her amendment, he returned back to England in 1727, to finish the "miscellanies," in concert with Pope and Arbuthnot.

"Swift's letters to Sheridan, No. xx and xxiv."

† See letter lxxxvi, p. 1.

‡ A proxy from the dean, as vicar of Laracor.

for

for this summer \*; you have their service, and so has Mrs. Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live seven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanry proctor, whom I have discharged. I believe I am worse for him 600 l. and his brother is not much better. I wish you had been at my elbow to advise me, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come safe back, and then to have done with England \*.

I am ever yours, &c.

J. S.

\* They had lodgings on Ormond-quay, on the other side of the river Liffy, and never resided at the deanry but in the dean's absence; when he returned, they removed, nor were Stella and he ever known to meet but in the presence of a third person.

† He had so; this being his last visit. He returned to Ireland, on the news of Stella's last illness, in September following.

L E T T E R   X C.

Rev. Mr. PITT\* to WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, Esq;

S I R,

Pimperm, July 6, 1728.

..... **Y**OU desire me to recommend a tutor to your nephew. If he is designed for a gentleman-commoner, I would recommend him to New-college, (for we

\* This amiable poet (who was educated at Winchester-school, and was afterwards fellow of New-college, Oxford,) was at this time rector of the parish from whence he dates, near Blandford in Dorsetshire, to which he was presented by his relation, George Pitt, esq; and which he held during the remainder of his life. His translations of the "Poetics of Vida," and the "Æneid of Virgil," have established his fame, and his "Imitations of "Horace" have been thought, by many good judges, not inferior to Pope's. A volume of his "miscellaneous poems" was published in 1727. He died in 1748. On his tomb-stone were engraved these words:

" He lived innocent, and died beloved.

take

take no commoners) and to Mr. Spence \*, a fellow of the house, for his tutor. I need not enter upon his character, which is very well known; he has a more extensive character, than you insist upon in your letter †. I believe he is about my age; and he is the completest scholar, either in solid or polite learning, for his years, that I ever knew. Besides, he is the sweetest-tempered gentleman breathing.

I am mightily taken with your nephew's verses, and would translate them, if I thought I could do justice to them. Accept of these, though I am sensible, they do not hit off the true turn of the epigram:

\* The author of "Polymetis," &c. He died in 1768, being then professor of modern history at Oxford, and prebendary of Durham.

† Viz. "A man of letters, without pedantry, no bigot, nor violently attached to any party, but of a catholic spirit, and not unacquainted with natural philosophy and the mathematics."

FROM

FROM a small acorn, see the oak arise,  
Supremely tall, and tow'ring in the skies!  
Queen of the groves, her stately head she rears,  
Her bulk increasing with increasing years!  
Now moves in pomp, majestic, o'er the deep,  
While in her womb Britannia's thunders sleep;  
With fame and conquest graces Albion's shore,  
And guards the island, where she grew before \*.

I hope, sir, you will accept of this, as it is written extempore; I know the last couplet has something of a turn, but not the same with the original. . . . .

Yours, &c.

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

\* The original is as follows:

DE MINIMIS MAXIMA.

*Exiguâ crescit de glande altissima quercus,  
Et tandem patulis surgit in astra comis;  
Dumque anni pergunt, crescit latissima moles,  
Mox secat æquoreas, bellica navis, aquas.  
Angliacis hinc fama, salus hinc nascitur oris,  
Et glans est nostri præsidium imperii.*

LUDOVICUS DUNCOMBE, Hertfordiensis.

Some elegant Latin verses, by the same hand, are prefixed to Mr. Hughes's " poems."

LETTER

LETTER XCI.

Dean SWIFT to Mr. WALLIS.

S I R,

Market-hill \*, Nov. 16, 1728.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind intention in the purchase you mention; but it will not answer my design, because these lands are let in leases renewable for ever †, and consequently can never have the rent raised, which is mortal to all estates left for ever to a public use, and is contrary to a fundamental maxim of mine; and most corporations feel the smart of it.

\* The seat of sir Arthur Acheson, where the dean passed two summers. He had a farm near it, which was let to him by sir Arthur, called afterwards Drapier's Hill. See some verses on that subject, vol. xviii of his "works," p. 52.

† Accordingly, in his will, by which he devised his fortune to the building and endowing an hospital for lunatics, he restrained his executors from purchasing any lands that were "encumbered with leases for lives renewable."

I have been here several months to amuse me in my disorders of giddiness \* and deafness, of which I have frequent returns---and I shall hardly return to Dublin till Christmas.

I am truly grieved at your great loss †. Such misfortunes seem to break the whole scheme of a man's life; and although time may lessen sorrow, yet it cannot hinder a man from feeling the want of so near a companion, nor hardly supply it with another ‡. I wish you health and happiness,

\* This disorder, which with intermissions pursued him till it seemed to complete its conquest, by rendering him the exact image of one of his own Struldbrugs, lord Orrery often heard him ascribe to a surfeit, occasioned by eating an immoderate quantity of fruit at sir William Temple's in 1691.

† The death of Mrs. Wallis.

‡ This sentiment, no doubt, came from the writer's heart. Stella, the incomparable Stella, was then no more.

and



and that the pledge \* left you may prove a comfort. I am, with great sincerity,

Your most obliged

and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

LETTER XCII.

MONTAGU BACON, Esq; † to GEORGE  
JEFFREYS, Esq; ‡

DEAR GEORGE,

Cambridge, Oct. 6, 1732.  
At Quarles's coffee-house.

**T**O make some amends for my dogged  
silence in Leicestershire, I here begin a

\* A son, now a barrister at law.

† Younger son of Nicholas Bacon, esq; of Shrubland in Suffolk, and fellow-commoner of Trinity-college, Cambridge, where he was admitted in 1704-5. He died in 1740, aged 51.

‡ This gentleman, who was educated at Westminster-school under Dr. Busby, was the son of Christopher  
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correspondence with you from the banks of Cam. Is not that a poetical beginning? I

pher Jeffreys, esq; of Weldron in Northamptonshire, and nephew to James lord Chandos. He was admitted of Trinity-college, Cambridge, in 1694, where he took the degrees in arts, was elected fellow in 1701, and presided in the philosophy-schools as moderator in 1706. He was also sub-orator for Dr. Ayloffe, and not going into orders within eight years, as the statutes of that college require, he quitted his fellowship in 1709. In the words of one of his contemporaries, (the late vice-master, Dr. Walker,) "he performed his exercises in the college and university with applause; which, with a genteel modest deportment, gained him much esteem." Though Mr. Jeffreys was called to the bar, he never practised the law, but, after acting as secretary to Dr. Hartstonge bishop of Derry, at the latter end of queen Anne's and the beginning of king George the 1's reign, spent most of the remainder of his life in the families of the two last dukes of Chandos, his relations. In 1754 he published, by subscription, a 4to volume of "miscellanies, in verse and prose," among which are two tragedies, (viz. "Edwin" and "Merope," both acted at the theatre-royal in Lincoln's-inn-fields) and "The triumph of truth," an oratorio. All that the compiler of "The companion to the playhouse" says of Mr. Jeffreys, is, that "he enjoyed some post in the custom-house, and was author of 'one' dramatic piece, which met with  
" little

have but very little news to tell you ; for all college-news I am mortally sick of ; 'tis very nauseous at the first hand ; and 'tis no wonder a commodity, that is bad upon the place, should very ill bear the carriage. ....

Bentley is preparing an " answer to the " articles \*," against next year ; and, as an

" little success, entitled ' Edwin'." And Dr. Francklin, the translator of " Voltaire's dramatic works," published in 1762, supposes his author " mistaken " in asserting, that an English Merope was acted at " London in 1731, as, by all the enquiry he (the " translator) had made amongst persons concerned in " the theatres at that time, he could not discover " that any such tragedy was ever exhibited." Yet Quin, Ryan, Milward, &c. acted in it, and the names of Dr. Francklin himself (then Greek professor,) and above twenty other members of Trinity-college, appear in the list of subscribers to Mr. Jeffreys's " works." " This collection" (as the author observes in his dedication to the present duke of Chandos, then marquis of Carnarvon,) " includes " an uncommon length of time from the verses on " the duke of Gloucester's death in 1700 to those on " his lordship's marriage in 1753." Mr. Jeffreys died in 1755, aged 77.

\* Of complaint, exhibited against him by the college, in June, 1729, before the bishop of Ely, their visitor.

appendix to it, his "Homer\*" is to come out, which he is hard at work at. I hope your "*Scacchia*†" is finished and ready for the press; I thank you for the sight of it. Besides the pleasure it gave me, it made me understand a very unintelligible book, at least to me. I am at present doing little else, but cleaning my books, and accommodating my taste to this very

\* It does not appear that this (if written) was ever published, nor is it mentioned by Dr. Bentley's biographers. Perhaps the letter-writer meant his "Milton."

† A "poem on chess," translated from Vida at the desire of the first duke of Chandos. "It was a happy choice," says Dr. Warton, "to write a poem on chess, nor is the execution less happy. The various stratagems and manifold intricacies of this ingenious game, so difficult to be described in Latin, are here expressed with the greatest perspicuity and elegance, so that perhaps the game might be learned from this description."

"Essay on Pope," p. 192.

Pope's "game at ombre," in his "rape of the lock," (as this writer also observes, p. 232,) is certainly imitated from it.

dull

dull place; and to do the latter of these, considering the present divisions, and continual bones of contention, is not an easy matter. However, that you may not think I wholly neglect reading, I must tell you I have, with great pleasure, been reading over a French book, called *Mélanges d'histoire et de littérature*, by Vigneul Marville \*, 3 vols. I never read it before, though I have often seen and heard of the book. There are many curious anecdotes in it, and a great knowledge of books and authors. His judgment is not always certain, but has sometimes a little of the cockcomb. I'll give you an instance, in a comparison, he makes, between Virgil and Homer; but, on second thoughts, it will be too long for this letter; I will very soon give it you, with my reflections, in another.---

I dipped lately into Cowley's "Davids," and read one book of it, and found there, what I thought, I could not

\* A fictitious name. Dom. Noel Dargonne was the real author.

have

have met with in English, twenty monosyllables together, in two very well-sounding verses. I remember that Vaugelas, and the French academy, both agree, that there is even a sweetness in joining twelve monosyllables, and produce a verse of Malherbe to justify it :

*Et moi, je ne vois rien, quand je ne la vois pas.*

This, they say, is one of the sweetest, and runs the best, of any he has made. For my part, with my foreign ear, I cannot think so ; but, if it be so, I think I can say almost as much for these English ones :

His birth, great sir, so much to mine is tied,  
That praise of that might look from me like pride.

Book iii.

Again, there is another couplet, where all, but one word, are monosyllables, and yet they are harmonious enough :

Forbid it God, that, where thy right is try'd,  
The strength of man should find just cause for pride \*.

\* For Mr. Jeffreys's opinion of monosyllable verses, see an essay in the " appendix."

Pray

Pray tell me one thing, and I'll trouble you no further; is it English, do you think, to use *advance* as a substantive, for *advancement*? I believe not. Yet he has used it in a fine repetition of the words *fate* and *chance*,

So vain are mens designs ! for fate and chance,  
And earth and heaven, conspire to his *advance*.

I'll mention, now my hand is in, one thing more, which is to me an odd and new transposition, and yet really I think it good: 'tis in the second of these verses about Jonathan,

A name, which every wind to heaven would bear,  
Which men to speak, and angels joy to hear.

I have tired you with my lucubrations,  
and so I conclude, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

M. BACON.

P. S.

P. S. There is a particular beauty in the above lines, "His birth, &c." which I just now recollect, viz. that 'tis at the beginning of a narration, and it is observed, that Virgil almost always begins a description with a monosyllable :

*Eft in secessu.*

And twenty other examples I have seen laid together by Pontanus.

## LETTER XCIII.

Mr. BACON to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR, Cambridge, Oct. 26, 1732.

AS to your "rhetoric," I profess I am at a loss for the author of it; I suppose it to be somebody about bishop Andrews's time, a long time ago, before the "flood," as I think Mr. Dryden calls the grand rebellion. And I can only answer it by another  
of



of the famous fir John Cheek, viz. "Where  
 " *treason* is above *reason*, and *might* rules  
 " *right*, and *commotioners* are better than  
 " *commissioners*,"-----with such pretty jingle. . . . .

... As to my French critic \*, he is making a comparison between Homer and Virgil, and observes, very judiciously, "that Virgil has given the finest example  
 " of unlawful love, that ever was, in  
 " Dido; and Homer the most beautiful  
 " instance of conjugal love, that is any  
 " where to be met with, in *Andromache*." So far he is right; but what I object to, is this; he says, "the supper of Alcinoüs is  
 " the best-contrived entertainment that can  
 " be; and that Dido's supper in Virgil  
 " is not even within the rules of *bienfiance*.  
 " In Homer, (he says,) they sing the adventures and gallantries of the gods; in  
 " Virgil, matters of philosophy, the stars,  
 " and the tides, and I know not what all.  
 " ---Place Dido's feast in Phæacia, and

\* See the last letter, p. 21.

“Alcinous’s in Carthage, and all will be “right.” And, I believe, the Frenchman would have done indeed just so. But Virgil understands decency a little better. What! should Dido, that severe widow and queen, whose heart, till that time, was in the grave with Sichæus, and had despised Iärbas, and I know not how many lovers more, have nothing but bawdy songs sung at her table, the *dulcia furta* of the gods, to tell Æneas, from the very beginning, what she was thinking of? That would have been an advance indeed! And as to the philosophy, which he thinks improper, it is to be considered, that the country Dido came from, was near the original of astronomy, and at that time the most learned part of the world: besides, the Phœnicians dealing wholly in navigation, the stars and the tides, and the length and shortness of the days were subjects that concerned them. And it had almost the dignity of a hymn, or, as formerly here in England, a chapter of the bible. This, I think, is enough to preserve Virgil’s feast from transportation; to rehabilitate it in the place where  
it

it is; and to save it from the fate of Sir John Daw's supper, to be carried over the way.

The author I blame in this, is Vigneul Marville, who, however, has many good things in him. I forgot to say, that Atlas, who was supposed to live in Afric, had taught Iöpas, which makes it still more proper for the place where they were. Take it which way you will, 'tis excusable enough: this last I have from the common notes.

As to your notion of transpositions, I think it does not at all affect the merit of the poet; for it is certain, that the constraint of verse, and even of rhyme, as it is a hindrance to the writer in some things, so that very constraint occasions many of the beauties of poetry, to those who have the genius to get over it, as every good poet has. But it would require too long, and too philosophical a discussion to go through with the proof of it. I have an idea how it may be demonstrated.

You

## LETTER XCIV.

Mr. BACON to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR,

Cambridge, Dec. 10, 1732.

I THANK you kindly for your entertaining letter, but must be short in my preface, having two long points to answer. You talk to me, as of a *terra australis incognita*, about two authors that I am particularly acquainted with; I mean, if by "father *Hardin*," you intend "father *Har-*  
*doüin*," which I should hardly imagine. Malebranche I was complete master of above twelve years ago, and, of what you call "jargon," I dare say, I understand as much as the author himself did. I know full well all his faults, and had, many years since, a design to have extracted his good things, by way of *ana* \*, and left the bad behind. His scheme about "ideas,

\* Like *Menagiana*, *Huetiana*, &c.

" union

“union with God,” &c. is unintelligible nonsense, come from what father it will; but he must be a critic in consequences indeed, that can extract atheism out of nonsense. But, not to run down Malebranche neither; for a knowledge of human nature, in all its branches, the imagination, the senses, the inclinations, and the passions, no man has shewn a greater and more comprehensive understanding. And for style, he is the most noble, the most magnificent, and the clearest writer, I may very near say, that ever I read. Is Plato, whose successor Malebranche is, despised, because his principles are unintelligible, when the beauty of imagination is so great in his works? Malebranche has likewise written against imagination with the finest imagination that can be. As to the objection of “atheism,” I always thought him bigottedly superstitious, and that, like his master, Plato, he was as proper a man as could be, to have discovered the *Trinitarian* notion, before it was revealed, by mere strength of thinking out of the way. But the clergy, I am afraid, of all nations,

tions, have an arch-chemic power to produce atheism in what soil they please ; or else not even a Jesuit could have charged so devout a man as Malebranche, with it ; a man, who thought of nothing, but the love of God, and moral duties, all his life ; and shewed a contempt for all things else. Consequences, especially where principles are dark, may be wire-drawn any how.

I have a long article for you about father Hardouin, if he be the man you mean ; but I durst not venture to affront you so much, as to suppose you can want information upon the subject of the famous editor of Pliny, the great chronologer, medalist, geographer, and still more famous for his scheme to prove all the ancient authors, (fathers and all) supposititious \*. I never heard of any father *Hardin* so late as you speak of.

\* F. Hardouin excepted Cicero's works, Virgil's georgics, Horace's satires, and epistles, and Pliny's natural history. M. Le Clerc, in a letter to Mr. Addison,

I entirely agree with you about Cowley, and am so far from any incendiary design upon him, that I like his *Davidis*, which is the work we are speaking of, (shall I venture to say it?) best of all his works. I am sure, the finest things, some of them, that we have in our mock heroic poems, are imitated from thence. No, it must be a Zoilus, not an Aristarchus, who would do that. He was undoubtedly a man of very fine parts. But a desultory life, and, for the most part, unfortunate, will hinder any man from coming to that perfection, for which nature designed him.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, and

most obliged humble servant,

M. BACON.

Addison, (dated Amsterdam, Feb. 12, 1709, and published in Swift's "works,") says, "The Je-suits of Paris have condemned in the strongest terms the sentiments of father Hardouin, and have obliged him to recant them in a shameful manner." He died at Paris in 1729, aged 83.

VOL. II.

F

LETTER

## L E T T E R XCV.

Earl of ORRERY\* to THO. SOUTHERNE, Esq; †

MY DEAR OLD MAN, Marston ‡, Nov. 1, 1733.

**A**T my arrival at this dear and delightful place I was welcomed with a letter from

\* Also earl of Corke in 1753, (on the death of his third cousin, Richard earl of Burlington and Corke) the translator, and, in his own letters, the rival, of Pliny. He died at Marston in 1762, aged 56.

† This celebrated dramatic writer was born at Dublin, and received the first rudiments of his education in that university, but afterwards, in the year 1678, he went to England, and entered himself in the Middle Temple. At the time of the duke of Monmouth's invasion he had a captain's commission in king James's army. He wrote several plays with different success, and having acquired a handsome fortune, spent the latter part of his days in quiet. His plays participate too much of the licentiousness of the age in which they were written; but he lived long enough to see and lament it. He died in 1746, aged 86.

‡ Near Frome in Somersetshire, a seat purchased  
of



you, which had lain some days on my table. Your commands will be ever obeyed by me with pleasure, which is still increased by your desiring to know how we go on in the gardens. We are hard at work both within and without doors, but in the gardens we are outdoing Hannibal, and working through rocks more obdurate than the Alps. This difficult task is undertaken in order to complete the three hanging terraces that shall exceed any of the eastern gardens; perhaps too to indulge a secret pride, that from the lowest of these I may look down on the highest of my neighbours. The wood-walk, which I designed a labyrinth, is almost finished. Three little fountains, at three several distances, add to the beauty of the place. The goddess of spring, and her follower the deity of the summer, stand smiling at the beautiful prospect in the distant vale, while Bacchus, in another cabinet of wood,

of sir John Hippley by the first earl of Corke. It was formerly part of the estate of Edmund earl of Cornwall.

presents you with the produce of the autumn, to banish melancholy and dissipate gloomy thoughts. *Winter* is seen shivering in a corner, to remind us of mortality, and I think I must carry a death's head always in my pocket, lest the charms of Marston make me forget to hope one day to be an inhabitant of the kingdom of heaven. Near the uppermost fountain is to stand a seat, erected according to a plan of your faithful servant: two little closets at each end, one of which will contain a couch, are the places where you and Phyllis may consummate your unfinished loves, and where I may count my beads, and say my mattins.

I have now told you all that will be finished next summer. I am scratching out upon paper ten thousand designs for the other parts of the gardens, and my plans commonly share the same fate that I wish may befall all my works, they are thrown into the fire and forgotten.

From

From the gardens if you will enter the house, you will see a representation of the golden age; the cats, the dogs, the birds, the children, the master, and the servants, *omnes sine vindice tuti*. Lions at Marston would lose their fierceness; the panther would grow tame: within my territories the emperor and the king of France would be reconciled; whilst, like my first parent, I stand in the garden which my great Creator hath planted for me, and where he hath made *every tree pleasant to the sight*, nor can I fall but by disobedience, from which perhaps your prayers, and my own endeavours, may preserve me. I well remember that my mother Eve tempted my poor weak father Adam, and lost him Paradise: wonder not therefore, my good friend, if I chuse Paradise, and refuse woman.---The groves of Marston.--but I am returned to the garden, when I was just going to carry you into the hall. There you will see as fine a set of arms, as are in his majesty's three kingdoms: pictures and marble tables adorn other sides of the room;

room ; but I am more delighted with the prospect from the windows, than from the most magnificent moveables that can be invented. The great dining-room is covered with pictures : two beautiful canary-birds hang near the windows, and however delighted I may sometimes be with Italian music, these choiristers charm my ears more than the softest notes of Cuzzoni's voice ever did. In this room I have had the honour to entertain one of the greatest men of this nation, your much honoured lord Carteret \* ; with him were lord Weymouth †, &c.

Our champaign flew about with the alacrity it usually does in this house, nor is the master ever better pleased than when he has an opportunity of improving himself by the conversation and countenance of such men. I am then, methinks, in

\* Afterwards earl of Granville, on the death of his mother in 1744.

† Father of the present viscount, and son-in-law to lord Carteret.

the same situation in which a Greek epigram, which Fenton \* has translated, puts

\* "Mr. Fenton," says this noble writer in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, dated in 1756, "was my tutor; "he taught me to read English, and attended me "through the Latin tongue from the age of seven to "thirteen. When I became a man, a constant and "free friendship subsisted between us. The fact "which Mr. Warton asserts concerning him [in the "essay on Pope] is far from being true. He "translated double the number of books in the Odyssey that Pope has owned. His reward was a "trifle, an errant trifle. He has even told me, that "he thought Pope feared him more than he loved "him: he had no opinion of Pope's heart, and declared him, in the words of bishop Atterbury, "mens curva in corpore curvo. Poor Fenton died "of a great chair, and two bottles of port a day. "He was one of the worthiest and modestest men "that ever belonged to the court of Apollo. Tears "arise when I think of him, though he has been "dead above twenty years."

Pope, in a letter to Gay, dated July 20, 1730, just after Fenton's death, mentions him in much the same manner: "I have just received the news of "the death of a friend whom I esteemed almost as "many years as you; poor Fenton! He died at "East-hamstead [lady Trumbull's] of indolence and "inactivity."

old Homer; I am listening to Apollo singing, and stealing his song from him.

“inactivity.” The writer of Fenton’s life in the “supplement to the Biographia,” p. 50, says, that “being dismissed from his employ of secretary to the earl of Orrery in 1705, he gladly accepted the offer of the free-school at Sevenoak in Kent.” It appears, however, from the above, that Fenton was several years afterwards tutor to his lordship’s son (then lord Boyle) and for that reason probably “his salary” (as mentioned by the biographer) might be “continued to him.”

As Sevenoak is but five miles from Penshurst, if we had not such good vouchers for his indolence, we should be at a loss to account for a man of Mr. Fenton’s taste and genius never visiting that seat of the muses, that English Arcadia, like ancient Greece the theme of poets, the nurse of heroes. If he had, he could not have said, in his observations on these lines of Waller “at Penshurst,”

Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark  
Of that old tree, which stands the sacred mark  
Of noble Sydney’s birth——

“These verses apparently refer to some tree in Penshurst-park, that was planted at the birth of the famous sir Philip; of which there is now no tradition remaining in the family; but we may apply

I will not tire you with a description of any other parts of the house, with which you are already well acquainted. The days are now grown short; I have therefore prepared all the amusements within

“ apply to it what Cicero says of the Marian oak, &c.”

This tree was in being till the year 1768, when it was cut down by the late Algernon Sydney, esq; not long before his death, thus expiring with the name and family to which it owed its origin, and now indeed, like the Sydneys, living only in history, tradition, and song:

Ben Johnson mentions it in the following manner:

“ That later tree, which of an oak was fet,  
“ At his great birth, where all the muses met.”

And this hint the late Mr. Coventry (author of “ Pompey the little”) has improved into a beautiful episode in his poem “ on Penshurst,” printed in “ Doddsley’s collection,” vol. iv. p. 50.

Mr. Coventry wrote “ an inscription” for the same oak, which is printed in the “ Gentleman’s magazine” for 1760, p. 184.

doors that will make a solitary life agreeable. When my children are put to bed, I betake myself either to the study of history, poetry, or natural philosophy; and with these I make shift to sit up till towards eleven; and, then, like Othello, I *put out the light*, and, without his guilt, wish for Desdemona; but in vain\*. And if I am ever melancholy, it is then, when I cannot help repeating what that black monster says, with the additional horror of foul, which attends murder,

"My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife!  
 "O insupportable! O heavy hour!

Sometimes indeed, unluckily enough for my friends, I am in a humour to write long letters, and that, you see, is the present turn of my temper, for I have been gazing at dried butterflies, hornets, and beetles, 'till I remembered I was a letter in

\* Henrietta countess of Orrery, daughter to the earl of Orkney, died in 1732. See her character (and epitaph) in lord Orrery's "Pliny," vol. ii, p. 183.

your



your debt, and so took a resolution to pay you with interest.

Lord Boyle \* is very much your humble servant. He is employed all day long on my errands, which he executes without the least mistake. He puzzles me sometimes with his questions, and makes me blush with his observations. I endeavour to turn off the discourse as well as I can ; but if I do not take care, the boy will soon grow too wise for me, and find out that there are but few years difference in our age, and much fewer in our understandings. Hammy †, who is less sedate than his brother, contents himself with his

\* Charles, afterwards styled viscount Dungarvan. He was at this time about five years old. He married in 1753 the daughter of Henry Hoare, esq; and died in 1759, leaving only a daughter. His relict is married to lord Bruce.

† The hon. Hamilton Boyle, afterwards viscount Dungarvan, and on his father's death, earl of Corke, &c. He was at this time about four years old. He died, unmarried, in 1764.

tops and his marbles, without enquiring into the natural causes of things : by this means, the youngest bids fair to be the favourite, for I find I must give the other a rap \* over the head in my will, or the next age will quite forget me. Betty † is the errantest romp in Christendom. She talks as fast as any of her sex, and, like most fine ladies, in a dialect not easy to be understood. Sickness and indolence tremble at the sight of her, for she is the picture of health, and a “ veritable” Miss Hoyden.

The great king Nobby ‡ brought me home safe in the dark last night, and the

\* His lordship, it is probable, here spoke feelingly, with an allusion to the cruel and most undeserved “ rap” that he had received from his own father, in the bequest of his library, consisting of above 10,000 valuable books, and a very fine collection of mathematical instruments, to Christchurch, Oxford.

† Lady Elizabeth Boyle, now the relict of sir Thomas Worsley, bart.

‡ A favourite horse, whose life by great care was prolonged to the uncommon age of 34.  
invincible

invincible Hector \* is faithful and courageous still. Our aviary has received a great loss by the death of a favourite parrot, who died, as he lived, with silence and tranquillity; he has left a disconsolate widow, who, we feared, would not have survived him, but, to my great joy, has admitted the addresses of an Indian nightingale, who courts her every morning with a song. This is the state of men and beasts at Marston; whilst our neighbours have their misfortunes. Lord Weymouth has had a fall from his horse, by which his life was endangered: lady Weymouth has miscarried, occasioned by the fright she received at seeing her lord brought home bloody and lifeless.

Great, undoubtedly, are the preparations for the ensuing nuptials\*; but let

\* A favourite grey-hound, who lived to the age of 14. In an invitation of Dr. Swift, to Marston (dated April 3, 1737,) lord Orrery says, "Hector shall fawn upon you." Both these old servants have monumental inscriptions to their memory in the gardens at Marston.

† Of the prince of Orange and the princess royal.  
them

them bury, or let them marry, I am content, so that the fates permit me to be lord of Marston, and

Your humble servant,

ORRERY.

LETTER XCVI. \*

From EDWARD HARRISON, Esq;

SIR,

St. James's Place, Sept. 21, 1734-

**I** HAVE looked over all my poetical papers, but cannot find any of Mr. Hughes's writing. I believe, I gave a good many, soon after his death, to his brother, and some to your lady. I should readily contribute any thing in my power; a complete edition of the works of a gentleman, for whom I had so great a value, being what I have long desired. . . . .

\* This and the twenty-six following letters are addressed to Mr. Dancombe.

. . . . . I

.... I could wish the alterations he was forced to submit to make in the "Siege of Damascus," were printed, which would make some of the scenes more reasonably passionate, and by consequence more engaging \*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

E. HARRISON.

I do not doubt but you know that Mr. Hughes's life, as published by Jacob †, was written by himself.

\* They are now printed in the "appendix" to this work.

† In the "lives of the poets."

LETTER

## LETTER XCVII.

From Mr. POPE.

SIR,

Twickenham, Oct. 20, 1734.

**I** AM obliged for the favour of yours. I have looked for the letter Mr. Hughes sent me, but cannot find it. I had a great regard for his merit, modesty, and softness of manners. He writ to me a few days before his death, concerning his play of the "Siege of Damascus," which is the only letter I can meet with.

I thank you for the part you are pleased to take, both in regard to my health (which has, I thank God, been as good as usual,) and to my reputation, my poetical welfare, which I resign as much to Providence as the other. But truly I had not the least thought of stealing applause by suppressing my name to that "essay" \*: I wanted

\* The "essay on man." This work came out separately, the first book being published in 1732, and the last in 1734.

only

only to hear truth, and was more afraid of my partial friends than enemies. Besides, I really was humble and diffident enough, to distrust my own performance. All I can say of it is, that I know it to be an honest one.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

A. POPE.

# LETTER XCVIII.

From the Rev. Dr. WATTS \*.

SIR,

From lady Abney's at  
Newington, Nov. 1, 1734.

**Y**OUR present of a ticket, which entitles me to Mr. Hughes's "poems," was an agreeable surprise. My acquaintance and intimacy with that ingenious gentleman

\* See note on letter ii, vol. i.

was in the younger years of life chiefly; our later situations in the world divided us so far as to prevent frequent conversation, though not to destroy mutual esteem. . . . . Your lady, I believe, I have seen as a child in some of my ancient visits to Mr. John Hughes, when his brother, Jabez, was a little boy. While I write thus, methinks I recall youth, and revive some buried ideas. But eternity lies before me, and appears in a much nearer view. May I be found ready for the important summons !....

I have seen the French “ Athaliah ” \* long ago, and by your translation † now enjoy the English; but a man of my character must not too much indulge what relates to the modern stage, because of its vicious entertainments. It is my opinion that dramatic poesy might have been useful to many happy purposes, had it always been kept within the bounds prescribed by

\* By Racine.

† Printed for Watts, 1723. There have been three editions of it.

virtue



virtue and religion, as Racine has done. But, as you say from Horace concerning yourself, "*Quid verum atq; decens curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum,*" so I must say (at least since my last published miscellanies) *Nunc itaque et versus et cætera ludicra pono.*

Mr. Samuel Say \* (of whom you write) was an old intimate of Mr. John Hughes at the same time with me, being all fellow-students together in logic and philosophy. He is very lately fixed in London, a minister to that congregation which was lately under the care of the Rev. Dr. Calamy. With all due salutations,

I am, &c.

I. WATTS,

\* See note on letter iv, vol. i, p. 19.

L E T T E R X C I X.

From Mr. P O P E.

S I R,

Twit'nam, Nov. 5, [1734.]

**I** A M extremely willing to bear any testimony of my real regard for Mr. Hughes, and therefore what you mention of my letter to his brother \*, after his death †, will be a greater instance of the sincerity with which it was given: it is perfectly at your service. I thank you for the tenderness with which you deal in this matter toward me, and I esteem you for that which you shew to the memory of your kinsman. I doubt not but you will discharge it in a becoming manner, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

A. P O P E.

\* Desiring to insert it (with Mr. Pope's consent) in the memoirs of Mr. Hughes prefixed to his " poems,"

† See letter lxxxi, vol. i.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R C.

From Mr. BAYNE.

S I R,

Edinburgh, Nov. 21, 1734.

I HAD the pleasure to receive a letter from you, which I would have answered sooner; but this happens to be a time when I have a good deal of business upon my hands, in preparing for my winter work, and the instruction of the young gentlemen who study the law under my care.

My friendship for Mr. Hughes, and the respect I have for his memory, make it agreeable to me to hear of any thing particular relating to so near a relation of his as you are. You may imagine therefore the account you give me of your family was most acceptable. And, in return, I am to tell you, that I am very happy in mine. The *Sparkler*, I am afraid, is not  
now

now so proper a name for Mrs. Bayne as it was when I wrote that letter \* you mention: however, that part of the brilliant which she has lost, is lost only by communication, for she has brought me two girls, one of twenty and another of eighteen, who have caught it; and I have the satisfaction to think, it is the least part of their value that they are handsome. I have three boys, the eldest of seven years of age, who are all much handsomer than is needful for them, and the eldest promises something of a genius, which I am the apter to flatter myself with the hopes of, as his eldest sister has it; who, without being in the smallest degree prompted, has gone through more books than most men of twice her age usually do: and, which is best of all, she is not sensible of that superiority she has over most of her sex of like age with herself.

I am much pleased to find you are carrying on an edition of Mr. Hughes's

\* See letter xxv, vol. i.

poetical works, . . . . . and am, with a  
sincere affection, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

AL. BAYNE.

L E T T E R   C I.

From Mr. P O P E.

S I R,

Saturday, Nov. 23, 1734.

**M**Y absence from home prevented my receiving your two letters till this day. I would else have read your tragedy \* willingly; and I beg you not to take it amiss that I return your present of the tickets, since it is not in my power to be there next week, through indispensable obligations in the country at some distance. I think your

\* "Lucius Junius Brutus," then acting at Drury-lane house.

prologue \* a good one, and I think of  
players as I always thought of players,  
and of the son as I thought of the father.  
I sincerely wish you success, and am,

Sir, your most obedient

humble servant,

A. POPE.

## LETTER CII.

From the Rev. Dr. RUNDLE †.

SIR,

Edgumbe †, Dec. 9, 1734.

**I** AM most extremely obliged to you  
for the concern you have expressed for my

\* This prologue, (which was spoken by Mr.  
Milward with applause,) had been returned to  
the author, with great contempt, by Mr. Theophilus  
Cibber.

† At this time prebendary of Durham, archdeacon  
of Wilts, and chaplain to lord chancellor Talbot.

Dr.

secrets; and shall ever acknowledge the friendliness of the advice you have given me, though 'tis by no means proper for

Dr. Rundle being recommended to the king by the lord chancellor for the bishopric of Gloucester, (on the death of bishop Sydall,) his appointment was strenuously opposed by the bishop of London (Dr. Gibson) from a notion of the doctor's being a deist, founded on some unguarded expressions which had dropped from him some years before in a private conversation, at which Mr. Venn, (who was the informer) Dr. Stebbing, &c. were present. In consequence of this opposition, the lord chancellor was at length induced to withdraw his recommendation; Dr. Benson was promoted to the English bishopric, and Dr. Rundle to the bishopric of Derry in Ireland. On this occasion, Mr. Pulteney (afterwards earl of Bath) thus expresses himself in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated March 11, 1734-5: "What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the man from being an English bishop, and afterwards allowing him to be a good Christian enough for an Irish one? Sure, the opposition, or the acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. Rundle's character, (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad

VOL. II. I "may

for me to follow it. The lord chancellor \* hath been pleased to think his honour concerned more than mine, to desire me to be quiet and easy, and accordingly I have taken not one step in this affair from the beginning, and shall be satisfied with any

“man his enemies] represent him.” And Dr. Swift, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 3, 1735, says, “I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he “is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us; but “that is saying nothing, for he answers your character.” To which Mr. Pope replies, “I am “glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will “be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one “bishop, two things you will like: but what you “will like more particularly, he will be a friend “to human race where-ever he goes.—I never saw “a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. “Rundle.”

‡ In Cornwall, the seat of Richard Edgcumbe, esq; created lord Edgcumbe in 1742.

\* Charles lord Talbot, so created on receiving the great seal in 1733, the delight and honour of his country, both in his judicial and ministerial capacity. He died Feb. 14, 1736-7.

thing



thing that he thinks proper to do, without interposing any scheme of my own in the least. I desire not any preferment which must be owing to a disregard of him and his honour. If an intimate knowledge of me, and the highest friendship for me, during twenty years together, is not a sufficient testimony to my reputation, nor to be preferred to Mr. Venn's, I must be contented to suffer at present. Posterity will think his unexampled zeal for me the highest honour, though now it is disregarded. I have not lived with obscure men, but have enjoyed the favour of others, who are esteemed by all that love this nation and our constitution. The late speaker \* hath shewn the sincerity of his affection for me on this occasion. He first offered me his friendship on the account of a public dispute I had against Tindal and Collins at the Grecian coffee-house, in de-

\* Spencer Compton, created earl of Wilmington in 1730. He was speaker of the house of commons all the reign of George the first. At the time of his death, in 1743, he was first lord of the treasury.

fence of Christianity, and hath continued it ever since. I am an open talkative man; and not one of my acquaintance ever suspected my disbelief of the Christian religion from any expression that ever dropt from me, in the most unguarded hour of vehemence in dispute. I never omitted one opportunity of defending it in private, when the turn of conversation made it decent; or in public, when the disputes of the age made it necessary. I have spoken charges to the clergy, or preached on the most solemn occasions, against Collins, Woolston, Tindal, as multitudes will and have testified. But from a chance conversation Mr. Venn thinks otherwise. How apt he is to mistake, and report his imagination, let his usage of Dr. Hutchinson testify; and I accuse him of nothing more, But Dr. Stebbing was also offended with what I then said! Let his cruel shocking charge against Dr. Sykes witness, how easily he is provoked to work up the expressions of those he dislikes into most detestable meanings. But I forgive them both, and though they treat me thus, I would  
serve

serve them, if I could, to-morrow. Though they will not believe my professions of Christianity, I will always obey, and enjoy the consolation of its precepts and promises. They may injure my fortune, but shall not my temper. I do not doubt but the bishop of London thinks me a very bad man; and thinks in opposing me he doth God and the church good service; but it is not me, but the phantom represented to him under my name, that he so vehemently opposes. If he knew me, possibly I should have the favour of his esteem and recommendation. I only complain that he prefers a tittle-tattle hear-say character from men that have no intimacy with me, to the dean of Christ-church \*, whom he loves, to all my acquaintance, whom he hath examined, to the speaker, whom he cannot but esteem, and the lord chancellor, whom every man in England (unless those who are angry on this occasion) loves, and esteems, and rejoices in his in-

\* Dr. Coneybeare, afterwards bishop of Bristol.

tegrity. I desire no greater reputation in life than to be named the friend of the Talbot family, who loves and is beloved by them all; nor any nobler praise to be inscribed on my grave. If these testimonies on my behalf are insufficient, I am contented to be disregarded, and must submit to an usage, that is as unexampled as undeserved. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and shall be glad to have it in my power to assure you that

I am, your obliged and

obedient humble servant,

THO. RUNDLE.

LETTER

LETTER CHL.

From Mr. GALLIARD.

SIR,

Dec. 10, 1734.

**I** THANK you for the present of the works of Mr. Hughes, the long continued friendship of whom was always dear to me, and whose talents I valued. Concerning the paragraph you mention, I must set you right in some particulars. I did not compose the chorusses to both the duke of Buckingham's tragedies; for Signor Bononcini set to music those of "Marcus Brutus," written partly by the duke, and partly by Mr. Pope; and I set those to the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," entirely written by his grace\*.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. E. GALLIARD.

\* The author of "The British theatre" is therefore mistaken in saying, p. 179, that "the chorusses

LETTER CIV.

From Mr. SOUTHERNE.

From Mr. Killegrew's \*, at Shanville-hall,  
DEAR SIR, near Chelmsford, Jan. 2, 1734-5.

**Y**OU do me more honour than I deserve in the several parts of your letter. I

"ruffles of 'both' these plays were set to music by  
"that great composer, Signor Bononcini." These  
plays were to have been performed in the year 1729;  
but English voices being few, the Italians were ap-  
plied to, who demanded more for their nightly per-  
formance than the receipts of the house would  
amount to, at the usual raised prices; and, on that  
account, the design was dropped. Mr. (now bishop)  
Warburton observes, that "the two chorusses were  
"made at the request of the duke, to adorn a very  
"poor performance of his, and that they have the  
"usual effect of all ill-adjusted ornaments, they  
"make the meanness of the piece more conspicuous."

"Notes to the first chorus in vol. i. of  
"Pope's works, edit. Warburton."

\* See letter xcv, p. 34, note †.

am not worthy to be the fire of so good a poetical son; but it has often been that the son has exceeded the father in his own profession. Your epilogue \* is very good, and lady Sarah Cowper † did credit to her judgment in approving it, and an honour to her own character in praising the decency with which it is written ‡. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your most humble servant,

THO. SOUTHERNE.

\* To Lucius Junius Brutus.

† Daughter of lord chancellor Cowper, a lady distinguished for her sense and accomplishments. She died unmarried in 1758.

‡ “ *Si sic omnia.*”——

LETTER CV.

From Mrs. ROWE \*.

SIR,

Frome †, Jan. 11, 1734-5.

THE "elegy" ‡ you mention is at your service, and (with my lord Orrery's

\* This pious and ingenious lady, the daughter of Mr. Walter Singer, a dissenting minister at Ilchester, was at this time the relict of Mr. Thomas Rowe, on whose death (in 1715) she retired to Frome. She died of an apoplexy Feb. 20, 1736-7. Her "devout exercises" were published by Dr. Isaac Watts in 1737, and her "miscellaneous works in verse and prose" by Mr. Theophilus Rowe, her brother-in-law, in 1739.

Her image liv'd in every kindred breast.  
Thynne, Carteret, Blackmore, Orrery approv'd,  
And Prior prais'd, and noble Hertford lov'd;  
Seraphic Kenn and tuneful Watts were thine,  
And virtue's noblest champions fill'd the line.

Miss Aikin, of Warrington. See her  
"poems", lately published, p. 103.

† In Somersetshire.

‡ On the death of the hon. Mrs. Thynne, mother  
to



consent) the charming "poem" it occasioned. My lord Orrery's approbation would be my vanity and boast, if I could but persuade myself I deserved it. The poem of Mr. Rowe's "on liberty" was never finished \*; but any of the trifles that I have written, you may command whenever you please. I have a copy of Mrs. Madan's "elegy on Mr. Hughes," † and have read it a thousand times over with admiration and delight: never was a character painted with greater elegance and justice. I have often heard Mr. Rowe mention Mr. Hughes with esteem and distinction, and think myself happy that you have given me an opportunity to express the regard I have to the memory of a man of his merit. I promise myself an agree-

to the countess of Hertford. See that and lord Orrery's in Mrs. Rowe's "works," vol. i, pp. 164 and 166.

\* It was published in Mrs. Rowe's "works," vol. ii, p. 325.

† See it prefixed to Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. i, p. lxxv.

able entertainment from his "works," . .  
 . . . . . and am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER CVI.

From Mr. BAYNE.

SIR,

Newington near Edinburgh,  
 Jan. 14, 1734-5.

**I** HAVE with great pleasure received your letter of the 31st ult. as it brings me an account of the good reception your play \* has met with. . . . . The epilogue pleases me so much, and my eldest daughter, Anne, to whom, I imagine, you give the name I formerly gave to her mother †, that it has raised the curiosity of both of

\* "Lucius Junius Brutus."

† See letter xxv, vol. i.

us to see the play, which, we fancy, will be perfectly in our taste, from the general idea of it we conceive from the epilogue.

I have not yet answered Mr. Strahan's \* letter, but shall now give it you. All the copies of verses I had of Mr. Hughes's, which I brought down to Scotland with me, were taken from me by some one or other of my friends, which I the more easily yielded to, at that time, as I had them all by heart, so much they pleased me. I have been recollecting them in my memory, since I received Mr. Strahan's letter, and find that I can only make out three of them. One had for title "Lucinda's "tea-table †," consisting of six stanzas of four lines each. The other "On the ingenious Molinda, who excels in whatever she pleases ‡. And the third consisted of ten lines, beginning thus :

\* See letter xl, vol. i.

† See Mr. Hughes's "poems, vol. i, p. 96.

‡ See it (by another title) in Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. i, p. 110.

"While

“ While circling healths inspire your sprightly wit,  
 “ And on each glass some beauty’s name is writ, &c.\*

These, I remember, he liked himself, and they carry, in the two last lines, a pretty thought of the power of love in favour of the one who has got the first possession. . .

.....

A thought occurred to me, when I was reflecting upon Mr. Hughes’s pretty manner of writing prose. I have seen pieces of his (poetry indeed) but written in prose, which were charming. Now might it not be fit to give in your preface some idea of your author’s talents, in prose as well as verse, by inserting a short specimen of some piece of his, of that sort, which would shew him to advantage, and, at the same time, please and entertain the reader? There is one piece of this kind, which would answer my view exactly. It is a

\* See it in the “ appendix” to this work, it being omitted in the “ poems.”

picture

picture of distress in low life, which he sent to the *Spectator*, and stands recorded there under the name of *Amanda*\*, and is inferior to none of the kind, in my judgment. I remember, when that *Spectator* came out, as the paper was generally read at breakfast, it mixed tears with a great deal of the tea which was that morning drunk in London and Westminster.

I am, with most sincere friendship, and good wishes, dear Sir,

Your most humble servant,

AL. BAYNE.

\* See the "*Spectator*," vol. v, numb. 373.

LETTER CVII.

From ROBERT KNIGHT, Esq; \*

SIR,

Paris,  $\frac{1}{12}$  March, 1734-5.

**I** HAVE received your letter, and upon reading it over this morning, I find it of so long a date as September last: this gives me pain, lest you should think, as you justly may, that I have been very much wanting in respect to you; but that is what I am not capable of, nor can any one be more sensible of your merit than I am.

The truth is, I put your letter in my coat-pocket (without opening) which I left off for the winter, and upon putting it on

\* Cashier of the South Sea company, in 1720, and father to the late earl of Catherlough. Mr. Knight received a pardon, and returned to England in 1742, though Swift, in a letter to Pope, dated Nov. 28, 1729, says, "It is certain he can never expect any favour." He died in 1744.

this

this moment, I found it there. The post will set out in an hour, so I have only time to thank you for it. . . . . I am very glad, and truly rejoice, that a sister of my late dear friend Mr. Hughes is so happily married. I loved him very much, and his death grieved me the more, because it happened near a time that I could and would have given him proofs of it\*. . . . .

M. Fontenelle † and M. l'Abbé Bignon are both very well, and favour me with their company now and then at dinner. You say, that "you hope the former "passes through the last stage of life with "a gradual and painless decay;" and I can tell you, that he passes it so very cheerfully amongst his friends, and is so enter-

\* Viz. at the beginning of the South-sea year.

† Secretary to the French academy. This celebrated author died in 1756, when he was above an hundred years of age. Voltaire declares him to have been the most universal genius that the age of Lewis XIV produced, and compares him to lands situated in so happy a climate as to produce all sorts of fruit.

taining, that one would think he did not yet feel any decay at all.

I will visit him in a day or two, and let him know how kindly you ask after him. Mrs. Knight \* claims him as her gallant, and I know some others who contend for him too, so you may imagine he is not old. Very few are so at Paris ; they pass from youth to the grave very merrily.

I will ask him about M. Boileau's " history of Lewis XIV." The last I heard of it was, that it would be published soon, but I hear nothing yet of its being so †.

\* Sister to sir Thomas Robinson, bart. after Mr. Knight's death married to James Cresset, esq; (secretary to the late princess dowager of Wales) and since dead.

† M. Boileau was fixed upon by the king to write his history, in conjunction with M. Racine, in October 1677. This work, however, if written, has not been published. M. de Valincourt wrote thus to the Abbé Olivet on this subject: " Mess. Despreaux and Racine having for some time endeavoured to write that history, they soon found that  
" such



I scribble in great haste, but am, with  
great respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and

most humble servant,

R. KNIGHT.

“ such a work did not at all suit their genius, and,  
“ besides, they justly thought that the history of such  
“ a prince as the late king was, filled with so great  
“ and extraordinary circumstances, could not well  
“ be written till an hundred years after his death,  
“ except one would compose it only from insipid  
“ extracts of the public news-papers, as some pitiful  
“ writers have done, who ventured to write that  
“ history.”

Hist. de l'academie Française par d'Olivet,  
p. 371. Paris edit.

L E T T E R CVIII.

From Mrs. PORTER.

S I R,                      Highwood-hill \*, March 27, 1735.

**S**INCE the receipt of yours, I have been in daily expectation of a summons from Mr. Fleetwood, at which time, ere I returned, I purposed to have waited on you with my thanks for the favour of your tragedy, having had the pleasure of seeing it the last time it was acted; and though I have no pretension to the compliment you make me, must own, I was very much entertained, and glad to see, once more, a good tragedy upon the stage, and so polite an audience; only sorry it did not appear at a time when the town in general had a better relish for virtue and good sense.

You do me a great deal of justice, in believing that I shall be extremely pleased

\* Near Hendon, Middlesex.

with

with every, and even the least, production of Mr. Hughes's \*, and am glad his remains are fallen into the hands of so capable and worthy an editor; who, I am persuaded, will perform that sacred trust with such purity and zeal as will express the gentleman and the friend.

I am, with much respect, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

M. PORTER †.

\* Mrs. Porter acted the part of Endocia in the "Siege of Damascus," at its first representation in 1719.

† This excellent actress had been lost to the stage ever since the year 1730, by the misfortune of a dislocated limb from the overturning of a chaise.

LETTER

## LETTER CIX.

From Mrs. ROWE.

SIR,

Frome, April 8, [1735.]

THE tragedy you were so obliging to send me, has given me a very just and sincere entertainment. The sentiments are truly noble, and expressed with a becoming grandeur and elegance. The character of Lucia is perfectly amiable, and nothing can be more moving than the last scene between Titus and his father. Their parting touches every generous sentiment in the human soul:

Open your arms to your relenting son,  
 Give him the comfort of one kind embrace,  
 Before he is remov'd for ever from you!  
 O say, at least, that Brutus does not hate him.

Without any forced ornament, nature speaks here with all its prevailing energy. . . .

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

LETTER

L E T T E R C X.

From Mr. P O P E.

S I R,

[Twickenham, May 6, 1735.]

**M**ANY thanks for your kind present, in which I find several pleasing and very correct pieces of his [Mr. Hughes's] which were new to me. I beg you to accept of the new volume of my things just printed, which will be delivered you by Mr. Doddsley \*, the author of the *Toyshop*, who has just set up [as] a bookseller, and I doubt not, as he has more sense, so will have more honesty, than most of that profession.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

A. POPE.

\* Mr. Doddsley, much to his honour, was the artificer of his own fortune, having been servant to the hon. Mrs. Lowther, &c. While he was in service, he published some poems, entitled, "The muse in a livery." He died at his friend Mr. Spence's at Durham in Sept. 1764, and was buried in that cathedral.

\* LETTER

\* L E T T E R CXI.

From the Rév. Dean HERRING \*.

DEAR SIR,      Blechingley †, May 12, 1735.

**I** HAVE received and thank you for the books ‡. I have dipped into them, and am satisfied, from a small specimen, that the world is obliged to you, and will thank you for your pains in collecting them. I have made the less progress for being most agreeably detained in the three fine poems to the honour of the house of Nassau. The “Court of Neptune” § is one of the most beautiful sea-pieces that I ever beheld; and I am satisfied, if a judicious pencil were to

\* See letter lxxxv, vol. i, note.

† Dr. Herring was presented to this living by Sir William Clayton, baronet, in 1731, as he was, a few months after, to the deanry of Rochester, by the king.

‡ Mr. Hughes’s “poems.”

§ See letter v, vol. i, p. 22.

strike

strike off the ideas of the poet on canvas, the picture would be invaluable. The "guardian-shield" is wonderfully poetical and instructive. Never surely were the actions of any hero more agreeably related than those of king William in that fine description (exactly consonant to history) which we find in the ode entitled "the House of Nassau" \*. In a word, I am extremely delighted, and read Mr. Hughes's poems in a sort of transport.

I would fain think as well of Mr. Pope's probity as I do of his ingenuity: but his compliments to Bolingbroke upon topics of behaviour in which he is notoriously infamous, so shock me, that they quite disconcert my good opinion of him. I have bought his works, however, in the pompous edition, and read them with peculiar pleasure. The brightness of his wit, his

\* A pindaric ode (first printed in 1702) occasioned by the death of king William. In the last stanzas of it, Mr. Hughes proved a true prophet of the glories that attended the reign of queen Anne.

elegant turns, his raised sentiments in many places, and the musical cadence of his poetry, charm me prodigiously.

I am, Sir,

Your very obliged friend and servant,

THO. HERRING.

L E T T E R CXII.

From Dr. WATTS.

S I R,

Newington, May 23, 1735.

**Y**OUR letter, and the present of Mr. Hughes's "works," were joyfully received by me the next day after I saw you. . . . . Methinks I see the very man, my old acquaintance, there, with his temper and softness, his wit and sprightly genius, spreading almost over every page. 'Twas well Telemachus took Mentor with him, when he ventured into Calypso's island, painted  
by



by such a pencil, while the goddesses was dressed by such a poet, and she and her nymph Eucharis had airs and sonnets given them by such a master in music. But my sorrow freshens and renews upon my heart, that such a genius did not live to write more moral and divine odes in advanced years, to be a counterpoise to all the charms of pleasure and youth and beauty which his younger poesy indulged. Yet, it must be confessed, I can find nothing that is an offence to virtue and piety, so far as I have perused, which amounts to more than half. The Christian scheme has glories and beauties in it, which have superior power to touch the soul, beyond all the gods and heroes of the heathen heaven or elysium. I should have been much pleased to see so fine a pen employing its art on such themes. Mr. Pope's *Messiah* always charms me. I speak not now of Mr. Hughes's odes *on the Creator of the world*, the *Ecstasy*, &c. because I have read them long ago: these have so much dignity in them, that I wished for more of the same kind. Pray tell me, Sir, when I

shall be so happy as to see you next, whether Sir R. Blackmore's preface to his "Alfred" does not convince you that a Christian poet has happier advantages than a pagan? His "prefaces" are certainly better in their kind than his "poems," as several gentlemen of good taste have acknowledged. And why should not some great genius seize those advantages, and leave old Homer no longer right to the supreme laurel?

But I forget myself and my years; though when I am upon such a subject,  
*rejuvenescit calamus renuentibus annis.*

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

I. WATTS.

LETTER

LETTER CXIII.

From Mrs. ROWE.

SIR,

[Frome, July 2, 1735.]

I HAVE received and read Mr. Hughes's "poems" with great satisfaction, and own myself obliged to you for the entertainment those elegant poems gave me.

I beg you to accept this picture of Mr. Hughes, which I copied as near as I could from the print \*. Drawing is my favourite amusement †, and if you find any resemblance in this to the original, it will flatter the vanity of, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ELIZ. ROWE.

\* See letter lxxvi, vol. i, note.

† "Mrs. Rowe loved the pencil when she had  
"hardly strength and steadiness of hand sufficient to  
"guide it, and in her infancy (one may almost ven-  
"ture

LETTER CXIV.

From Mr. BAYNE.

SIR,

[Edinburgh, March, 1735-6.]

**I**T is some months since I ought to have written to you, in acknowledgment of the favour of your sending my deceased friend's "works," and your own "play," which came to my hands in due time. .... I ought to be ashamed for having so long delayed thanking you for two things, which have given me so much pleasure and relief, at a time when I had not health enough to acknowledge even the favours of my friends, and but just activity and spirit

"ture to say so) would squeeze out the juices of  
 "herbs to serve her instead of colours. Mr. Singer,  
 "perceiving her fondness for this art, was at the  
 "expence of a master to instruct her in it; and it  
 "never ceased to be her amusement at times, (and a  
 "very innocent one it was,) till her death."

"Life of Mrs. Rowe, prefixed to her

"works, p. v."

enough

enough to sit down in an easy chair, and relish a few of the beauties of their writings for an hour, and then sink into a profound sleep. If you'll look at Horace's 8th epistle, 1st book, you may justly imagine my case to have been much the same. I have said as much as to let you understand that I have been suffering, ever since I received your last obliging letter, under the dispiriting symptoms of a nervous illness commonly called vapours, or lowness of spirits. This illness I had first brought upon myself by a life too sedentary, and too hard study. In the year 1721, a profession of the municipal law of Scotland, or what you would call its common law, was erected here; and upon the recommendation of our fifteen judges, the patrons of the university of Edinburgh did me the honour to put me in the chair. So high a recommendation occasioned my making it too much a point of honour to fill this chair with some reputation, especially being the first of my profession in this university. I was in great health and vigour, while I was employed in composing  
my

my system of lectures, I studied at the rate of fourteen hours a day for eight months successively, and in the first years of my profession wrote with my own hand above sixteen hundred sheets. I soon felt the bad effects of such intense application of the mind, which, however, I thought were more owing to a circumstance in my way and manner of sitting and writing at a low table, by which the bowels were long in a state of being compressed and put out of their natural situation, than to the constant application of thought; for I found very soon the seat of my distemper to be in the lower region. By great attention to my diet, which I kept very low, never tasting any liquor, but the pure element, for five years, I recovered my former state of health, and preserved it till this last summer, when the same illness made a fierce attack upon me again, and has kept me in a very sad state of inactivity and disrelish of all my ordinary amusements, till the beginning of last month, and now I find myself in a way of recovery. By this time you will have excused my silence, which has been owing  
to

to a cause independent of me, and insuperable.

In answer to a part of your letter concerning Mr. Thomson's "seasons," if he has gathered any helps from any of our ancient poets, it must have been from some of the prologues of Gawin Douglas's "translation of the *Æneid*," which has been much admired. He was one of our bishops before the reformation, and famous for his learning and knowledge of the classics in particular \*. But I don't find Mr.

\* This prelate was a younger son of Archibald the sixth earl of Angus, and was consecrated bishop of Dunkeld in 1515, after much opposition from the duke of Albany, then regent. Being afterwards obliged by the persecutions of his enemies to retire to London, he died there of the plague in April 1522. His chief works are a "translation [above-mentioned] of Virgil's *Æneis*," the "Palice of honour, a poem," "Aureæ narrationes, comœdiæ aliquot sacræ," and "De rebus Scotticis liber." His "Descriptions of May and of Winter," the first of which is the prologue prefixed to the xiith book of his "*Æneis*," have been very well modernised by Mr. Fawkes, who observes, in his preface, that

Thomson has borrowed so much from that author as to give him the name, in any degree, of being a plagiarist.

I am, with hearty wishes for your health and prosperity,

Your obliged and most humble servant,

AL. BAYNE.\*

“Chaucer and Douglas may be looked upon as the  
“two bright stars that illumined England and Scot-  
“land, after a dark interval of dulness, a long night  
“of ignorance and superstition, and foretold the re-  
“turn of day, and the revival of learning.”

\* A few months after writing this letter, Mr. Bayne died, in his way from Edinburgh to Bath, a martyr to his studies; and a melancholy addition to the cases enumerated by Dr. Tissot, in his “Essay on the diseases incidental to literary and sedentary persons,” who, in particular, advises the student not to sit, but to meditate and read either standing or walking; “sitting, (he says,) with the body stooping, and the legs bent, is the most pernicious of all postures, as it greatly hurts the lower extremities, and by obstructing the ‘viscera’ of the abdomen, produces all the disorders that arise from indigestion.”

LETTER



LETTER CXV.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR, Pimperm, May 23, 1736.

..... I THANK you for the epilogue, which I like in all respects, but chiefly for the honest and moral sentiments in it. I am never better pleased with myself, than when I find I am pleased with any thing that is affecting and good-natured. I agree to several of your criticisms, but probably shall never have occasion to make use of them, because I believe another edition \* will never be called for. Indeed I have heard nothing from the booksellers about the thing, good or bad. I am glad, however, that the version pleased Messieurs Spence †, Browne ‡, Duncombe, Glover §,

\* A translation of the four first books of the Æneid.

† See letter xc, p. 12.

‡ Isaac Hawkins Browne, esq;

§ Author of Leonidas, &c.

Benson \*, and some more of the best judges in town. But I should be mortified, should

\* One of the auditors of the imprest, and surveyor of the buildings to king George I, the great Sir Christopher Wren being displaced, at near ninety years of age, to make room for him. His majesty, it is said, was so fond of his company over a pipe, that for some hours he was prime-minister. This gentleman, who in a pamphlet of his writing, has treated Dryden's "translation of Virgil" with great contempt, was yet charmed with that of Mr. Pitt, and found in it some beauties of which he was fond, to a degree of enthusiasm. For his being equally enamoured of Johnston, the translator of the Psalms, and of Milton, Pope has placed him in the Dunciad :

" On two 'unequal' crutches propp'd he came,

" Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name."

Book iv, ver. 111. See also book iii, ver. 325.

To the honour of his humanity (an honour much superior to that of taste and learning) let it at the same time be remembered, that a work being published in 1736, entitled "The cure of Deism," with which Mr. auditor Benson was highly pleased, hearing that the author, Mr. Elisha Smith, had the misfortune to be confined in the Fleet-prison for a debt of two hundred pounds, he not only sent him a very handsome letter, but discharged the whole debt, fees, &c. and set Mr. Smith at liberty.

the

the booksellers complain, as I am afraid they will. As I never wrote with a view to lucre for myself, so would I much less care to do it to the prejudice of others. If I may be allowed to judge in my own case, I think this last to be the best of my poetical performances; and, I believe, you will agree with me, that the three last books have fewer grammatical inaccuracies than the first book. I cannot tell what to say to your compliment, that "this version will be admired as long as the English language lasts;" but I am highly obliged to you, for your partiality to me, ever since the "translation of Vida."\* I

\* "The merits of Vida," says a judicious critic, "seem not to have been particularly attended to in England, till Pope bestowed this commendation upon him in his Essay on Criticism, 'Immortal Vida,' &c. "The Poetics are perhaps the most perfect of his compositions: they are excellently translated by Pitt. This poem has the praise of being one of the first, if not the very first, pieces of criticism, that appeared in Italy since the revival of learning; for it was finished in the year 1520."

Essay on the writings and genius of Pope,

p. 192.-4.

believe

believe it was you who gave a public testimony to the merit of that performance, (if it has any) in the "Whitehall evening-post," when it made its first appearance in the world, which, I suppose, did not a little contribute to its reputation and sale; for six or seven hundred were soon disposed of. I am anxious at present on both these accounts; first, in regard to myself; secondly, in regard to the booksellers. If it fails on their part, I shall think there is some accursed thing in the performance itself, that hinders its success. I wish you would privately enquire, and send me a sincere account how it sells, and how it is approved of. If it is only---*Laudatur, et alget*,---it is pretty much the same thing, as to reputation, as if it was d-----'d. ....

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

LETTER

LETTER CXVI.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR, Pimperm, Jan. 4, 1736-7.

..... I HAD some thoughts of attempting that "epistle to Augustus," in the modern way. But if Mr. Pope has done it, no doubt, it is done in perfection. I have done in that way lately four or five of the epistles, and one of the satires, which are much approved of by those who have read them; which I may shew you on another occasion.---But, as I say in one of the epistles,

What I write,  
In these loose sheets, must never see the light;  
Epistles, odes, and twenty trifles more;  
Things, that are born, and die, in half an hour.

That invitation was written to Mr. Rolle, fellow of New-college, a friend of Spence and mine. Dr. Cobden begged it of me, to give a friend, so it was printed.

I am afraid I can scarce remember all  
my brother's verses, but these are at yours  
and Mr. Highmore's service.

To my brother, CHRISTOPHER PITT.

An EPISTLE.

On his having a fit of the gout.

AMONG the well-bred natives of our isle,  
"I kiss your hand, sir," is the modish style;  
In humble manner, as my fate is low,  
I beg to kiss your venerable toe:  
Not old infallibility's can have  
Profounder reverence from its meanest slave.

What dignity attends the solemn gout,  
What conscious greatness, if the heart be stout!  
Methinks I see you o'er the house preside,  
In painful majesty and decent pride,  
With leg toss'd high, on stately sofa sit,  
More like a sultan, than a modern wit;  
Quick at your call the trembling slaves appear,  
Advance with caution, and retire with fear;  
Ev'n Peggy trembles, though, (or authors fail)  
At times, the anti-fallic laws prevail

Now

Now **LORD** have mercy on poor Dick, say I ;  
 " Where's the lac'd shoe ?—Who laid the flannel by ?"  
 Within, 'tis hurry, the house seems possest ;  
 Without, the horses wonder at their rest.  
 What terrible dismay, what scenes of care !  
 Why is the footy Mintrem's hopeful heir \*  
 Before the morning-dawn compell'd to rise,  
 And give attendance with his half-shut eyes ?  
 What makes that girl with hideous visage stare ?  
 What fiends prevent Ead's † journey to the fair ‡ ?  
 Why all this noise, this bustle, and this rout ?  
 " Oh ! nothing—but poor master has the gout."

Mean time, superior to the pains below,  
 Your thoughts in soaring meditations flow,  
 In rapt'rous trance on Virgil's genius dwell,  
 To us, poor mortals, his strong beauties tell,  
 And, like Æneas, from your couch of state,  
 In all the pomp of words display the Trojan fate.

Can nothing your aspiring thoughts restrain,  
 Or does the muse suspend the sense of pain ?  
 Awhile give o'er your rage ; in sickness prove  
 Like other mortals, if you'd pity move ;

\* Mr. Pitt's servant, the son of a blacksmith.

† Another servant of Mr. Pitt.

‡ Blandford fair, two miles from Pimpern.

Think not, your friends compassionate can be,  
When such the products of disease they see;  
Your sharpest pangs but add to our delight:  
We'll wish you still the gout, if still you write.

I am, Sir,

Your friend and servant,

CHR. PITT.

# LETTER CXVII.

From Mr. Pitt.

DEAR SIR,

Pimperm, June 1, 1737.

THE papers \* came safe to hand. I am glad you and yours like them so much, and am apt to think they are (some of them at least) pretty well done. Perhaps I may attempt some more of them at my first leisure, but they must be those that Mr. Pope has not touched upon; for I

\* Imitations of Horace.

should



should think it sacrilege to touch upon any, where he has gone before. ....

Since I received yours, I have read "Leonidas" \* for the first time, and believe it to be a very good thing, upon the whole ; for I do not pretend to read it with a critical eye : good poetry is as much above, as bad poetry is beneath, criticism. His similes are generally drawn from the grandest objects in human nature ; which, you know, is pretty much after Milton's manner. ....

Will you let me know, by your next, if Mr. Spence's essay † (the second edition)

\* By Mr. Glover. It had been written some years, and yet the author was, at the time of its publication, only 24. The town was so divided in opinion about this poem at its first appearance, that some preferred it to Homer and Milton, while others placed it on a level with Quarles. To one who said "it was better than Virgil," a gentleman replied extempore,

"Better than Virgil?" So, perhaps,  
It may—but then it must be Trapp's.

† On Mr. Pope's translation of the "Odyssey."

is yet published; because he wrote me word, before he went to Italy \*, that he had given my verses on that book into the printer's hand? That last line on Dr. Keill is even yet perspicuous to me :

“ He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept—”

[Because there were no more worlds to conquer—]

“ Return'd” [from his expedition, not from the grave]—“ and died.”

I am, Sir, affectionately yours,

CHR. PITT.

\* Mr. Spence was then travelling with Charles earl of Middlesex, (afterwards duke of Dorset) a pupil worthy of such a tutor, as he inherited the genius, together with the titles, of his family. Witness his “ Arno's Vale,” written at Florence, on the extinction of the house of Medici, (an elegiac pastoral worthy of the Augustan age,) his verses to Mr. Pope, &c.

LETTER

LETTER CXVIII.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR,

Pimperm, Aug. 21, 1737.

**M**R. Jabez Hughes's \* " poems" I received, and like several of them very well; as also the young gentleman's verses †.

. . . . .

I wrote the under invitation the other day to Mr. Dodington ‡:

\* See vol. i, letter xlv, note.

† A translation of the epigram on the oak, [see letter xc, p. 14.] by Mr. Theophilus Wheler, (eldest son of the late rev. Granville Wheler, of Otterden-place, in Kent.) This young gentleman died immaturity of the small-pox, at Christ's-college, Cambridge, in the 19th year of his age, as did the author of the epigram, at the same age, and of the same distemper, at Merton-college, Oxford, in 1730.

‡ Created lord Melcombe in 1761. He died in 1762.

IF

IF Dodington will condescend  
 To visit a poetic friend,  
 And leave a numerous bill of fare,  
 For four or five plain dishes here;  
 No costly welcome, but a kind,  
 He and his friends will always find;  
 A plain, but clean, and spacious room,  
 The master, and his heart, at home,  
 A cellar open, as his face,  
 A dinner shorter than his grace:  
 Your mutton comes from Pimper-down,  
 Your fish (if any) from the town;  
 Our rogues indeed, of late, o'eraw'd  
 By human laws, not those of God,  
 No venison steal, or none they bring,  
 Or send it all to master King\*:  
 And yet, perhaps, some vent'rous spark  
 May bring it, now the nights are dark,  
 Punch I have store, and beer beside,  
 And port, that's sound, though frenchify'd.  
 Then, if *you* come, I'm sure to get,  
 From Eastb'ry†, a desert—of wit.

One line, good sir, to name the day,  
 And your petitioner will pray, &c.

\* The Blandford carrier.

† Mr. Dodington's seat in Dorsetshire.

. . . . In

..... In the merry months of May and June I translated two *Æneids*\*; and since that have been on the ramble. These three or four days last past I have sat to it again in the mornings, which is the only season I appoint for these religious exercises, or indeed that I can command; for I have so many engagements, that I am obliged to sacrifice the other part of my time to another kind of genius than the poetical; to which last, by the bye, I think I have no pretensions.

CHR. PITT.

\* L E T T E R CXIX.

From the Rev. Dean HERRING.

DEAR SIR,

Blechingley, Sept. 2. 1737.

**Y**OU are extremely kind in your congratulations on the king's favour to me †.

\* The 7th and 8th books.

† Dr. Herring was just nominated to the bishoprick of Bangor.

It

It is generally looked upon as a point of happiness, and is, to be sure, an honour : yet, to say the plain truth, I am in no sort of raptures about it ; nay indeed, am not without my apprehensions, that I am making work for repentance, and that my friends may hear me repeating ere long, *Vita me redde priori* ! I have thought much of the affair, and can form to myself no new felicities it can bring me, unless it be the opportunities it may possibly be attended with of living more among such friends as you are, and, some time or other, doing them some good. If that ever be the case, I shall then think some amends is made me for the incumbrance of title and distinction, for quitting the sweet calms of retirement, and venturing abroad into a troubled ocean.

I thank you for your quotation from Erasmus. It is most excellent heresy, and would really be deemed so in some protestant times and countries. The bishop you mention \*, Pope's correspondent, would

\* Atterbury.

have

have spurned at it in public, and perhaps, in his closet, fed upon the pleasure it would give him. For if he was not worse used than any honest man in the world ever was, there were strong contradictions between his public and private character.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

THO. HERRING.

L E T T E R CXX.

From Mr. P I T T.

DEAR SIR,

Pimpen, May 20, 1738.

**I** THANK you for the clear account of the new things. Comus \* I have read, and

\* As altered for the stage by the late Dr. Dalton, by dividing it into scenes and acts, and introducing some airs and chorusses admirably composed by Dr. Arne. It has lately been curtailed, and revived at Covent Garden house.

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P

like

like it much. Warburton \* is just put into my hands, and, you may needs think, my curiosity was raised, at seeing a new light thrown on the sixth *Æneid* †. How far it will hold, I am no judge; but the parallel, at least, is plausible and ingenious. ---I remember, the name of Ceres occurs but once in that book, among the ghosts of departed warriors.---

*Cererique sacrum Polybaten ‡.*

\* "The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated."

† See "The Divine Legation," book ii, sect. 4. The descent of Virgil's hero into the infernal regions, I presume, was no other than a figurative description of an "initiation" [into the "mysteries,"] and particularly a very exact picture of the "spectacles" in the "Eleusinian mysteries;" where every thing was done in shew and machinery; and where a representation of the history of Ceres afforded an opportunity of bringing in the scenes of heaven, hell, elysium, purgatory, and whatever related to the future state of men and heroes.

"Divine legation, p. 270, fifth edition."

‡ Purgatory, the first division [of the infernal regions] is inhabited by suicides, extravagant lovers, and



..... I take the Templars to be the managers of the house; whatever Cibber or Rich pretend to the contrary.---I wrote two or three trifles lately. . . . . Dr. Conney, of Wells, wrote an ill-natured paper of verses against my friend Hare's Horace; and at the end falls on Stephen Duck; thus answered :

and ambitious warriors: and, in a word, by all those who had indulged the violence of their passions, which made them rather wretched than wicked: It is remarkable that amongst these we find one of the "initiated!"

*Cerique sacrum Polybæten.*

This was agreeable to the public doctrine of the "mysteries," which taught that initiation with virtue procured men great advantages over others in a future state; but that, without virtue, it was of no avail.

Ibid. p. 316.

The COUNTER-HUNT;

O R,

A REPLY to Dr, CONEY'S VERSES against  
Messrs, HARE and DUCK.

SURE 'tis enough to make one stare,  
To see a *Coney* hunt a *Hare*;  
And when in that he fails of luck,  
To leave the *Hare*, and hunt the *Duck*.  
Doctor, you yet may lose the day,  
At once the chaser and the prey;  
The *Hare* and *Duck* may turn upon ye,  
And, at long run, hunt down the *Coney*.

These last books of the *Æneid* are terribly long, as long again as most of the books of the *Iliad* or *Odyssæy*. But what said Cæsar?

*Nil æstum esse puta, si quid superesset agendum.*

In short, after a long fit of laziness, with some illness, for these last six or seven weeks, I have sat to it for a large part of a good number of mornings; and then I  
get

get on horseback, or in my chaise, and in both senses leave the world behind me ;

----- *Campoque potitus aperto,  
Flestit equum, curruque volans dat lora secundo.*

Yours affectionately,

CHR. PITT.

P. S.

*In tenui lusus.*

Written in the folds of a PIN-PAPER,

OF old a hundred Cyclops strove  
To forge the thunder-bolt for Jove ;  
I too employ a hundred hands,  
And travel through as many lands.  
A head I have, though very small,  
But then I have no brains at all.  
The miser locks me up with care,  
Close as his money, all the year.  
When John and Joan are both at strife,  
'Tis I find money for the wife.  
At court I make the ladies shine,  
I grace ev'n gracious Caroline :

And

And though I often take my way  
Through town and country, land and sea,  
I'm neither fish, nor flesh, nor herring,  
And now I live with goody Verring \*.

# LETTER CXXI.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR,

Pimperm, June 3, 1738.

**I** WAITED a post, before I would answer your letter, for I was willing to send you a piece of news, that Æneas will certainly carry the lady, and that Turnus is laid fairly on his back. I have rode, for two months past, on a violent stretch to reach the goal; which I did yesterday morning †. I propose a good deal of pleasure in correcting this long work; and hope, that, in time, my friends will not be ashamed of it, though I know, that, in many

\* A seller of pins at Blandford.

† The whole of this translation was first published (in two volumes quarto) in 1740.

respects,

respects, Mr. Dryden's version \* must have the advantage; and yet I saw lately my name and version very candidly used by the Journalists in their disputes, when they made very free with my betters. Bishop Secker told me, three years ago, about Mr. Martin's Georgic †. I have read some of Balguy's tracts, and he is a favourite author with me. Mr. Hare published a very good "version of Horace's odes and "epodes," by a crown subscription. He is school-master of Blandford, just by. I believe, in all my version, there are not above seven or eight borrowed lines. I could not help taking two together from Mr. Dryden in this paragraph; they are so very sweet :---

" Ah, all my life," replies the youth, " shall aim,  
 " Like this one hour, at everlasting fame.  
 " Though fortune only our attempt can bless,  
 " Yet still my courage shall deserve success.  
 " But one reward I ask, before I go,  
 " The greatest I can ask, or you bestow :

\* In another letter Mr. Pitt styles Mr. Dryden's  
 " a glorious translation."

† A prose translation, with notes, first published  
 in 1741.

" Of

" *Of Priam's royal race my mother came,*  
 " *And sure the best, that ever bore the name.*  
 " Such was her love, she left her native Troy,  
 " And fair Trinacria, for her darling boy ;  
 " And such is mine, that I must keep unknown  
 " From her, the danger of so near a son.  
 " To spare her anguish, lo ! I quit the place  
 " Without one parting kiss, one last embrace !  
 " By night, and that respected hand, I swear,  
 " Her tender tears are more than I can bear !  
 " For her, good prince, your pity I implore,  
 " Support her, childless, and relieve her, poor :  
 " Oh ! let her, let her find (when I am gone,)  
 " In you a friend, a guardian, and a son !  
 " With that dear hope, embolden'd shall I go,  
 " Brave every danger, and defy the foe."

*Æn. ix, ver. 377, &c.*

You have often mentioned this episode, which makes me send you a single paragraph, which is not the worst, you may be sure \*.

I can only add, that I have not seen Ho-  
 race, since I saw you, and that  
 I am affectionately yours,

CHR. PITT.

\* The translator had certainly reason to be proud  
 of these lines, it being scarce possible to find them  
 excelled

## LETTER CXXII.

From Mr. PITT.

DEAR SIR,

Pimperm, June 24, 1738.

I THANK you for your accurate observations on Dryden's Eclogues; and should be glad to see more. Not that I have the least thought, myself, of turningg them \*. Mr. Dryden never saw lord Lau-

exelled in any version. Dryden's of the same passage, "sweet" as are the two above-mentioned, are much inferior to them. Instead of that couplet, we find, in the printed edition, the following, viz.

"My mother, tender, pious, fond and good,  
"Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood."

Which deserves the preference, let the reader judge.

\* The Eclogues and Georgics have since been very accurately translated by another Weykhamite; the present master of Winchester-school, and are now prefixed to Mr. Pitt's Æneid. Dr. Warton has added some very judicious notes, and several new observations, by other hands, have also been annexed.

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derdale's

derdale's translation of them, or the Georgics. He only saw the *Æneid*, and borrowed some lines here and there \*. I believe Mr. Dryden is right in that passage,

----- *Sorti pater æquus utrique est* †,

notwithstanding

*Cuperem, ipse parens spectator adesset* ‡,

\* See Dryden's dedication of his *Virgil* to the marquis of Normanby, p. 295.

The earl of Lauderdale, in the reign of Charles II, fled into France, having lost his places for corresponding with the earl of Argyle, who was attainted. He there translated the *Æneid*, and sent his translation over to Dryden.

† "Jove is impartial, and to both the same."

*Æn.* x, 450.

Ruens refers both "pater" and "parens" to Evander, the father of Pallas. And so does Dr. Warton, in his notes, where he translates it, "My father stands prepar'd"; though Mr. Pitt (like Dryden) has translated "pater" by "almighty Jove," and "parens" by "his fire."

‡ Oh ! were "his father" here my just revenge to view !

x. 443.

goes



goes before it. Pollio, as you say, is done very nobly; I always thought so, when I read it at school. Will not Dryden's arguments, which were written by Mr. Addison, serve for another version \*?

I did write an idle thing, on lord Stanhope †, the work of a day or two, which I have forgot, as I hope every body else has. The lines, I believe, some at least, were round and strong; but, upon the whole, I own it was a rash incorrect thing. I knew indeed very little of the subject; but as he married a relation ‡, I fell to scribbling without fear or wit, to shew my respect. I am just going to read over Ogleby's Virgil §, which is lately put into my hands, remembering Vida's practice,

\* Mr. Pitt has, in great measure, adopted them.

† James earl of Stanhope, conqueror of Minorca, and father of the present earl.

‡ Lucy, daughter of Thomas Pitt, of Stratford in Wilts, esq;

§ In like manner, Ogleby's Homer, notwithstanding the deadness and insipidity of the versification,

Nor would I scruple, with a due regard,  
 To read sometimes a rude, unpolish'd bard,  
 Among whose labours, I may find a line,  
 Which from unsightly rust I may refine,  
 And, with a better grace, adopt it into mine. }

You know the story of my master's  
 reading Ennius \*.

I am, Sir, affectionately yours,

CHR. PITT.

tion, arrested Mr. Pope's attention, by the force of  
 the story, when he was but eight years old, and  
 the raptures this translation, and Sandys's Ovid,  
 gave him, were so strong, that he spoke of them  
 with pleasure to the period of his life.

\* " To pick gold out of his dross."

LETTER

## LETTER CXXIII.

Countess of POMFRET \* to the Countess of  
HERTFORD †.

Monts, Sept.  $\frac{2}{13}$  1738.

AS every one is willing to believe the thing they wish, so I cannot but hope, that

\* Daughter and sole heiress to John lord Jeffreys, and mother of the present earl of Pomfret. Her ladyship's noble donation to the university of Oxford, in 1755, of that part of the Arundel collection which was purchased by sir William Fermor, has justly endeared her to all lovers of the polite arts. She died in 1761.

It is remarkable that this lady met with very rude insults from the populace, on the western road, only because she was grand-daughter to the inhuman lord chancellor Jeffreys.

See Granger's "Biog. History," vol. ii,  
pt. 2, p. 533.

† This lady, as eminent for her virtues as her rank, the friend of Mrs. Rowe, and afterwards dutchess of Somerset, died in 1754. She was eldest daughter

letter must be written with more than common kindness, which, directed to my house in Hanover-square, has followed me not only to France, but through every place in it that I have stopped at. I am much obliged to you, madam, for giving yourself that trouble with lord Lempster's \* letter to his brother †. I am very glad the gentleman is so good, as to keep it; for he will soon be, if he is not already, returned to Port-mahon, and should be sorry he missed the receiving it.

Your ladyship's obliging command of writing to you, I with great pleasure obey, but am ashamed to think how little entertainment I can send you from a country that is esteemed an inexhaustible fund of amusements to all the polite world that

daughter of the hon. Henry Thynne, (only son of Thomas lord viscount Weymouth) and mother of the present dutchess of Northumberland,

\* Now earl of Pomfret.

† The hon. William Fermor, a captain in the royal navy. He died in 1749.

sees

sees it: neither am I insensible to all its charms; a clear air, a beautiful and well-cultivated soil, with a civil and diverting people. Yet all this is nothing but what Gordon's grammar can tell you better than I. What then? Am I to describe palaces, parks, and gardens, which (besides that you have heard a thousand times already) I ran over in such haste, I scarce know where I saw this apartment, that grove, or t'other cascade? The sum of all of them is this: Lewis XIV for ever had Pharamond\* in his view; love, arms, and arts were the characters in which he strove to transmit his name to posterity. But, like the Egyptian monarch, he is deceived: a little time has worn those pompous forms away, and vanity appears the only architect. This Lewis takes a different turn, and if he gave the least occasion to suspect his reading, I should believe he fetched his pattern from the Italian Pastor Fido, and that Silvius was the man. Thus much for kings.

\* First king of the Franks, and founder of the French. He died about the year 427, after reigning eight or nine years.

And

And now to shew you how little else I can say, I will inform you of my situation and manner of life. The first is in a small, but very pretty, village, with two or three gentlemens families in it. My house is old, but convenient, with as large a garden as I desire. My dressing-room looks down on the river Seine, which runs through a various and delightful country. For the second, I rise early, work a little, read more, and walk very much; this being the vintage, adds greatly to the pleasure of the last. As I do not talk French, I cannot converse so freely as I would with my neighbours, and, I fear, I am too old to learn. But were it otherwise, I have, for this last fortnight, been so uneasy for Sophy\*, who has had an intermitting fever, that I could think of nothing else till she was better; which, I thank God, she is at present.

\* Lady Sophia Fermor, married in 1744 to the late earl of Granville, by whom she had one daughter, the late countess of Shelburne.

I heartily hope this may find your ladyship, lord Hertford \*, lord Beauchamp †, and lady Betty ‡ in all the happiness you merit, and your friends wish; in which number permit me to place, dear madam,

Your ladyship's most obliged,

and most obedient humble servant,

HENRIETTA LOUISA POMFRET.

\* Algernon, earl of Hertford, only son of Charles duke of Somerset, whom he succeeded in his titles in 1748, and died in 1749.

† Only son of the earl of Hertford. See letter cxxx.

‡ The present dutchess of Northumberland.

## LETTER CXXIV.

Countess of POMFRET to the Countess of  
HERTFORD.

Monts, Oct.  $\frac{6}{17}$  1738.

SINCE you have so kind a wish for me, dear madam, as that of coming to my dressing-room, I will indulge the agreeable thought that it is effected; and though I do not know how to believe you here, I will imagine I have placed you in my great chair, where, on your left hand, is the fire, (no bad thing, this weather) and, on your right, a window, from which you see the river, bordered on each side with meadows, vineyards, corn-fields, villages, and chateaux. I congratulate my own happiness in your arrival. I recount to you my journey, the things I have seen, and the things I was forced to leave unseen, by the hurry we were in. And as, I believe, you may have heard less of St. Germain's than of  
some



some other palaces, I enlarge most upon that. I tell you it was built by that polite hero and gallant prince, Francis I\*. In compliment to his mistress, whose name was Diana, it is erected in the form of a Gothic D, with five towers, and is six stories high; the three first are stone, the three highest brick, and there is an open gallery which runs round the middle on the outside with iron rails; within, is a court that coaches, to the degree of a duke, have privilege of entering, and the whole castle is encompassed with a large dry ditch; over which are draw-bridges. The emblem of this king was a salamander in flames, which is placed alternately with a crowned F round the turrets, as also carried over the gate-way. The apartments within are noble, and the convenience for

\* This prince (who died in 1547) built many of the royal palaces in France, and adorned them all with pictures, statues, tapestry, and all kinds of choice and costly furniture, and is said never to have been equalled in generosity, sweetness of temper, and magnificence.

the servants, very great. The gardens are not large, but there is, perhaps, the finest terras in the world on the side of the forest, two thousand seven hundred yards long, and fifty broad, from which you have a view of the Seine and a most beautiful country. The forest itself is of vast extent, and finely wooded, cut into walks and stars; and is by nature as much fitted for walking as any garden in England is by art. In this palace the succeeding kings of France generally lived, till Lewis XIV (who was born here) built Versailles, much more extensive, less noble, and resigned this to king James II, since the death of whose widow the royal lodgings have been unfurnished, and it is now of much the same use that Somerset-house is in London. There are still some remains of that abdicated court: amongst others is lady Middleton, sister to lady Weitmoreland, and two years older than herself, in perfect possession of her health and senses. She followed her husband \* out of England,

\* The earl of Middleton, secretary of state to king James II.

was lady of the bed-chamber to queen Mary, and governess to the princess Louisa, whose picture I saw, and, if I had not seen it there, should have taken it for our princess Caroline. This poor lady, while I was at St Germain's, lost her youngest son, whose story has something so particular, that (as I can answer both for the truth and knowledge of the persons who told it me) believing it may entertain you, I will relate it.

He was born about the time of the revolution, and christened Charles. As soon as his mother was able to travel (as I said before) she followed her husband, taking this boy along with her; whose beauty, when he grew up, was only equalled by the wit, politeness, and a thousand other perfections that he possessed, and that made him the admiration and delight of all his acquaintance. When he was old enough, he entered into the army, where his behaviour was answerable to all his other merits. One winter that his regiment was quartered in Normandy, he lodged in the house of  
an

an officer, who had an only daughter, young, pretty, and ingenious. You will easily guess, the event of this acquaintance was first a liking, and then a love; and that so violent and open on his side, that the father thought fit to interpose, and tell him, with all the respect due from an inferior, and all the warmth of an alarmed parent, that "he knew his daughter undeserving of the honour of being his wife, but also thought her above being his mistress." On this, he was obliged to quit the house, but could not quit his passion; and finding equal return from the young lady, he, to assure her of his faith, and himself of hers, gave and received a contract. As this affair could not pass in silence, lord Clare (who was his colonel) and others of his relations, sent word of it to lady Middleton, who immediately ordered him to return home; where she made use of so many arguments, threats, and persuasions, (amongst others, that he would ruin the young woman he loved, as well himself) that, after contending with them for two or three years, he yielded to write a letter, in which he said, that "he believed

"lieved it would be happier for her to  
 "think no more of a man whose friends  
 "were determined never to receive her;  
 "and that he might not be a hindrance to  
 "her fortune elsewhere, he returned her  
 "promise, and desired his." The lady sent  
 it directly, assuring him she had never taken  
 it with an intention to injure him, whose  
 happiness she preferred to her own, and  
 heartily wished it him in some more worthy  
 choice; but did not long outlive her gene-  
 rosity, and his change, falling into a con-  
 sumption, and dying within the year. The  
 news of which made such an impression on  
 Mr. Middleton, that, from the most lively,  
 he became the most melancholy, of men;  
 and, though he lived some years after, he  
 never enjoyed life, for the last three months  
 of which he secluded himself from all  
 company, and died of a fever that had no  
 appearance of being mortal.

You see, dear madam, by the length of  
 my discourse, I do not mean to part soon  
 with you, whenever you come, for I find  
 myself on the last side of my paper, and  
 have

have not asked you one of those many things I want to know. The actions, the words, the designs of our acquaintances must be agreeable to hear of, if you relate them; for even the duke of Marlborough's purchase, in lady Hertford's letter, is worth the money. Write me word then, dear madam, what is doing where we do no more, but, safe in harbour, see the main covered with floating vessels, some sailing with auspicious gales, some struggling with adverse winds, some cruising, some sinking. I am not out of humour with the world, though retired from it, and therefore should take as much pleasure in hearing how it goes, as in seeing a new play; where, though I am no actor, I am as attentive to the opening, progress, and catastrophe of the plot. I believe, you will more than once wish, (if you have the patience to read this out) that I had thought of concluding sooner; but since I have gone so far, I must detain you so much longer as to say, I am, dear madam,

Your ladyship's most faithful,

and most obedient humble servant,

HENRIETTA LOUISA POMFRET.

LETTER

LETTER CXXV.

Bishop HERRING \* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Rochester †, Nov. 3, 1738.

**I** THANK you most affectionately for your obliging enquiry after me, and I blest God, have the satisfaction to inform you that I am very well, after the most agreeable journey I ever had in my life. We travelled slowly and commodiously, and found Wales a country altogether as entertaining as it was new. The face of it is grand, and bespeaks the magnificence of nature; and so enlarged my mind, in the same manner as the stupendousness of the

\* "These letters," say the Monthly Reviewers, "are in themselves very entertaining, and are more over a curiosity, as coming from the pen of a prelate, who was not only one of the worthiest, but one of the politest men of the age in which he lived." Vol. xlviii. p. 32.

† His lordship held this deanry in commendam with his bishopric.

ocean does, that it was some time before I could be reconciled again to the level countries: their beauties were all in the little taste; and, I am afraid, if I had seen Stow in my way home, I should have thrown out some very unmannerly reflections upon it. I should have smiled at the little niceties of art, and beheld with contempt an artificial ruin, after I had been agreeably terrified with something like the rubbish of a creation. Not but that Wales has its little beauties too, in delightful streams and fine valleys; but the things which entertained me were the vast ocean, and ranges of rocks, whose foundations are hid, and whose tops reach the clouds. I know something of your cast of mind, I believe, and I will therefore take the liberty to give you an account of an airing one fine evening, which I shall never forget. I went out in the cool of the day, and rode near four miles upon the smooth shore, with an extended view of the ocean, whose waves broke at our feet in gentle murmurs: from thence we turned into a

little



little village, with a neat church and houses, which stood just at the entrance of a deep valley: the rocks rose high, and near, at each hand of us, but were, on one side, covered with a fine turf full of sheep and goats and grazing herds, and, on the other, varied with patches of yellow corn and spots of wood, and here and there a great piece of a bare rock projecting. At our feet ran a stream clear as chrystal, but large and foaming, over vast stones rudely thrown together, of unequal magnitudes, and over it a wooden bridge, which could scarce be said to be made by the hands of art; and as it was evening, the hinds appeared, in many parts of the scene, returning home, with pails upon their heads. I proceeded in this agreeable place till our prospect was closed, though much illuminated, by a prodigious cataract from a mountain, that did, as it were, shut the valley. All these images together put me much in mind of Pouffin's drawings, and made me fancy myself in Savoy at least, if not nearer Rome. Indeed both the

journey, and the country, and the residence were most pleasing to me. . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and assured friend,

THO. BANGOR.

# LETTER CXXVI.

Bishop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Kensington, Sept. 11, 1739.

. . . . I MET your letter here on my return from Wales. I bless God for it, I am come home quite well, after a very romantic, and, upon looking back, I think it a most perilous journey. It was the year of my primary visitation, and I determined to see every part of my diocese; to which purpose, I mounted my horse, and rode intrepidly, but slowly, through North Wales

Wales to Shrewsbury. I am a little afraid, if I should be particular in my description, you would think I am playing the traveller upon you; but indeed I will stick religiously to truth; and because a little journal of my expedition may be some minutes amusement, I will take the liberty to give it you. I remember, on my last year's picture of North Wales, you complimented me with somewhat of a poetical fancy: that, I am confident, you will not now; for a man may as well expect poetical fire at Copenhagen, as amidst the dreary rocks of Merionethshire \*. You find, by this intimation, that my landscapes are like to be something different from what they were before, for I talk somewhat in the style of Othello,

— “Of antres vast, and deserts idle,  
 “Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads  
 “touch heaven.”

\* To this his lordship's letter is one exception, and Ambrose Philips's poem “from Copenhagen,” published in the “Tatler,” is another.

I set out upon this adventurous journey on a Monday morning, accompanied (as bishops usually are) by my chancellor, my chaplain, secretary, two or three friends, and our servants. The first part of our road lay cross the foot of a long ridge of rocks, and was over a dreary morass, with here and there a small dark cottage, a few sheep, and more goats, in view, but not a bird to be seen, save, now and then, a solitary hern watching for frogs. At the end of four of their miles we got to a small village, where the view of things mended a little, and the road and the time were beguiled by travelling for three miles along the side of a fine lake, full of fish, and transparent as glass. That pleasure over, our work became very arduous, for we were to mount a rock, and, in many places of the road, over natural stairs of stone. I submitted to this, which, they told me, was but a taste of the country, and to prepare me for worse things to come. However, worse things did not  
come

come that morning, for we dined, soon after, out of our own wallet, and though our inn stood in a place of most frightful solitude, and the best formed for the habitation of monks (who once possessed it) in the world, yet we made a chearful meal. The novelty of the thing gave me spirits, and the air gave me appetite much keener than the knife I ate with. We had our music too, for there came in a harper, who soon drew about us a groupe of figures that Hogarth would give any price for. The harper was in his true place and attitude; a man and woman stood before him, singing to his instrument wildly, but not disagreeably; a little dirty child was playing with the bottom of the harp; a woman, in a sick night-cap, hanging over the stairs; a boy with crutches, fixed in a staring attention; and a girl carding wool in the chimney, and rocking a cradle with her naked feet, interrupted in her business by the charms of the music; all ragged and dirty, and all silently attentive. These figures gave us a most entertaining picture, and

and would please you, or any man of observation : and one reflection gave me particular comfort, That the assembly before us demonstrated, that, even here, the influential sun warmed poor mortals, and inspired them with love and music. When we had dispatched our meal, and had taken a view of an old church, very large for that country, we remounted ; and my guide pointed to a narrow pass between two rocks, through which, he said, our road lay. It did so ; and in a little time we came at it. The inhabitants call it, in their language, “ The road of kindness.” It was made by the Romans for their passage to Carnarvon. It is just broad enough for an horse, paved with large flat stones, and is not level, but rises and falls with the rock, at whose foot it lies. It is half a mile long. On the right hand, a vast rock hangs almost over you ; on the left, close to the path, is a precipice, at the bottom of which rolls an impetuous torrent, bounded, on the other side, not by a shore, but by a rock, as bare, not so smooth,

smooth, as a whetstone, which rises half a mile in perpendicular height. Here we all dismounted, not only from reasons to just fear, but that I might be at leisure of contemplate in pleasure, mixed with horror, this stupendous mark of the Creator's power. Having passed over a noble bridge of stone, we found ourselves upon a fine sand, then left by the sea, which here indents upon the country, and arrived in the evening, passing over more rough country, at our destined inn. The accommodations there were better than expected, for we had good beds and a friendly hostess, and I slept well, though, by the number of beds in the room, I could have fancied myself in an hospital. The next morning I confirmed at the church, and after dinner set out for the metropolis of the country, called Dolgelle. There I staid and did business the next day, and the scene was much mended. The country I had hitherto passed through was like one not made by the FATHER of the creation, but in the wrath of power; but here were inhabitants, a town and church, a river, and fine meadows.

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dows. However, on the Thursday, I had one more iron mountain of two miles to pass, and then was entertained with the green hills of Montgomeryshire, high indeed, but turfed up to the top, and productive of the finest sheep; and from this time the country and the prospects gradually mended, and indeed the whole oeconomy of nature, as we approached the sun; and you cannot conceive, what an air of chearfulness it gave us, to compare the desolations of North Wales with the fine valleys and hills of Montgomeryshire, and the fruitful green fields of fair Warwickshire. For I made myself amends in the following part of my journey, directing my course through Shrewsbury, Woolverhampton, Birmingham, Warwick, and Oxford, some of the finest towns and counties in the island. But I must stop, and not use you so unmercifully. . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and

affectionate humble servant,

THO. BANGOR.

LETTER



LETTER CXCVII.

Bishop RUNDLE to the Rev. Dean CLARKE \*.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Barrington †, Sept. 9, 1740.

**I**F I was not the most inactive mortal living, I would quickly come to you at Winchester, to assure you what esteem and affection for you have ever been in my

\* Alured Clarke, D. D. prebendary of Westminster and Winchester, and dean of Exeter. This last preferment, to which he was advanced May 12, 1740, he did not long enjoy, dying, before he had completed the 46th year of his age, on May 31, 1742. He was interred, without any monument, in Westminster-abbey; but the county-hospitals of Winchester and Exeter (the first of the kind) which, in a great measure, owe their rise to his indefatigable assiduity, are much more durable memorials of his benevolence and charity.

† Lord Talbot's seat in Gloucestershire.

" At Barrington shall English bounty stand,  
" And Henfol's glory never leave the land."

Pope.

heart; but, I believe, I must defer my visit to you, till I can pay it in that city [Exeter] where I was born, and which still continues the delight of my imagination. Though I think it by far the finest climate, and most agreeable place of residence in England, yet it never appeared in so fair a light to me, as it will, when I see you presiding in its cathedral. I have still some few valuable acquaintance left in that country, who will think themselves happy in your friendship, and rejoice to perform to you all the self-rewarding duties of good neighbourhood; and, I am confident, they will think themselves more obliged to me for making them known to you, than for all the other civilities it has ever been in my power to shew them.

Your house \* there, as well as I remember, is large, but gloomily situated under the shadow of the church, crowded with houses in such a manner, as not to suffer

\* On the repair of this house dean Clarke expended a large sum of money.

you

you to have any gardens of value; but the variety of public walks round the town, and the beauty of the landscapes, and the warmth of the air, will make you ample amends for every inconvenience at home, if any such there be. But I am just informed that you have not yet taken possession of it. Whence this delay? I hope it is not from indifference. If you go down next spring, I will offer you my company, if that can make the journey more agreeable. You will find there every thing that your hospitable heart can desire, in greater plenty, greater elegance, and at less expence, than in any city in England, and I may almost say Ireland, if I am not deceived by my memory and my friends. Forgive my indulging myself in the praises of my first love, to one who is to enjoy her beauties, whilst I am banished to Thulé, far from sunshine, and the conversation of those friends, whose company would make even Thulé pleasant and sunshine forgotten. If you have any taste for gardening, and cultivating and amassing any kind of vegetable riches, the trees there shoot with

a more luxuriant verdure; the flowers glow with warmer colours; and the fruits ripen to a richer flavour, than in any part of this island: and the fig and the grape scarce desire better skies.

I am glad you are pleased with Capt. Folliot\*; he is a sensible, friendly, upright man; indefatigable in obliging those for whom he has conceived an esteem; and generous to the full extent of his fortune. He has a taste for the beauties of nature, and indulges himself in the enjoyment of every rational amusement of that kind, which he can purchase with discretion. You and he have many things in common in the turn of your indefatigable charity to relieve the distresses of mankind; and our hospital for invalids, by his dexterity and diligence, was raised from being *vox & præterea nihil* into a comfort to many hundreds of unhappy wretches; and is now an ho-

\* Afterwards lieutenant-general, colonel of the 18th regiment of foot, and member in the Irish parliament for Sago. He died in 1762.

nour to our kingdom ; and, whilst it continues so, will preserve to posterity an account of the fortitude, and virtue, and wisdom of Folliot.

I intend to continue here till the meeting of the parliament, and then to remove to Mr. John Talbot's \*, in Red-lion-square. You know me well enough, to be sure that the chief call I have into England is to enjoy the company of those friends, to whose family and affection I owe all the good fortune of my life. Inclination and gratitude united in determining me to undertake my present journey. I design to continue the winter and spring in London, and in the beginning of the summer see my other friends, and then return to Ireland---for ever. I grow too old and too inactive to propose any future expeditions. I have recovered my health and spirits, but not my strength. I am infinitely better

\* Third son of the lord chancellor, afterwards one of the Welch judges, member of parliament for Ilchester, and a lord of trade. He died in 1756.

than

than ever I expected; or could even hope for without presumption; but yet the effects of a distemper, as well as the infirmities of old age, will disable me from any prospect of being hereafter fit for any thing, but talking in an elbow-chair.

I own to you, my friend, my situation in Ireland is as agreeable to me as any possibly could be, remote from the early friendships of my life. I have been served as Plato in his commonwealth would have Homer treated; "First," says the philosopher, "do him honours, reward his merit, and then---banish him." At Dublin I enjoy the most delightful habitation, the finest landscape, and the mildest climate that can be described or desired: I have a house \* there rather too elegant and magnificent; in the north, an easy diocese and a large revenue. I have but thirty-five beneficed clergymen under my care; and they all regular, decent, neighbourly: each hath considerable and commendable general

\* On St. Stephen's-green.

learning,

learning, but not one is eminent for any particular branch of knowledge. And I have rather more curates, who are allowed by their rectors such a stipend, as hath, alas! tempted most of them to marry; and it is not uncommon to have curates, that are fathers of eight or ten children, without any thing but an allowance of forty pounds a year to support them.

The only discipline that I have as yet exerted, hath been to discard three out of my diocese, who, though refused certificates by me and my clergy, have obtained good livings in America, and found room for repentance. If their former misfortunes have been a warning to them, I rejoice at their success; but if they are once more negligent of their conduct, there is no farther beneficial pardon for their follies in this life, though they should sincerely seek it with tears.

My dean \*, your kinsman, is much beloved at Derry, and is highly delighted with the preferment. That place was the first object of his fondness, and agrees with his constitution; his wife was born in it, and is related to great numbers near it. He is very generous, and a great oeconomist; lives splendidly, yet buys estates; and equally takes care of his reputation and his family. The income is above 1300 l. per ann. but he hath seven curates, to whom he is generous. It is a preferment which will increase daily, and the out-goings continue the same. It is now a clear 1000 l. and will next year be probably better. I have only room to assure you, that I am,

Yours most sincerely,

THO. DERRY †.

\* Mr. Robert Downes, afterwards successively bishop of Ferns, Down, and Raphoe. He died in 1763.

† Bishop Rundle died at Dublin April 14, 1743, and left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to 25,000 l. to Mr. John Talbot above-mentioned.

LETTER



LETTER CXXVIII.

Rev. Mr. SAY \* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Octob. 10, 1740.

ACCORDING to your desire, I herewith send you my Latin version of the introduction to Paradise Lost. It was composed (as, I think, I told you) while I lay on my bed in the night, and scarce knew whether I was asleep or awake, writing or hearing verses; and the heavenly muse gave me, in the words of Milton,

Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,  
And whisper'd to me slumb'ring, and inspir'd  
Easy my unpremeditated verse :

Or, in plain prose, suggested it to one who does not remember to have made ten Latin hexameters together in his whole life at any other time, nor designs ever to make

\* See note \* on letter iv, vol. i, p. 19.

ten more. For you will easily believe, *he* can lay very little stress on the inspiration, who has since attempted to make so many improvements by a mere human judgment or industry.

The reading over a Latin manuscript-version of the first book of Paradise Lost, which had been put into my hands a little before, gave my thoughts, as I imagine, this turn; for I was endeavouring to convince the author, that Milton would be but half-translated, if his numbers were not transfused, as well as his general sense given; and if there was not the same studied, or happy neglect, or choice of sounds, either harsh or indifferent, or sweet and soothing to the ear, in the copy as in the original.

*Humani generis lapsum, mitissima rupta  
Fœdera, lethiferæ fructum arboris, unde malorum  
Dira coheret, cum morte simul, mortalibus ægris  
Incubuit, Paradiso Amisso; major Adamus  
Dum \* moriens mortem vincat, sedemque beatam*

\* Eodem scilicet sensu, quo Virgilius de Niso :

—— et moriens animam abstulit hosti.

*Æneid ix, ver. 443.*

Et

*Restituat, 'cane Musa: Sinæ quæ vertice summo,  
Orebiue olim, secreto numine mentem  
Illius afflâsti Pastoris, semen Abrami  
Qui sanctum docuit, quo motu terra fretumque,  
Quo, primum è cæco lux ipsa & sidera cæli  
Emersêre Chao—Vel si juga sacra Sionis,  
Seu Silœ mage flumen ames, orac'la Jeboræ  
Quæ placidè prætervebitur, veneranda, vocata,  
Exaudi, Uranie, atque ingentibus annue cæptis:  
Dup' nisu insolito surgens super æthera pennis,  
Supra anni solisque vias, sublimis Olympum  
Despiciam; dicamque, audax, miracula rerum  
Non audita aliàs, neque vatum dicta priorum  
Carminibus, numeris unquam neque lege solutis.*

*Tuque adeo, tibi dilectas qui deligis ædes  
Cor purum, scelerisque vacans, tu, Spiritus, adfis!  
Omnia nota tibi—Nascentis semina mundi  
Fovisti, præsens, vastum per inane coacta,  
Et passis magnum, omniparens, genialibus alis  
Maturâsti ovum. Tenebras de pectore, Diva,  
Discutias; humilemque leves, & talibus ausis  
Esse parem jubeas, dum justum atque omnibus æquum,  
Æternum ostendam Patrem, rerumque potentem.*

S. SAY.

Et Apost. ad Hebræos, II, 9——14.  
*Et imperium moriens morti abstulit.*  
Dying he flew,——Dryden.

LETTER

L E T T E R CXXIX.

Rev. Mr. SAY to Mr. -----.

DEAR SIR,

March, 1742-3.

**I**F you remember a conversation we had once at our common friend Mr. H-----'s, you will never put any question to me concerning a subject of which I am unwilling ever to think more, unless it be in reflections on the disproportion between a finite and an infinite mind, and the improbability, that the one should ever be in circumstances, to judge of all the proceedings of the other.

I was glad, therefore, that in the letter you sent me, you put the question in terms which made it easier to send you some kind of answer; for it will never be difficult to me, that an innocent being should suffer, if the difficulty arises merely from the innocence, unless you suppose its sufferings,  
upon

upon the whole, to be greater than its enjoyments, or rewards.

As for the brute-creation, we know so little of their sensations, or the laws of Providence, by which they are governed, that I think it impossible for us to determine, whether this be the case with them, considered in the general. As to individuals, I think I should chuse to be a managed horse, or a disciplined dog, for a few months, that I might be the favourite of my master for all the rest of my life: in the same manner as Paul of Tarsus saith to his young converts, exposed to some degrees of persecution, *If ye endure chastisement*, (or as his words intend,) if ye are under paternal discipline, *πατρις, God dealeth with you as with sons*. And in fact, we see among ourselves that the future and greater happiness of the life of many a youth is owing to this wise and useful discipline.

There was a time, indeed, when under a wreck of every delightful idea, I was willing to catch at any fragment that might  
save

save me from sinking, and endeavoured to persuade myself that there never was a sensible or conscious being, who, upon the whole of his existence, should not possess an over-balance of good to his evil, notwithstanding the two different states of good and bad men, which we believe hereafter; and I pleased myself with these lines :

————— For who would lose,  
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity;  
 To perish rather; swallow'd up and lost  
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
 Devoid of sense and motion ?

Paradise Lost, b. ii.

And yet (if we understand the words aright,) we must except one person at least, concerning whom it is said ; *Good were it for that man if he had never been born.* But this single instance, I perceive, you would not have allowed.

But whatever difficulties there are (as there are difficulties never to be thought of

of again by me) as to the general conduct of Providence, I could never think with you, that pain and sufferings ought never, no, not in any one instance, to befall an innocent being, not though the joy, that should be set before him as the reward of it, should be his own; and the joy of millions of other beings in consequence of it, the highest pleasure that a generous and god-like mind could propose to itself; or, to descend lower, while I am conscious I owe the strongest pleasures of my life to preceding pains, and which nothing but those pains could have put me into a capacity to enjoy. And with what reluctance soever I may suffer some present painful or ungrateful things, may I not have the same reason to say,

----- *Forſan et hæc olim meminiffe juvabit ?*

Hunger is pain, but a pain which the softest epicure would hardly be without. And the *belluo librorum*, the man that is greedy of various knowledge, or ambitious

of the highest posts in the church or in the state,

*Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit & alfit.*

So that you seem to reason here, against common sense, and common practice:

*Cum ventum ad verum est, sensus moresque repugnant.*

But to come nearer to you, let me only remind you, that nothing gives a greater, nothing, perhaps, an equal pleasure, to acts of virtue, and the more so, the more difficult they are to be exerted, as in the nobler instances of continence, resolution, fortitude, and a command over our strongest inclinations and passions; without which there could be no such thing as virtue, or the inward and eternal reward of a self-approving mind;

----- *Pulcherrima præmia primum,  
Dii moresque dabunt vestri.*

Virg.



I cannot consent therefore that "justice" or "goodness" should not permit the innocent to suffer in any instance whatever, or for any considerations.

Whether the Governor of the world could have attained the same ends, or given the same pleasure, without the same previous pain in other instances, I know not; but not the same virtuous pleasure, I imagine, without the same exercise of virtue, which, in some instances at least, is its own reward.

Thus far I can venture to think, but no farther.

Yours, &c.

S. SAY.

May 27, 1743.

**I**N confirmation of what is advanced by the learned and pious author of the foregoing letter, (whom it pleased God to take to himself soon after the writing it \*,) it may be farther observed; that there can be no temporal evil, but what may, upon the whole, tend to the advantage and happiness of the sufferer, supposing a Providence, a future state, and the immortality of the soul. But, without those principles, the state and condition of mankind seem to be the most wretched and forlorn of all creatures; and, if not true, the belief of them contributes at least to our present happiness. They, therefore, who endeavour to subvert these animating principles, deserve to be treated as enemies to human society. Perhaps all those natural evils, or moral obliquities, of which we so grievously complain, may be no stronger

\* April 12, 1743.

an objection to the rectitude of the whole system, than hills and mountains are to the rotundity of the globe; and may answer various excellent purposes, though we are too short-sighted to discover them. "Vindictive justice" in the Deity is, I own, no article of my creed. All punishment in the hands of an infinitely wise and good Being, I think, must be medicinal, or what we call chastisement.

There is a passage in Milton's mask of Comus, which seems to comprise the marrow of theology;

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd;  
Yea even that, which mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.  
But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,  
It shall be in eternal restless change,  
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on rubble.

What

What St. Paul speaks more directly of the reconciliation both of Jews and Gentiles to God by JESUS CHRIST, Romans xi, 32, *For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all*, I am willing to understand in a more extensive sense, of the general redemption of mankind, at the consummation of all things. With what raptures of devotion must every one, who cherishes this generous doctrine, join with the apostle in the following pathetic exclamation; *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!*

Nor will these sentiments appear, on reflection, so contradictory to revelation, as they may perhaps, at first, be thought; for (as has been observed by a most excellent author \*,) “ he that threatens hath still the power of execution in his own hands. “ And there is this remarkable difference “ between promises and threatenings, that

\* Archbishop Tillotson, vol. i, fol. p. 413.

“ he who promises passeth over a right to  
 “ another, and thereby stands obliged to  
 “ him in justice and faithfulness to make  
 “ good his promise; and if he do not, the  
 “ party to whom the promise is made is  
 “ not only disappointed, but injuriously  
 “ dealt withal: but in threatenings it is  
 “ quite otherwise. He that threatens keeps  
 “ the right of punishing in his own hand,  
 “ and is not obliged to execute what he  
 “ hath threatened any farther than the rea-  
 “ sons and ends of government do require:  
 “ and he may, without any injury to the  
 “ party threatened, remit and abate as  
 “ much as he pleaseth of the punishment  
 “ that he hath threatened: and because ~~is~~  
 “ so doing he is not worse but better than  
 “ his word, nobody can find fault, or com-  
 “ plain of any wrong or injustice thereby  
 “ done to him \*.

\* Some have thought that the good archbishop  
 went here farther than “ is written,” the great God  
 having thought fit to make his “ threats” as positive  
 as his “ promises;” and if this reasoning be admit-  
 ted, it is not easily seen how it can be consistent  
 with

“ Nor is this any impeachment of God’s  
 “ truth and faithfulness, any more than it  
 “ is esteemed among men a piece of falshood  
 “ not to do what they have threatened.  
 “ God did absolutely threaten the destruc-  
 “ tion of the city of Nineveh, and his  
 “ peevish prophet did understand the threa-  
 “ tening to be absolute, and was very an-  
 “ gry with God for employing him in a  
 “ message that was not made good. But  
 “ God understood his own right, and did  
 “ what he pleased, notwithstanding the  
 “ threatening he had denounced, and for  
 “ all Jonah was so touched, in honour, that  
 “ he had rather have died himself than that  
 “ Nineveh should not have been destroyed,  
 “ only to have verified his message.”

No certain judgment can be formed of  
 the justness and goodness of God (more  
 than of any other governor,) by a partial  
 view of his dispensations. Before we can

with perfect truth; and no degree of falshood can  
 be admitted into the perfect character.

be

be qualified to censure his ways, we must take into the account not only the present short duration, but likewise the past and the future; and then it will be found, on summing up the whole, that his throne is founded on equity, and all his ways are righteousness and truth.

If we take a summary view of the dispensations of God to mankind, it will evidently appear what little ground we have to complain of any want of goodness towards us.

He called us into being of his mere bounty, and has made us capable of a thousand excellent qualities. He has spread all around us a great variety of sensible goods, which, when used with moderation, tend to prolong our lives, and give us, at the same time, the most agreeable sensations. So indulgently has he blended the delightful with the useful! He hath made known to us, both by reason and revelation, the methods whereby we may render ourselves acceptable to him, and become

happy both here and hereafter. The commandments, to which he enjoins our obedience, are all calculated for our benefit; *for a man cannot be profitable to his Maker.* These commandments require little more of us than what the voice of reason dictates; and are all easy to be performed, 'till we have corrupted ourselves by vicious habits. These depraved habits may be reformed; and God is not implacable, but will accept of our sincere repentance: and, after this life is ended, he will convey the virtuous and truly penitent to mansions of everlasting glory. They indeed, who obstinately refuse to be converted, shall suffer punishment proportionable to their offences, and such as the rules of justice and equity dictate. And this the order of God's government, the reverence due to his laws, the benefit and final conversion of the offenders themselves, and the improvement of other moral agents, manifestly require.

Absolute indefectibility, or an incapacity of deviating in any instance from the rule of right, is probably one of the incommunicable



municable perfections of the Deity ; and, if that be the case, to require a creature not subject to error, grief, or pain, is to require an impossibility : but if, upon the whole, the good overbalances the evil, that surplus of happiness must be ascribed to the free grace or benevolence of God.

The celebrated Bayle employed his last hours in raising objections against the justice and goodness of the Governor of the world, which he has displayed in the most artful manner imaginable ; and it is to be feared, that his writings have contributed to drive many a thoughtful man, of a melancholy complexion, into despair. In how different a strain does the divine Epicure (for so, I think, he may be justly called,) discourse of the ways of God, of the disposition of his own heart, of the thoughts and employments in which he would be glad to be seized by death ! “ For  
 “ my own part, (says he,) I wish death  
 “ may overtake me wholly employed in correcting my will, that I may be free from  
 “ all terror, disentangled from all cares and  
 “ passions, and ready to obey his summons

“ without reluctance. So that I may then  
 “ be able to address myself to God in this  
 “ manner :

“ Have I, in any instance, transgressed  
 “ thy laws? Have I neglected the oppor-  
 “ tunities of doing good, which thou hast  
 “ afforded me? Have I misemployed my  
 “ faculties or my understanding? Did I  
 “ ever accuse thee, or arraign thy govern-  
 “ ment? I have been sick, because it was  
 “ thy pleasure: others have been sick too,  
 “ but I without repining. I have lived in  
 “ a state of poverty, because it was thy  
 “ will; but content and easy. I have  
 “ not been a magistrate, because thou didst  
 “ not see fit it should be so; nor have I  
 “ desired to be one. Didst thou ever be-  
 “ hold me more melancholy on this ac-  
 “ count, or have I ever addressed thee with  
 “ a countenance less chearful? I am ready  
 “ to obey, or to suffer whatever thou shalt  
 “ ordain. Is it thy will, that I should now  
 “ quit this grand theatre? I am content to  
 “ quit it; and return thee all possible  
 “ thanks for deigning to admit me to be a  
 “ spec-

“spectator of this glorious scene of thy  
 “works, and for giving me such a sense of  
 “thy over-ruling Providence. May death  
 “seize me meditating, writing, or reading  
 “such things as these!”

Epictetus, as quoted by Arrian, b. iii, c. 5.

Abstracting from these words a little of the Stoical pride, with which they are tinctured, and understanding them in a qualified sense, there is no considerate man but would wish to die with such sentiments. At least, nothing can be more just than the general maxim of this philosopher, that it is the interest, as well as duty, of every one to be found at the hour of death, fulfilling the task assigned him by Providence, grateful for the blessings he has received in life, and entirely resigned to the will of his wise Creator.

W. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER

LETTER CXXX.

Countess of HERTFORD \* to the Rev.  
Dr. BURNET †.

SIR,

O<sup>a</sup>. 1744.

**I** AM very sensibly obliged by the very kind compassion you express for me under my heavy affliction †. The meditations you have favoured me with afford the strongest motives for consolation that can be offered to a person under my unhappy circumstances. The dear lamented son I have lost, was the pride and joy of my heart, but I hope I may be the more easily excused for having looked on him in this

\* See note † on letter cxxiii, p. 117.

† Prebendary of Salisbury, and rector of West-  
kington, Wilts.

‡ The death of her ladyship's only son, George  
lord viscount Beauchamp, at Bologna in Italy, Sept.  
11, 1744.

light,

light, since he was not so from the outward advantages he possessed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The prospects which flattered me in regard to him, were not drawn from his distinguished rank, or from the beauty of his person, but from the hopes that his example would have been serviceable to the cause of virtue, and would have shewn the younger part of the world, that it was possible to be chearful without being foolish or vicious, and to be religious without severity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted course of duty and obedience to his parents, and when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think of the agonies which must rend their hearts; for he was perfectly contented to leave the world, as his conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous sins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent soul into the hands of his merciful Creator, on the evening of the birthday which completed him nineteen. You will not be surpris'd, Sir, that the death of  
such

such a son should occasion the deepest sorrow, yet, at the same time, it leaves us the most comfortable assurance that he is far happier than our fondest wishes could have made him; which must enable us to support the remainder of years, which it shall please God to allot for us here, without murmuring or discontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourselves to follow him in that happy place whither our dear valuable child is gone before us.

I beg the continuance of your prayers,  
and am, Sir,

Yours,

F. HERTFORD.

• LETTER CXXXI.

Archbishop HERRING to the Rev. Dr.  
GEORGE BENSON †.

REVEREND SIR,                      Kenfington, Feb. 2, 1747-8.

**I** CANNOT satisfy myself with having sent a cold and common answer of thanks, for your volume of most excellent and use-

† A learned and eminent dissenting teacher, first co-adjutor and afterwards successor to Dr. Lardner, in Crutched-fryars, author of the "Reasonableness of the christian religion," the "Life of Jesus Christ, &c." In 1747, having printed a volume of sermons, on various important subjects, he presented it to the archbishop of Canterbury, with congratulations on his elevation to that see. This occasioned his grace's writing him the above letter, which Mr. Amory, the editor, "as a friend to liberty and mankind," has inserted in his "Memoirs of the life of Dr. Benson," prefixed to his "life of Christ;" and which for the same reason is re-published here; "because it breathes so strongly that christian spirit, which, did it generally prevail in the governors of the christian church, would produce most ex-

Vol. II.                      Z                      "tensive

ful sermons. I do it in this manner with great esteem and cordiality. I thank you, at the same time, as it becomes me to do, for your very obliging good wishes. The subject, on which my friends congratulate me, is, in truth, matter of constant anxiety to me. I hope I have an honest intention, and for the rest I must rely on the good grace of God, and the counsel and assistance of my friends.

I think it happy, that I am called up to this high station at a time, when spite, and rancour, and narrowness of spirit are out of countenance; when we breathe the benign and comfortable air of liberty and toleration; and the teachers of our common religion make it their business to extend its essential influence, and join in supporting its true interest and honour. No times ever called more loudly upon protestants for zeal, and unity, and charity.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your assured friend,

T. CANTUAR.

“tenfive good effects, in regard to the present as  
“well as final happiness of mankind.” He died in  
1763, aged 64.

\* LETTER



• LETTER CXXXII.

Bishop BENSON † to Dr. BENSON.

S I R,

Berry-street, Westminster,  
Jan. 10, 1748-9.

**I** RECEIVED, at my coming to town upon Saturday last, what you are pleased to style a small, but must allow me to

† This excellent prelate was, from his youth to his latest age, the delight of all who knew him. He accompanied the late earl of Pomfret in his travels, and in Italy became acquainted with the late bishop Berkeley, as he did at Paris with the late archbishop Secker, who afterwards married his sister. It was much against his will that he was appointed bishop of Gloucester, in 1734, [see letter cii, p. 57.] and from that see he would never remove. For a farther account of him, drawn up by a masterly hand, and *con amore*, see the "life of arch-bishop Secker," prefixed to the 1st volume of his sermons, p. xxiii—v.

Let me add, that so unblemished was bishop Benson's character, that Mr. Pope allowed him to have

Z. 2

"manners

esteem a very valuable present; your "Paraphrase and notes on the seven catholic epistles \*." I have not yet had time to peruse them, but I could not, till I had, delay to return my thanks for the great favour which you have done me; and to which I wish I could think myself entitled upon any of the other accounts you mention; besides that only of wearing a name, to which you, by your learning, have done honour.

"manners with candour," and even the author of the "Episcopade," a satire on the whole episcopal bench, could not find a flaw in it. On the contrary, he says,

Let *him* walk with his God in the city of Gloucester.  
He died in 1752.

This letter is added for the reason given in the preceding note; "because (in Mr. Amory's words) "it is full of the same christian and catholic spirit, "and is likely to promote it in the attentive reader."

\* Dr. Benson, in a former volume, had written on Philemon, i & ii Thessalonians, i Timothy, Titus, and ii Timothy. So that his 2d volume, together with the Paraphrases of Mr. Locke and Mr. Pierce, finished the epistles in the manner proposed and begun by Mr. Locke.

I can only say for myself, that I have a sincere desire to do all the good which my abilities will capacitate me for, in the station in which it has pleased Providence to place me; and a sincere delight to see virtue and religion defended, in an age which so much wants it, by able hands. And no one can be more ready than myself to acknowledge, how much, upon this account, we are indebted to the learned labours, and admirable writings, of several of those whom we have the unhappiness to have differing from us in some less important particulars.

I beg of God to bless your and their labours for his service, and to unite us all in love and charity here, and glory hereafter. And yourself I beg with much regard to believe me to be, Sir,

Your faithful and

much obliged humble servant,

M. GLOUCESTER.

LETTER

## L E T T E R CXXXIII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. HIGHMORE.

DEAR SIR, Frith-street, January 17, 1748-9.

THE last time I was with you, I took notice, that Mr. Addison (in the *Spectator*, numb. 40,) had, to the best of my remembrance, misrepresented Aristotle's sentiments, in some particulars, relating to tragedy.

Now, that you may judge for yourself, I will transcribe Aristotle's words, with the remark of M. Dacier; which you may, at your leisure, compare with the above-mentioned *Spectator*. "The end and design of  
 "tragedy (says he) is to excite pity and  
 "terror. From hence it follows, that we  
 "ought not to represent a 'very good  
 "man' as falling from prosperity into  
 "great afflictions; for this, instead of ex-  
 "citing pity and terror, will raise horror;  
 "which

" which is condemned by all. Moreover,  
 " we ought not to represent the misfor-  
 " tunes of a 'very wicked man.' This,  
 " indeed, may give us some pleasure, but  
 " it will neither raise fear nor pity, in per-  
 " sons of a virtuous character: for the  
 " first is chiefly raised by the misfortunes  
 " of those who are like ourselves; and the  
 " latter by the afflictions of such as seem  
 " to deserve a better fate. The only pro-  
 " per subject then for tragedy is a person  
 " of a mixed character, neither very good,  
 " nor very bad; who does not draw his  
 " misfortunes on himself by any enormous  
 " crime; but becomes unhappy by infir-  
 " mities, or some involuntary fault.

" It follows from hence, that tragedy  
 " ought rather to end with the ill, than  
 " with the good, fortune of the principal  
 " characters, provided this unhappiness be  
 " the consequence of some great fault, and  
 " not the natural effect of notorious crimes.  
 " In a word, the sum of what I have been  
 " saying is, that the poet should describe  
 " the

“ the misfortunes of a man, who is neither  
 “ bad nor good, but if he cannot find a  
 “ character exactly such, let his good qua-  
 “ lities preponderate his bad ones \*.”

Aristotle's Poetics, c. 13.

### DACIER's REMARK.

“ Aristotle rightly here observes, that  
 “ the misfortunes of a man superior to

\* No one has done more justice to this first and best of critics than a late essayist, in opposition to “ the fashionable and nauseous petulance of several “ impertinent moderns, who have attempted to dis- “ credit this great and useful writer.” Of the Po- “ etics in particular he observes, that “ they seem “ to have been written for the use of that prince with “ whose education Aristotle was honoured, to give “ him a just taste in reading Homer and the trage- “ dians. . . . . To attempt to understand poetry, “ without having diligently digested this treatise, “ would be as absurd and impossible, as to pretend “ to a skill in geometry, without having studied Eu- “ clid. The 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters, wherein “ he has pointed out the properest methods of “ exciting terror and pity, convince us, that “ he was intimately acquainted with those ob- “ jects which most forcibly affect the heart. The  
 “ prime

“ others in virtue cannot excite either fear  
 “ or pity, but will raise horror. Conse-  
 “ quently, the misfortunes of such a one  
 “ cannot refine the passions ; for the audi-  
 “ ence, when they find that virtue makes  
 “ us unhappy, will be driven into despair.  
 “ Why, indeed, should we take pains to  
 “ correct the passions, if those who guide  
 “ them by reason, are no less wretched  
 “ than the vicious ; and if virtue itself  
 “ plunges us into misery ?

“ Surely, therefore, this precept of Ari-  
 “ stotle, by which he forbids his poet to  
 “ make a very good man unhappy, is just  
 “ and true.”

Thus far Dacier.

“ prime excellence of this precious treatise is, the  
 “ scholastic precision, and philosophical closeness,  
 “ with which the subject is handled, without any  
 “ address to the passions or imagination. It is to be  
 “ lamented, that the part of the Poetics in which  
 “ he had given precepts for comedy, did not likewise  
 “ descend to posterity.”

Essay on the writings and genius of Pope, p. 170.

In regard to the difference of opinion between Aristotle and Addison, I shall only say, with the shepherd in Virgil,

*Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.*

However, though Addison was at liberty to have shewn (if he could) that the rule here laid down by the philosopher, has no foundation in nature or in reason, (for though his *ipse dixit* formerly swayed the whole christian world, authors cannot now avail themselves of it,) yet, I think, it is by no means allowable to press (if I may so speak) a venerable name into our party, against the plain and obvious meaning of his own words.

The late duke of Buckingham has copied, in his *Essay on Poetry*, the rule here laid down by Aristotle :

Reject that vulgar error, which appears  
So fair, of making perfect characters :

There's



There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw  
A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw ;  
There must be faults that his misfortunes drew ;  
But such as may deserve compassion too.

The players, in general, are very fond of  
this "perfect character" (as the duke of  
B. calls it) because it makes them shine,  
as they think, in the eyes of the audience.

Yours sincerely,

W. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS \*.

DEAR SIR,

Feb. 3, 1748-9.

**T**HE ingenious author of *Clarissa* has,  
in a postscript annexed to his last volume,  
endeavoured to justify his conduct in ma-

\* See note † on letter xcii, p. 17.

king a very virtuous character unhappy, by the authority of Aristotle and Addison; on which occasion, I sent the inclosed letter \* to our common friend, Mr. Highmore. But there are some passages in Aristotle himself, which, if rightly translated, (for I have not the original by me,) I am at a loss to reconcile.

For example: "A person of such a character as is a proper subject for tragedy, must (he says) draw his misfortunes on himself by some involuntary fault."

Now, I think, there can be no "fault" at all, without the concurrence of the will; and consequently, that an "involuntary fault" is a contradiction in terms.

Afterwards he says, that "this unhappy person must be the consequence of some great fault, but not of a notorious crime." As you have formerly read lec-

\* See the foregoing.

tures on Horace, I beg you'll read a lecture to me on Aristotle, and explain the precise difference between "fault" and "crime." Aristotle asserts, that "the end of tragedy is to purge and refine the passions;" and afterwards adds, that "this can be no other way effected than by exciting pity or terror;" but why is not "admiration" a fit object of tragedy? Surely this tends to discountenance all low pursuits, and to excite a noble emulation, which I should call "refining of the passions."

But if (upon the authority of Aristotle) we must not style such plays as Cato and Heroic Love, tragedies; they are, at least, (as Mr. Pope speaks of his own pastorals \*) "something better."

As Aristotle formed his rules for epic poetry from the Iliad and Odyssey, I am apt to think, his canons for the drama were drawn from the tragedies then extant, which he considered as standards of per-

\* In the Guardian, vol. i, numb. 40.

fection. He says, that "to represent a  
 "very good man as falling from prosperity  
 "into great afflictions, is apt to excite  
 "horror, and therefore condemned by  
 "all." The reason of its exciting "hor-  
 "ror" I take to be, that such subjects  
 tend to impeach the justice of Providence.  
 This is very rational; but how shall we  
 reconcile his recommending the character of  
 Oedipus, as a perfect model for tragedy,  
 with this maxim? Can any thing be more  
 apt to excite "horror," and to drive men  
 into despair, than to see so virtuous a per-  
 son, as Oedipus is represented to be, (a  
 man adorned with every princely and he-  
 roic quality) plunged into such terrible ca-  
 lamities by an absolute decree of the gods,  
 made before he was born, and without any  
 fault of his own? He killed his father in-  
 deed; but ignorantly, in a rencounter, and  
 merely in his own defence. He married  
 his mother; but did not suspect she was his  
 mother, nor had any reason to think so.  
 What just grounds, therefore, can there  
 be for those terrible complaints of his  
 wickedness? The reproach he casts on  
 the

the gods, in Dryden, is surely more reasonable :

“ Impute my errors to your own decree ;

“ My hands are guilty, but my heart is free ;”

which is just such a sort of guilt, as the knife, that had killed an ox, offered as a victim to the gods, was punished for, of old, by the Cretans and Athenians, as Porphyry relates ; and because there is something droll in the story, I will stop and tell it you. “ Preparatory to the sacrifice, “ they chose some maids of an unblemished “ character, to carry a vessel of water, to “ moisten the grind-stone, on which the “ axe and knife were to be ground and “ sharpened. After they were whet by a “ man prepared for that purpose, he delivered the axe to a second, and the knife “ to a third, person. The second struck “ down the ox, and the third cut his throat. “ Afterwards, flaying the beast, they all “ fed upon the flesh. Then they stuffed “ the skin with hay, and, tacking it together, set him upon his feet in an erect “ posture,

"posture, and fastened a plough to him,  
 "as if he were going to work. A formal  
 "process was now carried on against all the  
 "persons accessory to his death, and they  
 "were called upon to defend themselves.  
 "The virgins pleaded that they only car-  
 "ried the water, and accused the man that  
 "delivered the instruments; he, the man  
 "that knocked down the ox; and he, the  
 "man that cut his throat; and the last  
 "person impeached the knife itself; which,  
 "because it was refractory, and refused to  
 "plead, was unanimously found guilty, and  
 "accordingly condemned to be plunged  
 "into the sea and drowned."

*Porphyrius de abstinentiâ ab animalibus  
 necandis, lib. ii, f. 30.*

Porphyry relates this story to shew, that  
 those, who first slew tame animals, were  
 conscious they had committed a wicked  
 and immoral action, and therefore made  
 use of this fantastical expedient to acquit  
 themselves of the guilt of it.

But

But to return to Oedipus; the ills that he commits are, throughout the whole play, ascribed entirely to the uncontrollable decree of fate. Thus, act ii, scene 2d, Tiresias says to him,

“ ——— Thou art entangled in the snare  
“ Of winding fate.”

Again, in the same scene,

“ The fate that rais’d thee, but prepar’d thy ruin.”

To which Oedipus generously answers,

“ If saving Thebes I fall, then welcome ruin.”

But such noble sentiments make his sufferings appear the more shocking.

Oedipus himself says, in act iii, scene 4th,

“ Whoever dares think freely, all the guilt  
“ Must to the partial gods and fate ascribe,  
“ And me acquit as guiltless.”

This is no rant, but sober truth.

In the last act, scene the 3d, Oedipus declares, "he is well assured, it was not in the power of sickness, or any accident, to cut him off, 'till he had accomplished all the ills he was born to fulfill." Is it not therefore evident, (as was observed before,) that "Oedipus" and the "knife" were equally guilty? All the difference is, one was an "inanimate," and the other a "conscious" machine. And what rational ground can there be for all those repeated complaints of his enormous crimes?

It may now perhaps be asked, "What then is the moral of this play?" Plainly no more than this, viz. To impress on the minds of the populace the highest veneration for the truth and veracity of oracles, by shewing the fatal effects of neglecting to obey their sacred commands.

The magistrates (under whose direction the stage then was,) might probably think  
this



this a very important "political" moral; and so indeed, I believe, it was, in those times: for it is to be presumed, from several stories in history, that the civil government had a great influence over the priests, who presided in the temples, where oracles were delivered, and by these means, they became useful instruments to keep the people in due obedience. How liable the oracles were to be corrupted by wealth and power, is evident from ancient history.

Demosthenes, sensible of this great truth, says, "The Pythian Philippiſes;" complaining, that the oracle of Apollo at Delphi was always partial to Philip.

"Cleomenes, one of the kings of Sparta, (as Herodotus relates in his 6th book) being desirous to have Demaratus, the other king, deposed, pretended that he was not the son of Ariston, his predecessor; and that Ariston himself had confessed that his wife was delivered of him before her time. Hereupon the Spartans determined to enquire of the

" oracle at Delphi, whether Demaratus were  
 " the son of Ariston, or not. But, before  
 " this resolution was divulged, Cleomenes  
 " had pre-engaged Cobon, the son of Arist-  
 " ophantus; who, being a person of great  
 " authority in Delphi, prevailed upon Pe-  
 " rialla, the arch-priestess, to give such an  
 " answer as Cleomenes desired. So that  
 " when the Spartans came to consult the  
 " oracle, the Pythian pronounced Dema-  
 " ratus not to be the son of Ariston. By  
 " these artifices, Cleomenes carried his  
 " point, and Demaratus was deposed. The  
 " collusion being afterwards discovered,  
 " Cobon fled from Delphi, and Perialla  
 " was deprived of her dignity."

Many other stories of the like kind might  
 be cited from history. But the fatality of  
 events, so strongly inculcated in Oedipus,  
 (how well soever it may serve the purpose  
 of the Athenians) is utterly subversive of  
 all true religion and virtue. "How then  
 "comes this play to be so generally ap-  
 "plauded?" I doubt, we are apt to ad-  
 mire the writings of the ancients impli-  
 citly

citly and in the lump, as we take the principles of our religion from our fore-fathers upon trust, and without lifting too narrowly into the grounds and reasons of them. However, though the moral is wrong, it must be allowed that the *denouement*, as the French call it, or the unravelling of the plot, in this play, is conducted with great art and address; particularly, in the 4th scene of act iii, between Oedipus and Jocasta, where all the circumstances she produces to satisfy him it was impossible he should be the person who had killed Laius, tend to raise and confirm his jealousy and suspicion of it: and also in the 5th scene of act iv, between Oedipus and the shepherd, which no one can see or read without being extremely affected, and sympathising with the virtuously-wretched king.

I would not have you think, that I affect to dogmatise in this letter: on the contrary, I only open my thoughts freely, that you may be tempted to set me right, and correct the errors of, dear Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant,

W. D.

P. S.

P. S. In the *Ajax* of Sophocles, act iv, scene 4, Tecmessa, the mistress of Ajax, on occasion of his terrible calamities, makes this reflection,

“ The daughter of great Jove, avenging Pallas,  
“ Inflicts these ills to gratify Ulysses.”

On this Mr. Jackson, the translator, makes the following just remark : “ It seems unworthy of the Divine Nature, that the gods should take such part with the perverseness of our passions, as to punish one man only to gratify the malice of another. But this is one ill effect of the machinery of the ancient poets, (though very ornamental) where the gods are represented every moment descending and mixing with the affairs of human life. In Homer there is scarce a stone or javelin cast, or an arrow shot, that is not directed, or turned aside, by some god. What miserable wooden puppets upon wires are the heroes all the while ! How much more noble is the Christian system  
“ of

“ of Providence, where though there is a  
 “ constant care of us, that accompanies  
 “ the whole course of our lives, yet man  
 “ is still left in the dignity of a free agent!”

The devout madam Dacier would have  
 cursed Mr. Jackson by bell, book, and  
 candle, for daring thus to blaspheme her  
 adored Homer; nor would she have been  
 much more favourable to the earl of Ros-  
 common for these lines,

“ Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,  
 “ Make some suspect he, ‘saunders,’ as well as ‘nods.”

## LETTER CXXXV,

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Brook-street, Feb. 21, 1748-9.

**Y**OURS of the third instant has been  
 unanswered 'till now, on the account of  
 many more avocations than I could have  
 expected.

expected. If Clarissa is unfortunate, without being criminal, or so much as faulty, she stands condemned, in my opinion, by right reason, no less than by the doctrine of Aristotle, so well explained in your letter \* to Mr. Highmore; for I should think that those dispensations which confirm some atheists, make others, puzzle the wise, and shock the good, can answer no desirable end in books calculated (as all works of invention should be) for delight, or instruction, or both. We must account, in the best manner we can, for the dark dispensations of Providence recorded in history, which we find too often there, to wish for them elsewhere: however, as misfortunes are the proper subject for tragedy, and the innocent are protected from them by poetical justice, they must be the natural result of faults, and sometimes of crimes, provided those crimes are not flagitious. The sufferer therefore is to be virtuous, but frail, or, at the worst, partly bad, and partly good, and, upon the whole, more good than bad; and, if  
this

\* See letter cxxxiii, p. 174.

this mixed character is required to move pity and terror, there seems to be no occasion for the distinction between "fault" and "crime," explained as above; the difference between them (though possibly not so precise as you may expect) I apprehend to be this: The intention of the will is essential to a crime; for example: if I kill a man, walking under my window, by dropping a stone out of it, at a venture, or an offending servant, by striking him an unlucky blow, the fault, in both cases, is obvious; but as, in the first, I did not design so much as the stroke, and, in the last, I designed the stroke only, but not its effect, I have not, strictly speaking, committed a "crime," but an "involuntary fault;" that is, the actions themselves were voluntary, but not their consequences. If, (to proceed a step farther) transported with rage, upon some sudden and grievous provocation, I kill the offender designedly, afterwards repent very heartily, and am a good man in the main, and more unhappy, in the sense of my guilt, than the sentence of the law can make me, this is

certainly a "crime," but not a "notorious one;" and, being attended with the circumstances above-named, deserves compassion. The case is otherwise, if I destroy a man in cold blood; so that, to speak in the language of our law, chance-medley, or man-slaughter, may be an object of pity, but not murder; and in all cases whatsoever, as well as in those I have specified, it will depend upon the circumstances of the fact, call it "fault," "crime," or what you please, to determine the compassion due to him who has committed it, and the terror naturally arising from its punishment.

You ask, "why 'admiration' (which Aristotle chuses to derive from 'heroic poetry') is not a proper object of tragedy?" The answer is, that, excited, as it ought to be, by great and worthy actions, it gives our imagination a "lofty" turn, whereas tragedy is a lesson of "humility," by exposing the foibles of our nature, bringing the misfortunes of others home to ourselves, exciting terror and compassion,  
and



and thereby striking at the root of sin and misery, which is "pride;" of which it is truly said by Roscommon,

"Pride, of all others the most dangerous fault,  
"Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought."

Under the dominion of this fault we can never judge righteously between ourselves and others, or set a true value upon persons and things; we are selfish, unjust, blind, and hard-hearted; engage in absurd pursuits, and mistake wealth, equipage, titles, and rank, for happiness; in a word, our admiration has taken an immoral turn, and we cannot be edified by Cato or Heroic Love, till we are first humbled by the Orphan.

If "refining the passions" means (as I understand it) regulating the measures of them, and fixing them on their proper objects; and if pride is an invincible obstacle to our obtaining that salutary end, it follows, that the correction of that pride, by pity and terror, is the best, if not the only,

method of refining our passions in general, and those two in particular. To do Aristotle justice, he seems to have laid his foundation very deep; and the whole moral dispensatory affords no remedy so universal and efficacious, as his recipe for purging the passions; so that if the regimen, which subdues an ill habit of body, and establishes its health, is preferable to the cure of a fever, a dropsy, or any particular disease, I cannot doubt but that what extirpates pride, and instills humanity, is more meritorious than the punishment of vice, or the most illustrious patterns of virtue. It is admitted, that, upon this plan, many excellent tragedies have been written, but they are not the tragedies, for which Aristotle has laid down his rules; on the contrary, they belong, as I observed before, to another species of poetry; and accordingly our English tragedies in rhyme, which frequently deal in characters of that stamp, are styled "heroic," and were formerly the favourite entertainments on our stage, as they still are on the French; where you often meet with a young heroine, sacrificing

a true and tender passion to the duty she owes her king, her country, or her parents. And to these "triumphs over nature," (as lord Bacon calls them) our neighbours, now and then, add the triumphs of "grace;" but surely with no design to move pity or terror; for who can pity, in La Motte, the Maccabees and their mother, or be terrified by the torments to which they submit with alacrity? And if such transcendent efforts of religion are proposed as examples to be followed by an audience under the like circumstances, I fear the poet had a better opinion of his countrymen, than we have reason to have of ours. But not to digress any longer, I find my letter of such a length, that I shall defer for a few days what I have to say to your objections against Oedipus: they make the greatest part of your letter, but mine in answer to them will, I believe, take up much less room than that which I now end, by assuring you that I am, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately,

G. JEFFREYS.

LETTER

LETTER CXXXVI.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,      Brook-street, Feb. 28, 1748-9.

**I**N answer to part of your very entertaining letter, I wrote to you last week, and am now, according to promise, to consider the remainder. As several of the ancient tragedies will not stand the test of Aristotle's rules, they could scarce be regarded by him as "standards of perfection;" but others again were written more or less according to those rules, or rather gave birth to them, as every language does to its own grammar. And, I think, Oedipus is singled out by him as a master-piece, so that if your objections against it hold good, he is demolished all at once, for recommending a piece written in violation of his own doctrine. But in order to clear this point, I would observe, that, upon all theatres, the received system of religion and morality, however

however erroneous, absurd, or impious, in a philosophical view, is the only rule by which a tragic poet can walk, for the same reason that the only way to convince a man, is by arguing with him upon his own principles. The ancient oracles are now exploded as so many impostures, and yet were held in the highest veneration for several ages, insomuch that the contempt of them was accounted a sin of the deepest die. The doctrine of absolute predestination is utterly subversive of all true religion and virtue, and yet it was a received doctrine among the heathens; the Mahometans embrace it universally; several Christians do the same; and you will meet with something a-kin to it in the nine and thirty articles. The difficulty of reconciling it with the morality of human actions is a riddle which Oedipus himself could not have solved: and yet a jury of predestinarians, instead of acquitting a murderer, would alledge, that the same necessity which made him offend, obliged them to find him guilty. Another stumbling-block to reason is, that God should visit the sins of the fathers

fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation \* ; and “ who could bear (says Tully) “ a legislator who should be “ the author of such a law ?” The supreme Legislator himself is that author, according to the ancients ; and the same doctrine is inculcated every Sunday upon us, though particularly levelled (as I take it) at such offences, as may be construed affronts to the Divine Majesty, such as idolatry, blasphemy, sacrilege, perjury, &c. By these laws, let us try Oedipus : his father, Laius, marries in contradiction to the oracle ; his mother, Jocasta, determines to defeat it, by exposing him to be devoured by wild beasts ; he fulfills it, by killing him, and marrying her, without knowing his relation to them ; knows it afterwards, kills himself, and thereby frees his country from the plague, that had long annoyed it on the account of his involuntary parricide and incest. In this sketch, the first object that strikes one, is that terrible doctrine of absolute predestination : these events were to

\* See a note on letter ix, vol. i, p. 43.

take place by some means or other, if not by those which actually brought them about; for if those very means were decreed, as well as their end, we are to look for the necessity of that end in its equally necessary means; whence it follows, that the publication of this oracle was the sole cause of its accomplishment; for if Jocasta had been a stranger to it, she would not have taken the measures she did to elude it; by devoting her infant-son to destruction; the shepherd would not have found him; and so on to the death of Laius, &c. This supposition perplexes the case not a little; and yet without it, and admitting Oedipus to be brought up under his father's eye, it is inconceivable that a man of his character should kill him, and much more so, that he should marry his mother. But, not to lose ourselves in "winding fate," Laius marrying in contempt of the oracle, and Jocasta pretending to get the better of destiny itself, though at the expence of murdering her own son, are grievous offenders, and punished both in themselves, and in that son,

who, notwithstanding his innocence, is condemned by the laws, that is, by the religion of his country, even though his calamity had, in the course of affairs, been independent on the guilt of his parents; whereas here, to qualify it still more, there is so close a connection between them, that they cannot be separated; a consideration, which, in other cases, as well as those of parents and children, will, by way of exception to a general rule, reconcile us to the distress of the innocent, occasioned by their attachment to the guilty: Monimia, for instance, is entirely innocent, and yet, though her death moves pity, and strikes terror, we behold it without repining at Providence; her destiny is united to that of Castalio; so that the natural consequences of his fault are the ruin of both: by involving her in that ruin, he is punished still more severely, than if he had suffered alone; the sense of her misfortunes is more grievous to her than death itself, which she therefore chuses as the least of two evils; it is her refuge, and not her punishment. But, without some such reason

as



as this, and in utter defiance of poetical justice, to kill an innocent person, as Shakespear does Cordelia, is "murder," properly so called; and therefore I cannot help thinking it horrible and shocking. To proceed; if Monimia had reason to be weary of life, Oedipus had still more, and though you should truly say that the act of killing his father was no crime in him, neither was it a reflection upon Providence to suffer it; for Providence had given warning, which Laius neglecting, fell by the hand of his son: the son, indeed, finding what he had done, breaks out, as you observe, into "terrible complaints of his wickedness," but not in cold blood; he speaks the language of despair and distraction, and is so much the more ready to accuse himself, as a casuist will be to acquit him; for let any man of virtue and sensibility reflect, what it would be to imbrue his hands, though by mistake, in the blood of his father; and then for several years to live in incest with his mother; such a one will easily imagine, that the remorse and anguish attending these

shocking facts would pursue him to his grave. Here then we have an innocent man not punished as guilty, but unhappy by a natural consequence of guilt in his parents, and relieved from his sufferings by death, which at the same time relieves his afflicted country. To your better judgment I submit how far these considerations ought to justify the misfortunes of Oedipus, blameless as he is in Dryden, in La Motte, and, I believe, in Corneille; but I much question whether he be so in Sophocles, for Rymer, speaking of him there, cries, "*Quantum mutatus* in Corneille and "Dryden!" "He is changed, (says Dennis) "and for the worse, in regard to the "laws of tragedy, by being represented, " (what he calls) sovereignly virtuous;" whereas, in Sophocles, he is made responsible for great foibles and blemishes of his own, and more particularly (if I remember right) is charged with having misbehaved himself in the very rencounter with Laius: and that (if it be the case) will probably be of more weight, than any thing

thing I have written, to invalidate your objections.

At our leisure, we will examine Sophocles as to this point; in the mean time I am to ask your pardon for a letter so much longer than that with which I threatened you, but I wanted time to make it shorter.  
....

I am, dear Sir, yours affectionately,

G. JEFFREYS.

# R E M A R K S,

Occasioned by the three foregoing letters,

By Mr. HIGHMORE.

**M**R. Duncombe supposes Oedipus a man of great and eminent virtues in general, and also to have acted worthily, even commendably, in the rencounter with Laius, and not inconsistently with the strictest morality

morality in his marriage with Jocasta ; in the former case, defending himself against the unmerited insult of a stranger, as he thought ; in the latter, espousing a person of suitable rank, and ignorant of her relationship. According to this representation, he seems no way guilty, and ought to be treated by all the world, as an innocent person, and, in right reason, to esteem himself as such.

That he killed his father and married his mother, were after-discoveries ; so that the parricide and incest, with which he is charged, were facts, in which he was no more concerned, as a moral and accountable agent, than any indifferent person, who bore no relation to them. Thus far I apprehend to be clear and indisputable, on the genuine principles of natural and rational religion ; for otherwise, the most upright, the most religious, and even the most circumspect person in the world may not be able to preserve his innocence, but may become culpable by accidents, wholly out of his power, and impossible for him  
to

to know or foresee: than which nothing can be more discouraging to a man resolved on virtue, and endeavouring to render himself acceptable to the Deity: for if the best intentions, and an uniform course of action on the best principles, are not sufficient, virtue becomes impracticable.

If Mr. D's be not a true representation of the case and circumstances of Oedipus, that does not affect the reasoning above, which will nevertheless be applicable to the case here represented.

Mr. Jeffreys's representation takes in all the circumstances, and situation of Oedipus; as, the prediction of the oracle, his father's marrying in defiance of it, his mother's attempt to elude it, and prevent the threatened consequences, by exposing him to destruction. And, after these crimes of his parents, follow, his killing Laius, and living in incest with Jocasta, whom he now discovers to be his father and mother. All this overwhelms him, and he sees his misfortunes to be inevitable, on the principles  
of

of the religion and laws of his country, in which he had been educated, and for which he (as well as his fellow citizens) was supposed to have the highest veneration. Thus situated, and entangled in these calamities, perhaps he could not act otherwise than he did, especially as his death was thought a necessary expiatory sacrifice to relieve his country from the plague. But surely these considerations ought not to have weight elsewhere, under other and more rational principles, or become a rule and standard universally. His conduct, in these last scenes, was evidently owing to prejudices of education, &c.—for, supposing all such removed, and that an innocent man (as he really was) resolved to act on the principles of right reason, might he not consider the death of his father as providential, or as a punishment from heaven for his crimes, and as effected by the hand of a stranger; and, with respect to himself, as a natural loss only? As for Jocasta, she was his lawful wife while he was ignorant of the relationship; and, as soon as he became sensible of it, he should have quitted her. Q.

Whether,

Whether, all prejudice and customs laid aside, he might not have acted thus? And, though he could not have been so happy as if none of these events had come to pass, yet he might have been less unhappy than many others of the human species, particularly than such as are conscious of real guilt, and whose misfortunes do not make them think death preferable to life. The opinion of the world is out of the case; for that is supposed here, as conformable to the reason of things, as is the opinion of the person in question; and, for the same reason, glory will not be any motive to quit life.

As for Monimia, and others absolutely innocent, being involved in the misery, procured by the guilt of those, to whom they may be either by nature, choice, or otherwise indissolubly attached, these are, of all others, the most to be pitied, and lamented; but are no examples from which any moral can be drawn of use to such as may be in like circumstances, because their misfortunes being utterly inevitable, and

brought on them by no crime of their own, can be no proper warning to any; and to say that "Castalio and other guilty persons are more severely punished by the effects of their crimes, reaching to the innocent," how true soever this may be in fact, yet equity would revolt at it, and chuse some other means of punishing the criminal with the severity he may deserve, rather than involve the guiltless, if the nature of things will admit of it; and, if it will not, that is another topic, to which this argument does not necessarily lead, since we are here considering only poetical justice. But this may naturally occasion a retrospect to the case of Clarissa, mentioned in the beginning of the former letter, where it is said, that, "if she is unfortunate without being criminal, her catastrophe stands condemned, &c. \*"  
 Not surely on "Christian" principles, for she will be made ample amends in another world. She does not finish unfortunately, in the author's own opinion, but gloriously

\* See p. 192.

and



and triumphantly, and is exceedingly happy in her assured expectation of eternal felicity; the consideration of which not only alleviates her present misfortunes, and comforts her under them, but, according to her own sentiments, renders her situation rather to be envied, than pitied. Not to insist on what the same gentleman says of "the dark dispensations of Providence recorded in history, which we find too often there, to wish for them elsewhere; and for which (he says) we must account in the best manner we can;" perhaps Clarissa's is the "best manner" of accounting for them; that is, on the principles of revelation, referring to a future state. But whether it be so or not, these things are in the course of Providence confessed by these very records, and should not morals be rather drawn from things as they are, than as they may be imagined? These latter reflections arise from the principles of our religion, and are proposed as to Christians, who are taught in this manner to account for all such dispensations; and, if it be not thought satisfactory, we

4

J. H.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

**Sept. 21, 1749.**

..... I HAVE just finished Clarissa, and am extremely pleased with it. By what I have heard of the author's station in life, one would wonder how he could enter so well into characters so much above it, and support that of Lovelace, for instance, with so much wit and humour, such spirit and gaiety throughout. Clarissa herself, in my opinion, does not do him so much credit as a painter. But, after all, the story is too melancholy for me. I admire the

the execution of his plan, but not the plan itself. I wish I did "admire" it, for then I should be as much a saint as Clarissa was; a Christian in earnest, I hope, I am; and therefore, with the author in his postscript, will "envy," if he pleases, the triumphant death of Clarissa, as the most desirable conclusion of a life so unfortunate as hers; but the question is, whether, taking her misfortunes and her death together, she is to be envied; or, in other words, how many there are who would wish themselves in her place. What I mean by this is, that the work can be of no general use, as the majority of readers (not excepting the clergy themselves,) can never be reconciled to the sufferings of Clarissa in this life; by the prospect of her happiness in another; though there may be many, both among the clergy and laity, who are hypocrites enough to pretend the contrary.

Another objection is, that the story does not make good the title-page, and is "no caution" against misconduct either in  
parents

parents or children with regard to marriage; for if a daughter, whom her parents would oblige to marry against her inclination, were to remind them of Clarissa's father, the answer, I suppose, would be, "that she herself was no Clarissa, and therefore had no title to cite the precedent;" and if she should run away with her lover; "what signifies duty (she might say,) and every other good quality in woman, since Clarissa, dutiful as she was and every way excellent, met with so severe a destiny?" I think, the case is fairly stated, for Clarissa, considering her great delicacy, was not disobedient in refusing two or three matches which she could not like: it was enough, that she had no great inclination to marriage, and was resolved "never" to marry without the consent of her parents. Her judgment might be wrong, (and was so in some other material instances,) but her heart was entirely right, and no disobedience lies at her door.

But farther: In Clarissa, who was all perfection, it was delicacy, not judgment,  
to

to expect the same perfection, or to censure the want of it, in Miss Howe, and others.

To that delicacy, and to her sincerity, she sacrifices her prudence, by acting, in a situation of so much distress, as if she were in none, and thereby loses the only opportunity of saving herself by taking refuge among the ladies of Lovelace's family, because she aimed at something better, without suspecting a great deal worse, as she had reason to do, though not the very worst which might and did actually happen to her.

Her playing fast and loose with her lover, in regard to her appointments for meeting, before he carried her off, are out of character, and particularly where she writes him word, that "she will meet him *unless she alters her mind.*"

Her apprehensions of the ill effects attending her father's curse, have a leaven of superstition.

Her

Her lover's generous behaviour to the *Rose-bud*, whose mother confided in his honour, was known to Clarissa; and, enforced as it was by the power her going off with him had given him over her, should, in all reason, have made her place that timely confidence in him which would have set him right, and might have ended in a happy marriage.

Besides the intrinsic merit of the work, the author has secured the patronage of the ladies, by the perfection he ascribes to Clarissa, (as he did before to Pamela,) and of the clergy, by the religious turn of his work, her aspirations, and multiplied texts of scripture on every occasion.

G. J.

LETTER

## LETTER CXXXVIII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

**M**R. Highmore's letter \* entertained me very agreeably, and I wish you could have left it in my hands for some time, that I might have considered it with the attention it deserves. The transient view I had of it allows me nothing more, than to make a few cursory remarks upon such passages in it as I can recollect; in order to which I shall premise, that as far as I understand poetical justice, for which I am an advocate, it is by no means a punishment just adequate to the crime, and nothing farther; for, at that rate, the offender could have little or no title to compassion, and the examples of justice in our circuits and sessions would be upon the

\* See p. 143.

same foot with those of the theatre; whereas it is the province of tragedy to humble our pride, and awaken our caution, by punishing transgressions out of the reach of human laws; and to that end, the hand of Providence is to be visible in conducting "venial offenders," by natural and necessary steps to the extremity of misfortune: by this means the sufferer, who is punished so much beyond the measure of his offence, becomes the object of pity, and withal strikes terror, by bringing the example home in the punishment of those faults and mistakes, to which we are all liable. Upon this foundation I must beg leave to differ from Mr. H. where he says, that "equity would revolt at it, and chuse some other means of punishing the criminal with the severity he may deserve, rather than involve the guiltless, if the nature of things will admit of it;" to which I answer, that according to the story "it cannot be avoided;" and I am not sorry for it; for involving the innocent Monimia in his misfortune, adds to his punishment, which is the point in view, and makes it the



the more exemplary ; and her death, being her own choice, as I observed in my former letter, is no " punishment," but her " relief" from a misfortune unavoidably brought upon her by Castalio's fault. I consider the death of Oedipus in the same light, viz. as the punishment of his own offence, or of the offences of his parents in him ; of his own offence, if he misbehaved in his rencounter with Laius ; of theirs, in transgressing the religion of their country. Mr. H. thinks that " Oedipus, not intending either incest or parricide, was under no necessity of killing himself upon the discovery of what he had done, but might have lived afterwards with a safe conscience ;" and so he might under the torture of the stone, but is life to be wished upon such terms ? Or rather, does not the remorse attending such facts, however ignorantly committed, bear too hard upon human nature to make that choice possible, which Oedipus should have made, according to Mr. H. ? Another thing advanced by him is, that " morals should be drawn from incidents in life as they really happen, rather than

"as they may be imagined;" and so far Aristotle agrees with him, as to say, that "stories on the stage should be told as they were reported to have been, or as they should have been;" by the last division he is understood to mean, "as good men could have wished them to have happened for the service of virtue." But this relates to history. If Mr. H. means that stories may be invented to cast a damp upon virtue, as well as to encourage it, because such things happen in real life, I believe he will meet with few fictions upon that plan, nor can I well conceive what good end they can answer, I mean, within the sphere of mortality, for to that I confine my doctrine. The case is altered if you take in another world, and entertain an audience, or a reader, with examples of martyrdom. I agree therefore with Mr. H. that "revelation reconciles us to the sufferings of *Clarissa*," of whom I said, in a former letter, that "she stands condemned by the rules of poetical justice, if she is punished without being faulty;" but upon reading the book, which I had not done then, I find that she is not punished, or,

in

in a christian sense, unfortunate; the full assurance, that she shall be happy hereafter, makes her so before-hand; she enjoys, as she says herself, the prospect of death; and a triumphant one it is, as Mr. H. expresses it, for it is the death of a martyr to the inhumanity of her relations and her lover, and to her own chastity and virtue. In this view I could almost say, I pity Lovelace, with all his guilt, more than the divine Clarissa. Perhaps I should have been better pleased, with lady Bradshaigh \* and numbers more, if the story had taken a happy turn; but *de gustibus non est disputandum*; and never did any author receive so much credit from opposition to his plan, as Mr. Richardson; for if the lady I have mentioned had acquiesced in the original scheme, she could not have discovered that high opinion of the merit of the work in general, which is so apparent in her uncommon zeal to adapt it to her own taste. "To be "envied, not imitated," was the motto of

\* The lady of sir Roger Bradshaigh, bart. of Haigh in Lancashire.

a celebrated artist upon his statue. I apply the same to Clarissa, not to censure the design, but to do justice to the execution of it, and am, with compliments to the author when you see him, dear Sir,

Affectionately yours,

G. J.

L E T T E R CXXXIX.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR,

Aug. 2, 1750.

" **S**INCE it has been surmised that Oedipus killed Laius in a dishonourable manner, which, if true, would in some measure reconcile the punishment of him with poetical justice, I beg leave to set down the account of that action as it is related by Oedipus himself in Sophocles, act iii, scene 4.

" The

“ The man,” says he, “ who preceded  
 “ his master, endeavoured forcibly to drive  
 “ me out of the road ; upon which I struck  
 “ the forward slave ; and advancing, the  
 “ old man in a fury lashed me twice over  
 “ the head with his rowelled whip. Thus  
 “ provoked, with a single blow I brought  
 “ him from his chariot, and he dropped  
 “ down dead at my feet.”

This is the whole account, which I refer  
 to your farther consideration. I am of  
 opinion, that the extravagant anguish and  
 shocking punishment of Oedipus cannot be  
 justified but by topical arguments, if I  
 may so speak. I think you have offered  
 as much as can be urged on that side of  
 the question. I am pleased with the inge-  
 nuity of the advocate; but not convinced.

What you say about “ poetical justice in  
 “ general” seems to me precisely right and  
 consonant to reason ; but as to the parti-  
 cular case of Oedipus, I will only offer one  
 remark on a single passage in your letter.

By

By your comparing the anguish of Oedipus's mind, under the commission of an involuntary fault, to the torture suffered by a man in a fit of the stone, it should seem as if you thought the one as necessary and unavoidable as the other; which I hope and believe is not the case.

With regard to the body, it must indeed be allowed, as one of the characters in Milton justly argues,

“ That pain is perfect misery, the worst  
 “ Of evils, and excessive overturns  
 “ All patience.—

But God forbid, we should be so little indebted to Providence, and of such a wretched frame, as at any time to suffer necessarily extreme anguish of mind without any guilt or moral blemish!

The opinion of the Stoics is well known, and thus expressed by Horace,

*Hec*

*Hoc satis est orare Jovem, qui donat et auferit,  
Det vitam, det opes; æquum mihi dñum ipse parabo.*

Let heaven but life and riches for me find,  
And to myself I'll give an easy mind.

And though the dominion over the passions may not extend so far as the Stoics imagined, it is to be hoped that nature has at least put it into every man's power, by the due use of his rational faculties, to correct such evils as arise merely from superstitious notions.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

W. D.

## L E T T E R CXL.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE

DEAR SIR,

Biddefden \*, Aug. 30, 1750.

**Y**OU expect this letter from my last to your son. Upon a review of Mr. Highmore's letter, I find the thoughts to be very well digested, and clearly expressed, and withal that I have already answered him in the main, as far as I am capable of doing it: so that I shall take my leave of him with one or two short remarks. Speaking of the false notions which prevailed at Thebes, he adds †, (what I readily admit) "But surely these considerations ought not to have weight elsewhere, under other and more rational principles, or become a rule and standard universally;"

\* Near Andover, Hants, a seat of the late duke of Chandos.

† See p. 145.

and



and a little farther, "Q. Whether, all "customs and prejudices laid aside, he "might not have acted thus?" The answer is, that "customs and prejudices" are not to be "laid aside," but adopted, in a tragedy calculated to instruct people by striking in with their "customs and prejudices." The Greeks told Darius, that they abhorred the thought of swallowing the remains of their parents, as the Barbarians did; and those Barbarians equally abhorred the practice of the Greeks in reducing theirs to ashes, and inclosing them in urns. Neither of these opinions is of any weight with us; but we will take the first of them, and suppose that in a tragedy represented to an audience of these Barbarians, the principal character transgressing the law and custom of his country, by burning his father's remains, instead of swallowing them, were to meet with some grievous misfortune; this misfortune attending the breach of a supposed duty, would be a proper lesson of filial reverence to such an audience; and even the Greeks, who allowed the action to be

right in itself, would condemn it for being committed in opposition to the law and belief of the country, where the scene lay. In regard to Monimia and others in her circumstances, "no moral can be drawn of use to them," says Mr. H. and there likewise I agree with him; but the moral use of misfortunes befalling the "innocent," is a caution to the "guilty," as often as the innocent are unavoidably involved in tragical consequences of their guilt; and so much added to what I wrote before for the controversy between me and Mr. H. who supposes Oedipus to be "entirely innocent," according to your representation of the rencounter with Laius; "but," adds he, "if this representation is not a true one, that does not affect the reasoning above;" which brings me to your account of it from Sophocles. Oedipus, a foundling of no rank whatsoever, and travelling by himself, meets Laius, a person of distinction, as appears by his being attended by three or four servants; one of them, in right of his master, endeavours to force Oedipus out of the road;

Oedipus

Oedipus strikes him, and advances to Laius, who being enraged at the blow given his servant, lashes Oedipus twice over the head with his rowelled whip; upon which Oedipus first kills him, and then his servants who endeavoured to revenge him. This (you say) is Oedipus's own story; and it appears hereby, that the quarrel began by his disputing the road, where he had no sort of title to it; so that all the mischief which ensued, lies at his door: he was the aggressor, and Laius only upon the defensive, when he lashed him with his whip. In a word, I can view him in no other light than that of a boisterous ruffian, not intending indeed to commit murder, but hurried into it from the violence of his temper, and such a mixture of resentment and insolence as made him trespass upon all the rules of decency and common prudence, and, allowing him a share of humanity and reflection, we must suppose that this day's work was a dead weight upon his spirits from the time it happened, without waiting for the discovery afterwards made of his having murdered

dered his father; so that instead of being "entirely innocent," he is guilty to a degree almost out of the reach of pity: to which his chief title is, that the fact was committed some years before his appearance on the stage, under all the distress and compunction which it would naturally create in him, upon finding out the relationship between him and Laius: in this light we have no occasion to justify his misfortunes by the third commandment; his parents are out of the question, and out of his own mouth he is justly and heavily charged for his own crimes.

Not that I can give up my comparison between an involuntary fault and a fit of the stone, after explaining myself, by allowing that some involuntary faults occasion no anguish at all, nor can I imagine the very worst of them to occasion it in any degree equal to a fit of the stone; though they may have in common the quality of making a man heartily tired of life, as some among us have been, not that life was a torment, but purely because it was  
become

become insipid. "It is to be hoped," (say you, rather "wished" say I) "that every man has it in his power, by the due use of his rational faculties, to correct such evils as arise merely from superstitious notions;" and consequently it would be a shame for any one to be made unhappy (though many are so) by omens, dreams, &c. as all fears, arising from such causes, are; or ought to be, subject to the controul of reason, which, in regard to matters within its sphere, is a proper guide, notwithstanding the pains taken to decry it by some authors, and particularly Cicero, who questions whether it would not have been more eligible for mankind to have been wholly without the use of it, than to have had it attended with such pernicious consequences. But, without running into this extreme, it must be owned that there are mysteries above it in philosophy as well as in religion; in regard to which the best service it can do us, is to quit the field, instead of contending where it is sure to be overcome. What I here mean are the secret operations of nature upon particular consti-

constitutions, sometimes through the whole course of a man's life, as in the case of antipathies; and sometimes in single instances only, as when a lady of my acquaintance fainted away at the sight of her father's murderer, without hearing him named, without knowing him, and without any expectation of seeing him. I have more than once heard the story, with all these circumstances, from the lady's own mouth, and, considering the natural connection between her and her father, I can account for it better than I could for her falling into a cold sweat at the sight of a cat, or on a cat's being in the room, whether she had seen it or no: nor can I doubt but that the same connection would have operated as strongly by sympathy, if it had been this lady's misfortune to kill her father by an accident entirely innocent. There are tempers so tender and sensible as to sink under such a calamity, and never recover themselves afterwards. The person whom I suppose in this situation, would admit that he had been guilty of no fault, and apprehended no punishment; his chagrin

grin therefore would not be the effect of a superstitious unreasonable notion, but of a natural impression prevailing against his reason. There is no accounting for sympathy and antipathy ; but they are as little to be questioned or resisted, as they are to be explained : some of our most received opinions are chiefly supported by them. Nature (for example) has implanted in us a principle of self-preservation, or it shrinks at the thought of dissolution ; and hence arise the general abhorrence and condemnation of self-murder, though in several cases that might be put by a rational man, the reason of the thing is for it : but “ nature,” says Thucydides, “ is a higher principle than reason ;” on which sentiment Father Rapin exclaims, in a kind of rapture, “ There is admirable sense ! a profound reflection !”

Some part of this letter may want an apology, as, to the best of my remembrance, it is little more than a repetition of what I wrote formerly in vindication of those poets who have represented Oedipus

innocent, and yet have sent him out of the world, partly in mercy to a wretch who could no longer live comfortably in it, and partly as a sacrifice to the sins of his parents. As for Sophocles, I take his conduct to be unquestionably justified in punishing Oedipus for a heinous offence of his own, at the same time that he makes him a proper object of terror and compassion. . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate humble servant,

G. JEFFREYS.

LETTER



## LETTER CXLI.

MR. DUNCOMBE TO MR. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR,

Stocks \*, Sept. 4, 1750.

I HAVE read yours of the 30th ult. with great pleasure, on which I shall only make a few remarks *en passant*.

The instance you give, from the Greek history, of the different sentiments of the Greeks and Barbarians † is extremely well adapted to shew the justness and propriety of what I call “topical reasoning” in tragedy.

The case is not quite fairly stated with regard to “Oedipus, a foundling, of no “rank whatsoever, &c. ‡” Though this

\* In Hertfordshire, the seat of Arnold Duncombe, esq.

† See p. 163.

‡ p. 164.

was the fact, he thought himself the son of the king and queen of Corinth, which might naturally raise his spirits, for he could not divine his own history. He seems to have been too rash and violent, and was so far culpable. But to say, that, in this single instance, he is guilty "to a degree, almost "out of the reach of pity \*," is putting the argument to the torture.

An offence of this kind, if tried by an English jury, would, I believe, have been deemed only "man-slaughter," since it is plain there could be no "malice prepense."

Cicero is so thoroughly an academic, that his opinion has no more weight with me than the reasons he alledges will give it. There seems to be something very curious in the story you allude to †. I should be glad to have a more particular account of it, and the name of the lady, *si licet*.

\* p. 166.

† p. 168.

As to the doctrine of sympathies and antipathies, I must leave it under the cloud with which it is envelopped. Yet as to "real" (not "affected") antipathies, I believe they may be accounted for in a mechanical way. I do not understand the meaning of the word "sympathy," and can therefore say nothing to that; nor do I understand this sentence in your letter, "Some of our most received opinions are supported by sympathy and antipathy."

As to what you instance in suicide, it is a tender subject to discuss. "Nature (you say) shrinks at the thought of dissolution." It does so, while we are in a state of ease and pleasure, but not surely if we were in a state of exquisite pain, and there appeared no possible way of escaping from it but by dissolution: for nature, in that case, would fly to death as an asylum; and if (as you say) "several instances might be put, in which the reason of the

" thing

"thing is for suicide \*," (and in this I agree with you,) nature cannot be against it; for (notwithstanding the profound reflection of Thucydides) nature and reason (strictly speaking) are never at variance, since it is the business of reason to regulate only, and not extinguish, our natural affections. But if they must be supposed to differ, the making nature a higher principle

\* Let it be remembered, that this is said with a reference to this life only: for extending our views to a future, an eternal state, what can be more cowardly than to abandon the station (however irksome) in which Providence has placed us, and what vengeance must be expected to await the deserters, who rush unsummoned, unprepared, into the presence of their Maker!

— *Quam vellet æthere in alto  
Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!*

*Æn. vi.*

— — — — — How would they joy  
Once more to visit earth; and though oppress'd  
With all that pain and famine can inflict,  
Pant up the hill of life! —

Dr. Glynn's Day of Judgment.

than

than reason, is setting the cart before the horse. Reason is allowed by Hobbess himself to be "a part of nature,"---*Recta ratio, cum non minus sit pars naturæ humanæ quam quælibet alia facultas vel affectus animi, naturalis quoque dicitur.*

*De Cive, lib. iii, c. 2.*

In other places, indeed, he confines "nature" to the animal affections of fear, desire, anger, and the like, which are born with us.

*Ibid. in præf.*

But it is not my business to reconcile this author with himself. Cases may possibly arise in which wise and good men will, with Brutus, be forced to renounce the principles they embraced in a full flow of health and spirits; we should therefore be cautious in censuring the conduct of others. *To their own master they stand or fall.*

I must repeat what I have said in a former letter, that Oedipus could be no proper example to deter others in the like circumstances

cumstances from the like crimes, because he is every where represented by the poet as acting under the influence of an inevitable decree of the gods, or, in other words, as a mere machine or puppet.

I am, my good friend,

Most affectionately yours,

W. D.

If "punishment" be rightly defined, by Puffendorff\*, (as I think it is) to be "the pain or anguish which a person suffers by the command of a superior, on account of some evil deed, which he has voluntarily committed," it is plain, that a person who is acted upon, or driven, by an irresistible decree of the gods, can be no object of "punishment."

\* *De officio hominis et civis, lib. ii, c. 13, f. 4.*

## LETTER CXLII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

**T**HIS answer to your last has been due some time. I did (as you say) "put the "argument to the torture," by having forgotten, that Oedipus was the king of Corinth's supposed son, and therefore a proper object of pity, by not being "inexcusably rash" (though rash enough in all conscience) in not giving way, as he certainly should have done, and as, I believe, his majesty himself on horseback would do to you, or any other of his loving subjects, in a chariot: as the case stands, Oedipus (as you say) would have been found guilty of "man-slaughter" only, and could not have pleaded in arrest of judgment, that he was a puppet; for, as I have formerly observed, justice must have its course; and if I rob you on the highway, the judge

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I i

will

Will give his charge, and the jury bring in their verdict, to hang me, by the same necessity which made me a felon.

The instance I gave, supported by sympathy and antipathy, was the opinion, that it is our duty to live as long as we can by the course of nature and Providence, and a sin to put an end to that being, which God has bestowed upon us, by a violent death; and this opinion being but lamely supported by reason in several cases that may happen, I resolve it into sympathy and antipathy, by which I do not mean, in this place, what is strictly understood by them; but take these words in a larger sense, as they import any strong and natural inclination or aversion: it is true, the natural aversion to loss of being may give way to that excess of torture, which shall make a man shoot himself in a fit of the stone; but it will hold good against reason, and does so every day in several instances between your two extremes of ease and pleasure on the one hand, and exquisite pain on the other; and as often as this is  
fact,



fact, that nature makes unhappy men prolong their being, where reason prompts them to put an end to it, so often, with submission, they are, strictly speaking, at variance: nor is it an argument to the contrary to say, that "it is the business of reason to regulate, not extinguish, our natural affections," unless you can likewise say, that reason is equal to its business, which, I am afraid, is far from being the case. I doubt, the affections, instead of being "the cart before the horse," are the wild horse running away with the cart, and tossing the poor carter, reason, into the mire; or supposing the horse to be tolerably quiet and tractable, yet if the carter is unskilful, he overturns his machine by driving it against a bank, or into a ditch; or, in other words, if reason is not extinguished by the passions, it is in many so weak and defective as to be subservient to them, and to take its bias, though imperceptibly, from them. A man the most free from passions in appearance may call his phlegm wisdom, and yet shall be deceived by the secret motions of self-love, and

plume himself upon a real vice under the show of virtue; as when a preacher gratifies his own vanity, by an excellent sermon against the vanity of others. Right reason is a very valuable treasure, and every man has it, if you believe him; but *quot homines, tot sententiæ*, disproves the claim. I would, with a certain emperor\*, worship a reasonable man, but first shew me where he is. Reason, commonly so called, is nothing more than opinion,

—— “ the twinkling lamp

“ Of wand’ring life, that winks and wakes by turns,  
“ Fooling the follower between shade and shining †;

Or, as another author ‡ describes it, “ A  
“ double-edged weapon, wounding either  
“ way in the hands of its greatest masters;  
“ a tincture almost equally infused into all  
“ our opinions;” and then for its influence,

\* An inca of Peru.

† Mourning Bride, act iii, scene 1.

‡ Montaigne’s essays.

consider

consider how little it has been from the beginning of the world to this day; and where is the difference between saying a man never "is" well, and saying he never "can" be well? Or between saying, the passions of mankind in general never "were," or "will be," regulated, by reason; and saying, they never "can be" regulated by it? And so much for reason as a regulator of the affections; but supposing, not allowing, it to be so in the main, the question between you and me remains as it was: for in joining with Thucydides to call nature "a higher principle than reason," I did not mean those passions "which," you say, "it is the business of reason to regulate," and which, I own, it does regulate now and then, but those "secret operations" (as I expressed myself) which are entirely out of its reach; for not to repeat what I said of sympathy and antipathy, not affected but real, as undoubtedly they often are, I would observe to you, that a man trying to walk over a plank, two foot broad, laid across a broken arch of a bridge very high, would fall  
into

into the river, and yet had room enough to walk directly forward, and accordingly could have done it with ease, for a mile together, upon a path half as broad through a level ground; yet it would be hard to censure this poor creature for losing his life through fear, which he ought to have regulated by reason, especially as he was a philosopher, which we will suppose to be the case. The love of children to parents, and still more that of parents to children, must be allowed to baffle reason in general, and, over and above such surprizing effects of that relation, as that which I mentioned in my former letter, add to this a natural connection, as it were, between grief and misfortune, when a man has been known to be dejected to the last degree, at the very instant of a friend's or relation's death a hundred miles off, and without any previous notice of his being in danger of it; add likewise an extraordinary power of divination in some people on some occasions, and more especially on a death-bed: but above all, add the superiority of nature, where it supplies the want of reason,

as in brutes by way of instinct, to which we owe much more valuable discoveries in physic than to human sagacity. As therefore nature, in some of these instances, absolutely controuls and supersedes reason, as in others, it goes much farther, and as in all it is wholly incomprehensible by it, give me leave to conclude, that "nature is a higher principle than reason."

If you should be of opinion, that what I have delivered is erroneous, or even absurd, you must remember, in my excuse, that *humanum est errare*, and that "absurdity is the privilege of a reasonable creature."

I am,

My dear Mr. Duncombe's

most affectionately,

G. JEFFREYS.

LETTER

LETTER CXLIII.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Biddesdon, Sept. 23, 1750.

**I** THANK you for the papers, and have read them with pleasure; as you desire my sentiments upon them, they are as follows :

In regard to my former letters, “ involuntary faults,” an expression not originally mine, are, to the best of my remembrance, observed by me, to imply a contradiction, unless “ involuntary” be applied to the unforeseen consequences of the fact, and not to the fact itself, which must be “ voluntary” to be a fault.

After the first quotation from Aristotle, follows what Mr. Sharp \* calls a “ literal

\* Of C. C. C. Cambridge, afterwards D. D. and rector of St. Mary Abchurch and St. Laurence Pountney, London. He died March 27, 1772.

“ tran-

“translation :” but to begin with *επιεικής*, I will not be positive, after having dropped my acquaintance with Greek, I shall not say, for how many years, but I take it properly to signify “meek” or “gentle.” However, what Aristotle means by it, in this place, ought to be perfectly understood, and therefore Q. if it be rightly translated “remarkably good men?” Mr. Sharp says, that “punishing a very wicked man may give mankind some pleasure,” whereas Aristotle says, “it may shew a “love to mankind,” το φιλανθρωπον. Again, I take Aristotle’s *διαφορον* to mean “excelling,” without “remarkably,” which seems to be added as an authority from Aristotle for murdering good men upon the stage, provided they are not “remarkably” good. Lastly, what is *αμαρτια*? If “error,” is it of that sort, which, being unavoidable, shall not in the least discredit a man’s understanding or honesty? Or is it an error in judgment only? It can be neither of these, as they are both compatible with the character of *επιεικής*, and the misfortunes attending them will not produce

the το φοβερὸν, or the αἰσινόν, but the μισρὸν : by *αμαρτια* therefore, Aristotle, to be consistent with himself, must mean “ faulty ” errors, as derived from that faulty character, which, being in the middle between virtue and vice, he makes the foundation of pity and fear : but “ error,” without any addition, is so far from superseding “ involuntary “ fault,” as an adequate, clear, and precise idea, that nothing more indefinite and vague can be well imagined. Mr. Sharp promises indeed to illustrate his meaning in the tragedies mentioned by Mr. Addison, and does it in the Orphan, but in such a manner, as would very much mislead any person who had not read the play : for, according to him, here are two very honest young gentlemen, one of them guilty of an inconsiderable error, in not acquainting his brother that he was married, and the other, properly speaking, guilty of no error at all, though under a mistake indeed in believing, what any one in his circumstances must have believed, that he was only beforehand with his double-dealing brother in lying with a prostitute. But  
Mr.



Mr. Sharp forgets, that there was a time when this Polydore had reason to think better of her, and yet endeavoured to debauch her under his father's roof and protection, in defiance of duty, hospitality, and honour; and, as to Castalio's "inconsiderable error," he himself was so far from quieting his conscience under that notion, that, in the beginning of that scene where he kills Polydore, he takes shame to himself very plentifully,

“ I made a contract I ne'er meant to keep ;”

and a little farther,

“ Still new ways I study'd to abuse thee.”

How candid is your friend to call these “ inconsiderable errors !” In short, both brothers are so faulty, with all their good qualities, as to answer Aristotle's design of exciting pity and fear very happily : and if, notwithstanding this, Mr. Addison thought Castalio a virtuous innocent character, no body will dispute it with him but a dealer in verbal distinctions.

Aristotle

Aristotle, in the second quotation from him, is quite consistent with what he advanced in the first, and declares for tragedies composed on a few family events "according to art." Then follows the point in view, which is, to reconcile Aristotle and Addison: they agree in preferring some of those tragedies which are quoted by Addison, and end unfortunately; because I take them to be built on Aristotle's model, viz. the Orphan, Theodosius, and All for Love; but they differ in regard to those tragedies which end not only unfortunately, but iniquitously and shockingly; for Aristotle, by his own doctrine, is bound to reject them, and Addison has manifestly espoused them in the case of Desdemona, who is quite innocent, and more flagrantly still in that of Cordelia, who is not only innocent, but exemplary for filial duty, and not even the least shadow of an error (if that were of any consequence) appears against her, but a monstrous one in Shakespear for dealing so inhumanly by her. In a word, there neither is nor can be any thing of the *to misaxon* in the

the conduct of a tragic poet, if this is not so almost beyond example. But what says Mr. Addison? Why truly, "the play is "spoiled by Tate's alteration, because it "saves and rewards Cordelia, by a chimerical notion of poetical justice." Under favour, poetical justice is so far from being "a chimera," that it spares, or ought to spare, every innocent person. Indeed, where a fault is committed, poetical justice shall go much farther, though by natural steps, in its punishment, than the measure of it requires; otherwise, there would be no room for that pity, which is due to those "who bear misfortunes which they do not "deserve;" in which passage, Aristotle, to agree with himself, must not mean the innocent, but those whose misfortunes are far short of their sufferings. To conclude; what I have here said may be summed up in the two following propositions:

## P R O P. I.

No two things can be more diametrically opposite than Aristotle's doctrine and Addison's declaration for Shakespear's Lear.

P R O P.

P R O P. 2.

Aristotle does not differ more from Addison than from himself, if "error," *quatenus* error, is a literal translation of *αμαρτια*, and consequently, a proper ground of tragical events, as it destroys his doctrine at once, by confounding, what he has so expressly distinguished, the "terrible and pitiable" with the "iniquitous."

Yours, &c.

G. J.

LETTER

L E T T E R CXLIV.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Part of a letter.

Nov. 3, 1750.

. . . . . **B**Y “a reasonable man” I mean him, whose words, thoughts, and actions are regulated in the main by reason: he is no slave to passion or humour, and distinguishes between opinion and demonstration: he may lean to one side of the question, but is never positive, without being certain; and that he is certain is no easy matter for him to believe, as he is sensible what a mixture of obscurity there is even in our clearest conceptions. To confine reason in its proper bounds, is a point he has much at heart. He discovers the superiority of his understanding in nothing more, than by doubting its sufficiency; and is often at a stand, where others, not half so much  
enligh-

enlightened, think themselves quite sure. To conclude, he is a disciple of Socrates, and deserves the title of wise by confessing that he knows nothing, not even himself thoroughly; though the most valuable of all knowledge is that of a man's self; and what, consequently, he labours chiefly to attain.

G. J.

## LETTER CXLV.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. JEFFREYS.

DEAR SIR,      Spring-grove \*, May 6, 1751.

**I** HAVE long designed to make some remarks on a letter I received from you last autumn, but could not get leisure till now, to recollect my thoughts.

\* Near Hounslow, Middlesex, the seat of Mrs. Offley, (relict of John Offley, esq;) and after her death (in 1753) purchased and rebuilt by Elisha Biscoe, esq;

If

If we define the terms we make use of, we shall not, I believe, differ so widely as we seem to do at present.

By "nature," may be understood, the God of nature, or the regular operation of his will, in the motion of the heavenly bodies, the instincts of animals, the vegetation of plants, &c. or (as applied to mankind) it may mean, that particular frame and constitution of mind and body, which distinguishes him from every other species of intelligent creatures.

This is what I mean by it in the present controversy. By "reason," I understand that faculty by which we are enabled to distinguish truth and falsehood, right and wrong. Reason may also signify the exercise or operations of the rational faculty, or ratiocination. In this sense I understand by it, the just and proper use of it.

I think there is no occasion for the distinction of "true" and "false" reason,

Reason is steady, uniform, and invariable as the sun. Reason and sophistry (and what is false reasoning but sophistry?) are as widely different as gold and copper, light and darkness.

“Opinion,” I think, means a wavering assent of the mind, founded on doubtful evidence. *Opinionum commenta delet dies, judicia naturæ confirmat*, says Cicero; “time defaces the glosses of opinion, but confirms the dictates of nature.” By nature he here seems to mean reason, and by opinion, popular prejudice.

By a “reasonable man” I mean one, who, in the general tenor of his sentiments and actions, is guided by the rules of common-sense and reason. And that this is a natural description, appears from your being surprised, when the question was first put to you, “who is a reasonable man?” Forgetting you had supposed it a matter of great difficulty to find such a one: which made it necessary for you, in order to be consistent with yourself, to give us the idea  
of



of a "complete philosopher \*," instead of a "reasonable man," who alone was asked for, and to degrade yourself and your friend into the class of "unreasonables."

By "sympathy" you seem to understand what I would chuse to express by "instinct." I beg you to give me an account of all the instincts you take to be implanted in human nature. You shall then have my farther thoughts on that subject.

You say, "the opinion, that it is sinful, "in all possible cases, to put an end to our "being, is but lamely supported by reason." This is granting as much as I would desire. How then is this opinion supported? You reply, "by sympathy and antipathy:" by which you mean the natural love of life, and the fear of death, (if I take your meaning right) which often make unhappy men bear the misfortunes of life, when reason prompts them to take another course.

\* See p. 255.

But what does this prove? Only that our passions are sometimes too strong for our reason, which, I believe, no one will deny; but it will not follow from hence, that reason ought to be degraded, and passion assume the reins, who would be but a blind and headstrong driver; or that reason and nature (in my sense of that word,) are at variance; indeed, I thought it had been agreed by all philosophers, that reason is a principle superior to passion and appetite; and that the former ought to controul the latter.

By prefacing the witty passages you quote from Congreve and Montaigne with these words, "Reason, 'commonly' so called, "is nothing more than opinion," you seem sensible that they cannot be justly applied to reason, "truly" so called; as certainly they cannot, and I am not concerned to defend the chicaneries of opinion, or (as I should chuse to call it) of sophistry. No wonder the wits delight to cavil at reason, since she often detects their fallacies by the torch of truth.

As

As to the influence of reason over the actions of mankind, it has, I am satisfied, been very great, from the beginning of the world to this day, and is so still, whatever melancholy or superstitious writers may pretend to the contrary. Were it otherwise, society must disband, and the world would be turned into a howling wilderness; nor should we see so much peace, order, harmony, and happiness, as are to be met with in every civilised country. The instances to the contrary can be no more justly alledged against the prevalence of reason than the birth of a monster, now and then, is a proof that there is no regular process of nature in the production of animals. I am sensible, it would be an easy matter for a man of a strong imagination, and gloomy cast of mind, to declaim on the other side of the question, as Dr. Young has shewn in his discourses “on the miseries of human life,” and in his “Night-Thoughts.” But such declamations will have little weight with persons of sober judgment, accustomed to a close way

way of reasoning; and are of pernicious consequence, as they give us unworthy notions of God, cherish the spirit of scepticism, and fill the soul with melancholy, instead of that grateful cheerfulness, which is a tribute due to the bountiful Creator. The same author inveighs against virtue (abstracted from the hopes of a future state) as tending to make us miserable in this life, contrary to the sentiments of all ancient philosophers, and the experience, I believe, of the best men in every age.

I am still at a loss to know what you mean by "the 'secret operations' of nature." To some of the stories you relate I can scarce give credit; the spring and causes (supposing the facts true) are too uncertain to admit of any deductions; and some of the cases you put may be accounted for in a rational way. There is no mystery in the "man's falling from the plank two feet broad\*;" it is plainly owing to his fear, and he is to be pitied,

\* See p. 245.

and

and not blamed. It is not pretended, that reason is sufficient to subdue the passions in every instance that may be put; and yet it may be sufficient to guide us in the general tenor of our lives: else to what purpose was it given? But where our passions work upon us “mechanically,” we shall stand acquitted in the eye of God, who knows the heart; but the case is different in regard to human courts, who can only judge by overt actions, except in some particular cases.

I cannot allow with you, that “absurdity is the privilege of a reasonable creature;” though to be subject to mistakes and errors is undoubtedly the lot of a fallible one. The son of Sirach, in the xxxviii<sup>th</sup> chapter of Ecclesiasticus, describes the various occupations of the husbandman, the carpenter, the engraver, the statuary, the smith, and the potter. *They shall not, says he, be sought for in public counsel, nor sit high in the congregation; but without these cannot a city be inhabited: they will maintain the state of the world, and every*

*every one of them is wise in his craft.* Surely therefore he must look upon these as “reasonable” men.

Solomon assures us, that *the spirit of man is as the lamp of God; wherewith he searcheth out all secret things.* Thus Prov. xx. and 27. is interpreted by the great lord Bacon.

The encomium given by Cicero to philosophy may with no less propriety be applied to reason; for what is philosophy, but the habit of reasoning on subjects natural or moral, cultivated and improved by study and reflection?

“ Cities were formed by reason; by reason mankind were civilised, collected into society, and united in houses, wedlock, and communion of letters and language. Reason was the inventor of laws, the teacher of manners, the guide of discipline. Dare any one arraign the parent of civil and domestic life, pollute himself with such parricide, and, impiously ungrateful, stigmatise reason, whom he  
“ ought

“ought to reverence, though unable to  
“comprehend her precepts?”

*Tusc. Disp. b. v. c. 2.*

And that which aggravates the ingratitude of these “parricides,” (as Cicero justly styles them,) is, that they wound their venerable mother with shafts drawn from her own quiver.

I am, &c.

W. D.

LETTER CXLVI.

Mr. JEFFREYS to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Dec. 7, 1751.

**M**Y Farm \* waits upon you a second time for the amendment agreed upon between us. I would only respite "revenge divine †," till the ladies and you, in answer to what I am about to offer, shall establish a distinction between that and "vengeance," or, allowing them to mean the very same thing, shall think fit to maintain that neither the one nor the other can possibly belong to the Deity; though scripture has represented holy men invoking the aid of God under that view of his

\* A translation of the 1st book of Vaniere's "Prædium Rusticum," since published in Mr. Jeffreys's "poems," p. 163. B. 13, "on doves," is also in the same collection, p. 210.

† The ground, obedient to "revenge divine,"  
No more, unbidden, yields her corn and wine,  
But grass and thistles —

being



being "the God of vengeance," and has, in the warmest terms, not only ascribed but appropriated "vengeance" to him on no less authority than his own express declaration. I take it for granted, therefore, that "vengeance" is out of the question, and that the only word excepted against is "revenge," as manifestly differing from "vengeance," and always carrying an ill sense; though Dryden has been so far mistaken as to talk of "just revenge\*," which, in your sense of the word, implies a contradiction as much as "just murder, just robbery," or "just idolatry;" so that my good friend had reason, on his own supposition, to exclaim against this passage as "horrible and shocking." But then it may be modestly asked, why the point in debate is taken for granted, or, in other words, why the question is begged instead of being proved, not only in opposition to so great a master of language as Dryden, but to others on the same side with myself? To give one remarkable instance from lord Ro-

\* If our hard fortune no compassion draws,  
The gods are "just," and will "revenge" our cause.

chester, who is acknowledged to have been a correct writer, in these lines from Valentinian,

——— “ What most abject slave,  
“ That lick'd the dust where'er his master trod,  
“ Bounded not from the earth upon his feet,  
“ And shook his chains, that heard of Brutus'  
“ vengeance !”

Hitherto his lordship is with you, but he immediately adds,

“ Who that e'er heard the cause, applauded not  
“ That Roman spirit for his great ‘ revenge !’”

He does not dream, you see, of any sort of distinction between “ revenge” and “ vengeance,” but applies them promiscuously, first one and then another, as they happen to come foremost. I must likewise remind you of a celebrated treatise called “ God’s “ revenge against murder ;” the author, you will say, might be mistaken, as well as others, but then how unfortunate was he to fix a blasphemous imputation upon the Almighty, in the very title of a book written

ten

ten to do honour to his justice! If from authors we pass to dictionaries, both the French and the Latin are on my side. If Littleton makes any distinction between the two words, it is to the discredit of "vengeance," which he likewise styles "cruelty.\*" both words are taken by us from the French, a language so favourable to "revenge," that, instead of the frightful idea you have annexed to it, "to revenge" often signifies no more than "to return," as "to return a visit," "to return a lead at whist," &c. If so approved a master of language as Tillotson, should appear, through the whole course of his sermons, to have stuck to "vengeance," and to have stood clear of "revenge," it would give great countenance to your opinion, but till that can be made out, I must beg leave to think that the whole stream of authorities, and

\* Dr. Johnson explains "revenge" by "return of an injury," and "vengeance" by "penal retribution;" though he makes the adjectives "revengeful," and "full of vengeance," synonymous.

the use of our language, as it occurs in the best authors, are against the distinction contended for by the ladies, the other gentleman, and you, to whose judgment, nevertheless, I am ready to submit,

“ And argue only to be better taught.”

Yours affectionately,

G. J.

• LETTER CXLVII.

Archbishop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,      Lambeth-house, Nov. 28, 1750.

**I** FELT the same concern, which you seem to do, on the score of the publication of “ Bower’s escape † ”. Mr. Barron has

† “ From the Inquisition,” taken down by memory at York, in the year 1749, by the editor of this work (and sent to the archbishop) from an account

doubtless done an imprudent thing, in the spirit of an honest zeal, and Bower had done well, if he had only declared his narrative not authentic.

I cannot account for the large spread of the story, which has gone over all the north, Barron's copy coming from Rochdale. He has owned his mistake as to Hill. I communicated your relation of the story to all my family, but no farther, that I remember. Some of them probably did

account given by a physician in that neighbourhood, who had it from Dr. (afterwards bishop) Hayter, a friend of Bower. This account being published by Mr. Barron, a dissenting minister, Bower, in an advertisement, disclaimed it, saying, it was "almost in every particular absolutely false," though, on being desired by Dr. Hill, his grace's chaplain, to specify some of the "falshoods," he could instance none except "Bern" being mistaken for Basil, and his being styled "Secretary of the Inquisition," instead of "Counsellor." This first gave occasion to Dr. Douglas, and others, to suspect Bower's integrity, and to commence a paper-war, in which the "Historian of the Popes" was worsted.

communicate

communicate it to some friends of theirs. But this I am clear in, that neither you nor I have any blame in this matter ; and therefore it will be best not to appear in the controversy, unless we are called upon to be particular, and then you must step forth. I never said more, than that an ingenious young man took the story, by memory, from relation, being more than ordinarily affected by it.

I am

Your assured friend,

. . . THO. CANTUAR.

END OF VOL. II.

[ i ]

## A P P E N D I X.

The CHARACTER OF

Mrs. BRIDGET BENDISH \*,

GRAND-DAUGHTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

By the Rev. Mr. SAY †.

Written in 1719, on occasion of the closing words of  
Lord CLARENDON's character of her Grandfather ‡.

**T**HE character of Oliver seems to be  
made up of so many inconsistencies, that I  
do not think any one is capable of drawing

\* Relict of Thomas Bendish, esq; of Gray's inn,  
“ descended from the ancient family of Sir Thomas  
“ Bendish, of Essex, baronet, who was ambassador  
“ from king Charles I to the Grand Signor.” See  
his epitaph in Le Neve's *Monumenta Anglicana*. He  
died in 1707.

† See note on letter iv, vol. i.

‡ Viz. “ he will be looked upon by posterity as a  
“ brave wicked man.”

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it justly, who was not personally and thoroughly acquainted with him; or, at least, with his grand-daughter, Mrs. Bridget Bendish, the daughter of his son-in-law Ireton \*; a lady, who, as in the features of her face, she exactly resembled the best picture of Oliver, which I have ever seen, and which is now at Rose-hall, in the possession of Sir Robert Rich, so she seems also as exactly to resemble him in the cast of her mind.

A person of great presence and majesty, heroic courage, and indefatigable industry; and, with something in her countenance and manner, that at once attracts and commands respect, the moment she appears in company, accustomed to turn her hands to the meanest offices, and even drudgeries of

\* Henry Ireton, esq; of Ireton, in the county of Derby, commissary-general, and sometime lord-lieutenant of Ireland, married the protector's eldest daughter, Bridget, who, after his death, married lieutenant-general Fleetwood.

life,



life \*, among her workmen and labourers, from the earliest morning to the decline of day, insensible to all the calls and necessities of nature, and in a habit and appearance beneath the meanest of them, and neither suiting her character or sex: and then immediately, after having eaten and drunk, almost to excess, of whatever is before her, without choice or distinction, to throw herself down on the next couch or bed that offers, in the profoundest sleep; to rise from it with new life and vigour; to dress herself in all the riches, and grandeur of appearance, that her present circumstances, or the remains of better times, will allow her; and, about the close of evening, to ride in her chaise, or on her pad, to a neighbouring port †, and there shine in conversation, and to receive the place and precedence in all company, as a lady, who once expected, at this time, to have been one of the first person in Europe: to make innumerable visits of cere-

\* Salt-works.

† Yarmouth.

mony, business, or charity; and dispatch the greatest affairs with the utmost ease and address, appearing every where as the common friend, advocate, and patroness of all the poor, the oppressed, and the miserable in any kind; in whose cause she will receive no denial from the great and the rich; rather demanding than requesting them to perform their duty; and who is generally received and regarded, by those who know her best, as a person of great sincerity, piety, generosity, and even profusion of charity. And yet, possessed of all these virtues, and possessed of them in a degree beyond the ordinary rate, a person (I am almost tempted to say,) of no truth, justice, or common honesty; who never broke her promise in her life, and yet, on whose word no man can prudently depend, nor safely report the least circumstance after her.

Of great and most fervent devotion towards God, and love to her fellow-creatures, and fellow-christians; and yet there

is

is scarce an instance of impiety, or cruelty, of which perhaps she is not capable.

Fawning, suspicious, mistrustful, and jealous, without end, of all her servants, and even of her friends; at the same time that she is ready to do them all the service that lies in her power; affecting all mankind generally, not according to the service they are able to do her, but according to the service their necessities and miseries demand *from* her; to the relieving of which, neither the wickedness of their characters, nor the injuries they may have done to herself in particular, are the least exception, but rather a peculiar commendation.

Such are the extravagances that have long appeared to me in the character of this lady, whose friendship and resentment I have felt by turns for a course of many years acquaintance and intimacy; and yet, after all these blemishes and vices, which I must freely own in her, he would do her, in my opinion, the greatest injury, who  
should

should say, *she was a great wicked woman* : for all that is great and good in her, seems to be owing to a true magnanimity of spirit, and a sincere desire to serve the interest of God and all mankind ; and all that is otherwise, to wrong principles, early and strongly imbibed by a temperament of body, (shall I call it?) or a turn of mind, to the last degree enthusiastic and visionary.

It is owing to this, that she never hears of any action of any person, but she immediately mingles with it her own sentiments and judgment of the person, and the action, in so lively a manner, that it is almost impossible for her to separate them after ; which sentiments therefore, and judgment, she will relate thence forwards with the same assurance that she relates the action itself.

If she questions the lawfulness or expediency of any great, hazardous, and doubtful undertaking, she pursues the method, which, as she says, her grandfather always employed

employed with success; that is, ~~she~~ ~~shuts~~ herself up in her closet, till by fasting and prayer the vapours are raised, and the animal spirits wrought up to a peculiar ferment, by an over-intenseness and strain of thinking: and whatever portion of scripture comes into her head at such a season, which she apprehends to be suitable to the present occasion, (and whatever comes in such circumstances, is sure to come with a power and evidence, which, to such a heated imagination, will appear to be divine and supernatural,) thence forward no intreaties nor persuasions, no force of reason, nor plainest evidence of the same scriptures alledged against it; no conviction of the impropriety, injustice, impiety, or almost impossibility of the thing can turn her from it; which creates in her a confidence and industry that generally attains its end, and hardens her in the same practice for ever. "She will trust a friend that never deceived her." This was the very answer she made me, when, upon her receiving a considerable legacy at the death of a noble relation, I urged her to suspend her usual  
acts

acts of piety, generosity, and charity, upon such occasions, till she had been just to the demands of a poor woman, and had heard the cries of a family too long kept out of their money ; for, “ how,” said I, “ if you should die, and leave such a debt “ undischarged, which no one will think “ himself obliged to pay, after the decease “ of a person from whom they have no ex- “ pectations ?” She assured me she would never die in any one’s debt.---“ But how “ is it possible you should be assured of “ that, who are for ever in debt to so “ many persons, and have so many other “ occasions for your money than dischar- “ ging of your debts, and are resolved to “ have so many as long as you live ?” Her answer was as before mentioned.

[ADDED AFTER HER DEATH.]

And the event justified her conduct ; if any thing could justify a conduct, which reason and revelation must condemn.

Such

Such was this grand-daughter of Oliver, who inherited more of his constitution of body, and complection of mind, than any other of his descendants and relations with whom I have happened to be acquainted. And I have had some acquaintance with many others of his grand-children; and have seen his son Richard\*, and Richard's son Oliver†, who had something indeed of the spirit of his grandfather; but all his other distinguishing qualifications seemed vastly inferior to the lady, whose character I have sincerely represented as it has long appeared to

S. S.

\* Richard died at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire, July 13, 1712, aged 86.

† He died, unmarried, some years before his father.

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Since the first publication of this work, the following particulars of this extraordinary lady have been communicated to the Editor by another ingenious friend.

**M**RS. Bendysh had two sons. The eldest, Thomas, an expensive, loose liver, married Catherine Smith, of Colkirk, near Fakenham, in Norfolk, with whom (as I suppose) part of that estate came into the family. The extravagances of this Thomas drove him to one of the West India islands, where there was a family-estate, and there he died, leaving a son, Ireton, who died young. Henry, her second son, married Miss Martha Shute, a sister of the late lord Barrington. He left a son, Henry, who died a bachelor, about twenty years ago, at the Salt-pans near Yarmouth. He had a place supposed patent under the lord-chancellor, and had a house at Chingford on Epping-forest. Mrs. B. had also two daughters; one married Mr. Berners, of Hanover-square, who left, or (if living) has, two sons, one a clergyman. The other married Mr. Hagar, of Weasely, in Huntingdonshire.

As to the old lady herself, she was a very extraordinary character, and there was something



something in her person, when she was dressed and in company, that could not fail to attract at once both the notice and respect of any strangers that entered the room where she was, though the company were ever so numerous, and though many of them might be more splendid in their appearance. Splendid indeed she never was; her highest dress being a plain silk, but it was usually of the richest sort, though, as far as I remember, of what is called a quaker's colour; and she wore, besides, a kind of black silk hood, or scarf, that I rarely, if ever, observed to be worn by other ladies of her time; and though hoops were in fashion long before her death, nothing, I suppose, would have induced her to wear one. I can so far recollect her countenance as to confirm what is observed by Mr. Say of her likeness to the best pictures of Oliver. And she no less resembled him in the qualities of enterprise, resolution, courage, and enthusiasm. She looked upon him as the first and greatest of mankind, and also as the best. In talking of herself, on the mention of any

good quality, she would always say, "she learned it from him," and would add, that "if she had any thing valuable in her, she owed it all to her grand-father." She must certainly have had an engaging and entertaining turn of conversation, or she could not have fixed the attention of myself, when a boy of twelve or fourteen, and of another still younger, and as volatile, and have made us often happy in listening to her discourse, whether it concerned the history of herself and her own times, or whether it consisted of advice or instruction to us, or was a mixture of both. It is impossible to say what figure she might not have made in the world, had she been placed in any elevated station, and been honoured with the confidence of a prince or a minister, and, I believe, there is no station to which her spirit would have been unequal. In the circumstances therefore in which she was left, with an income, I think, of two or three hundred pounds a year, it was natural, that, as far, and sometimes beyond what her fortune would admit, she engaged in projects and business

of

of different kinds, by which, I have been told, she was much oftener a loser than a gainer. One into which she entered was grazing of cattle; her going to fairs to buy them, in the only equipage I remember her to have had, a one horse chaise, afforded exercise at once for her courage and enthusiasm: travelling in the night was to her the same as in the day, and in the worst roads and weather as in the best, nor could she encounter any dangers in which, it would be too little to say, she was not perfectly fearless; it comes nearer to her character to say, which she would not enjoy. I have heard her say, that, when, in the darkest night, on a wild open heath, with the roads of which she was unacquainted, she has had to encounter the most dreadful thunder-storm, she has then been happy, has sung this or that psalm, and doubted not that angels surrounded her chaise, and protected her. She was as little fearful of encountering other dangers. In particular, she delivered a relation from imprisonment for high-treason on account of the Rye-house plot, by a bold and well-concerted

concerted stratagem, though perfectly sensible of the vindictive spirit of the King and Duke, and that her own life must have paid the price of his escape, had she been discovered and detected. Happening to travel in a London stage in company with two gentlemen who had swords on, she informed them of her descent from Oliver, and, as usual, began to extol him, with all that rapture to which her idolising him to enthusiasm naturally led her; when one of her fellow-travellers descended so much below the man, though his appearance was that of a gentleman, as to treat his memory with gross indignity and abuse: she answered it with all the spirit that was inherent in her, till the coach stopped, and they got out; on which, she instantly drew the other gentleman's sword, called this a poltroon and a coward, for behaving as he had done to a woman, and now challenged him to shew himself a man, told him that she was prepared to treat him as he might expect from his insolence, were she a man, and insisted, if he would act like such, on his not taking shelter under the pretence of regard to her sex.

In

In a violent fever, being thought past recovery and insensible to any thing that might be said, her aunt, lady Fauconberg\*, and other company, being in the room, and her ladyship, though Oliver's daughter, giving too much way to things said in dishonour of his memory by some present: to the astonishment of all, she raised herself up, and with great spirit said, "if she did not believe her grandmother † to have

\* Mary, third daughter of the protector, who was married with great solemnity to lord viscount Fauconberg, Nov. 18, 1657, was a lady of great beauty, and of a very high spirit, and after her brother Richard was deposed, is thought to have promoted very successfully the restoration of king Charles. Her husband was raised to the dignity of an earl by king William, and died in 1700. His lady survived him to 1712, and distinguished herself to her death by the quickness of her wit, and the solidity of her judgment. Le Neve's "Monumenta Anglicana," vol. iv, pp. 2, 250.

† Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, of Essex, knight, a woman of spirit and parts. "Life of O. Cromwell, lord protector," p. 3.

"been

" been one of the most virtuous women in  
 " the world, she should conclude her lady-  
 " ship to be a bastard, wondering how it  
 " could be possible, that the daughter of  
 " the greatest and best man that ever lived,  
 " could be so degenerate, as not only to sit  
 " with patience to hear his memory so ill-  
 " treated, but to seem herself to assent to  
 " it." I have heard her often say of him,  
 that, " next to the apostles, he was the first  
 " saint in heaven, and was placed next to  
 " them." On evenings that she has spent  
 at my father's, she seemed to be in enthusi-  
 astic raptures when religion made part of  
 the subject of conversation, and seldom  
 would leave the room, though it were  
 twelve at night, or later, 'till a psalm had  
 been sung; she then would go into her  
 chaise in high joy to return to her house,  
 which was a considerable way from the  
 town in which my father lived.

On reperusing Mr. Say, I find I have  
 said something of this lady very similar to  
 what is said by him; but it was from my  
 own

own original idea of her, and not from having read his account.

Norwich,  
April 28, 1773.

J. B.

ON THE  
USE of MONOSYLLABLES in POETRY.

By GEORGE JEFFREYS, Esq;

**W**HAT I have to offer on this subject may be called a vindication of our language, and of our best poets, who have authorised the use of monosyllable lines by frequent examples of them, not out of choice, but because they could not avoid them, between the multitude of English monosyllables, and the restraint of rhyme and measure. Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, exposes monosyllable verses, that are rough; but there, and in his other poems, he is free enough in the use of those that

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are

are smooth\* ; and so are Dryden†, Waller, Prior, &c. Hammond is an harmonious writer, and yet the very shortest of his Love Elegies (if I remember right) has three monosyllable lines,

\* In like manner, it is observed, by a very judicious critic, that " fine verses consisting of monosyllables, abound in Mr. Pope's works ;" several of these he quotes, and adds, " These are not ' dull' lines, nor do the ten words that compose them creep ; when lines consisting of monosyllables, therefore, are defective in volubility, force, or harmony, the fault is not in the want of long words, but in the choice and management of short ones." And a little farther he says, " It is remarkable that one verse, [of Pope's] perhaps the most emphatical, pathetic, and melodious in the language,

" And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,  
" consists wholly of monosyllables, which are generally supposed to enervate our language, and in particular our verse."

Monthly Review, vol. xi, pp. 407, 8.

† Thus, how agreeable to the ear are the following lines of Dryden's, though the first of them consists entirely of monosyllables, and much of the second,

" She



“ She nurf’d my hopes, and taught me how to sue :  
 “ She is my faint ; to her my pray’rs are made :  
 “ One tear of hers is more than all my pain.”

These three, in a poem of thirty-six lines, exceed, by accident, the usual proportion of such lines, which are not above two or three in a hundred ; and as for lines with but one word of more syllables than one, which are likewise blamed, you will generally meet with about five and twenty of them in every hundred. As far, therefore, as the constant practice of our most celebrated poets can be of weight, monosyllable verses are justified ; and, to prove that they deserve to be so, instead of being only excused, as slips and defects incident to the best writers, I shall admit what a certain author says, that “ verses ought to run like Ovid’s, or walk like Virgil’s, and

“ The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood,  
 “ To pass the bridge [unknown,] nor fear the trem-  
 “ bling wood !”

Say’s essay on numbers, p. 115.

“not to stand stock still like doctor Don-  
 “ne’s;” if therefore monosyllable lines,  
 under proper management, can both “walk”  
 and “run,” when occasion requires them  
 so to do, nothing better can be expected  
 from polysyllables, by those who are fondest  
 of them: and this will always be the case,  
 when “well-vowelled words” (as Dryden  
 calls them) are chosen, and where there is  
 a convenient mixture of liquids and short  
 syllables, though long ones will, now and  
 then, serve the turn, if they open upon  
 one another more or less, by beginning or  
 ending with vowels; for which reason it  
 is to be hoped that this line,

How they are lodg’d, and on what food they live\*,

\* In a translation, by this writer, of book xiii of  
 Vaniere’s “*Prædium Rusticum*” (on doves) styled  
 by Dr. Warton “a long and languid production,”  
 and if so, (as Mr. Jeffreys elsewhere observes)  
 “*Vexat censura columbas*” must be the doom of his  
 “poor doves, notwithstanding the pathetic metamor-  
 “phosis with which the book concludes.”

may

may be allowed to "walk," though compounded of long monosyllables; and this other,

One is the love in all, and one the will,

to "run," by the help of its short syllables: the same may be said of the first line in Dryden's translation of the "Æneid,"

" Arms, and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate,"

where, of ten syllables, five are short, and more short ones would be too many\*; the first foot is indeed a spondee, but the second is a pyrrich, and the three last are iambics;

\* It may be proved by innumerable examples, that syllables may be ranged so as to follow, in pronunciation, with the same force and rapidity, though each is a word, as they would if a word included many. In the first verse of Dryden's translation of Virgil, the three monosyllables, " and the man," follow as rapidly as if they were compounded in a word of three syllables: in the four last there is remarkable strength and harmony.

" Monthly Review, as above."

this

this verse therefore must necessarily "run," whereas the second line of Milton's *Paradise Lost*,

"Of that forbidden taste, whose mortal taste,"

must "walk," though it has one disyllable, and one trisyllable; nor can it be otherwise, as it consists of long syllables, viz. five spondees, and the communication between the words is pretty much cut off by their generally beginning and ending with consonants. The author of *Cooper's Hill*, speaking to the Thames, says,

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream, &c."

He has his wish, and flows like the Thames, in monosyllables\*: and, without doubt, the prejudice against them is grounded upon the practice of our antiquated poets, who, having little help from the Latin, dealt frequently in Teutonic monosyllables, and

\* See Mr. Hughes's Minutes for an Essay on Harmony, &c. in the appendix to vol. iii.

those

those generally rough; and hence arose the consequence *ab abusu ad non usum*, from rough monosyllables, to monosyllables as such, though ever so smooth, and from thence many which occur in our old English, to the very few that are required in the course of our modern versification, upon any subject whatsoever: but, were they many more, and not offensive to the ear, it is hard to say, why they should be censured. Of the four following lines, in *Cooper's Hill*,

“ Like him in birth, thou should’st be like in fame,  
 “ As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame;  
 “ But whosoever he was, nature design’d  
 “ First a brave place, and then as brave a mind,”

three are monosyllables, and more smooth than the other; though indeed each of them takes up more room upon paper, if that be an objection: and now we are upon *Cooper's Hill*, we shall find that it has many more monosyllable lines, in proportion to its length, than any other good poem in our language; but if, notwithstanding its character, its authority should be thought not  
 suffi-

sufficiently modern, take the following couplet from the *Hind and Panther*;

Good life be now my task ; my doubts are done,  
 "What more could fright my faith, than threes in one!"

And if these two monosyllable lines, succeeding each other, give you more disgust than any one of them would have done, they shall be turned into disyllables, with a proper mixture of trisyllables and monosyllables, merely for the sake of variety, viz.

Good life be now my task ; my doubts are done ;  
 What more could fright my faith, than three in one ?

\* In the " Rape of the Lock," it is said of the Sylphs,

Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,  
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold.

In the last verse the monosyllables ' waft,' ' on,' are in every respect, except the sense, equivalent to the disyllable ' wanting ;' ' the breeze' to ' displease', ' sink in' to ' sinking,' and ' of gold' to ' enroll'.

Monthly Review.

Here

Here your objection is entirely removed; you wanted polysyllables, and you have them; so that if the lines are not rough in all shapes (which would be another question) you are bound, upon your own principle, to be pleased with them. And yet, pray, why so? (as doctor Trapp would have said) the syllables, in this new form, are the very same they were before, and follow one another in the same order; so that of necessity they must have the same effect upon the ear, which they had when they were all monosyllables. Suppose a foreigner, acquainted with the measure of our poetry, but a stranger to our language; shew him the two foregoing lines, divided into their five feet, and ask him his opinion of their harmony, he will have no way to answer but by consulting his ear, without enquiring how many syllables they contain, or whether there are as many words as syllables. Again: take the smoothest line, consisting of polysyllables, that you can find, and it will continue smooth, if you divide it into monosyllables; and a rough line of monosyllables will be equally

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rough, when you have turned them into polysyllables. I have dwelt the longer on this argument, as, I think, it places the question in that point of light which amounts to a demonstration; and proves that the objection against monosyllable lines is imaginary, as it is grounded on a distinction without a difference. The most galloping of all measures is an hexameter of dactyls,

*Pulverulenta|putrem|sonitu|quatit|ungula|campam.*

And you may compose such another, when you please, of English monosyllables, viz.

While òn ə|plān wē tríp|it, bȳ ə|grōve, òr ə|  
strēam, òr ə|grēen hīll.

Something like this occurs in the measure of some of our ballads, when they gallop away in monosyllables,

“ When



When young at the bar, you first taught me to score,  
And bade me be free of my lips, and no more.

Upon the whole, it seems clear, from what has been laid down, that monosyllables, or polysyllables, are not the question, but harmony, or dissonance; no modern versificator can have occasion for monosyllable lines, except it be now and then; and when he has occasion, it will be no hard matter for him to secure their harmony by the quantity, the sound, and the situation of his syllables; after which, he will be in a fair way of carrying his point, by appealing from the reader's eye to his ear.

G. J.

• Farther particulars of Mrs. Bendysh and her family.

Rev. Dr. BROOKE to the Editor.

DEAR SIR,

Norwich, May 6, 1773.

**G**IVE me leave to add to the account which I lately transmitted to you (p. x) another circumstance or two relating to Mrs. Bendysh. I have frequently heard from herself, and had it confirmed by my father and others from good authority, that she was in the secret of the Revolution; that she would go into shops at different parts of the town, under a pretence of cheapening silks, and other goods, and, in going out to her coach, would take the opportunity to drop bundles of papers to prepare the minds of the people for that happy event. I have also heard, that she was privy to the Rye-house plot, when it was hatching, and, you know, it never came to more; and she might safely be trusted with any secret, were it ever so impor-

important. This art of secret-keeping, I have heard her say, she learned from her grandfather; for that when she was only six years of age, she has sat between his knees when he has held a cabinet council, and on very important affairs, and on some of them objecting to her being there, he has said, "there was no secret" "he would trust with any of them that he" "would not trust with that infant;" and to prove that he was not mistaken, he has told her something as in confidence, and under the charge of secrecy, and then urged her mother and grandmother to extort it from her by promises, caresses, and bribes, and, these failing, by threatenings and severe whipping; but she held steady against all with amazing dispassionate firmness, expressing her duty to her mother, but her greater duty to keep her promise of secrecy to her grandfather, and the confidence he had reposed in her. I have heard both my father, and Mr. Say, and others mention this, and I know they had no doubt of the truth of it. I recollect too, that archbishop Tillotson had introduced her to queen Mary, in order that a pension  
for

for life might be settled upon her to support her in some degree of dignity, suitable to that she had known in the beginning of her days; but the death of that excellent prelate following soon after, and the queen's the month succeeding to it, all this hope was defeated.

I have omitted in my account of Mrs. Bendysh's posterity a daughter, who died in old age a maiden: but a letter, which I expect in a few days from my friend, Mr. Luson, who is one of the best and most amiable men I know, will, I hope, enable you to place in your collection, and transmit to posterity, a complete character of this very extraordinary woman, who wanted only to have acted in a superior sphere to be ranked by historians amongst the most admired heroines. Had she been in the situation of a Zenobia, she would have supported her empire, and defended her capital, with equal skill and resolution, but she would never have lived to decorate the triumph of Aurelian, or have given up a secretary, of the fidelity and abilities of Longinus, to save herself.

If

If she had been in the situation of our Elizabeth, she would, without scruple, have taken off the heads of ten Maries, who, by surviving her, might have overturned that happy establishment which she had formed, and would as gloriously have defended her kingdoms against a Spanish armada, or any hostile force whatsoever, and have rather inwardly triumphed, than been intimidated, at the report of the most formidable preparations against her.

I shall be very happy in contributing any thing to your very entertaining and useful publication, and am, dear Sir,

with sincerest esteem, &c.

J. BROOKE.

P. S. Mr. Luson is the person I mentioned (p. xii) between whom, when we were youths of about twelve or fourteen, the eldest of us, the old lady would seat herself at his father's house, and highly entertain us with her conversation. You may assure yourself, that his account will be very exact.

Mr.

Mr. LUSON to the Rev. Dr. BROOKE.

REV. SIR,

Lowestoff, May 11, 1773.

**I** HAVE read many of the letters in Mr. Duncombe's collection with great pleasure. Publications of this sort are not barely amusing; they are highly instructive and important, as they open to public view the great diversity of social and literary characters; and thus make some advance in that most curious and interesting of all researches, the history of man. In the fine letters of that truly noble lady, the late dutchess of Somerset \*, we see greatness sinking under grief; and are thus led to reflect on that common portion of humanity, which levels all rank, and leaves the noble and the plebeian alike accessible to momentary enjoyment and lasting suffering in the endless vicissitudes of human life. But I forbear to moralise.

\* Letters cxxx and clii.

You

You request my information, for the satisfaction of Mr. Duncombe, as to the time of Mrs. Bendysh's death? What family she ever had? What part survived her? Whether any of her posterity be now living? And wish, besides, for any remarkable particulars relating to her? With respect to the last of these demands, I can only give you a few particulars, such as I can recollect; but to all your other enquiries I shall give you full satisfaction.

I find, Sir, that Mr. Say's character of Mrs. Bendysh has much engaged the public notice. The first sight I had of this character, was about twelve years ago, when it was put into my hand at London, by a lady who asked my opinion of it, because she knew I was well acquainted with Yarmouth and its neighbourhood. The copy which was shewn to me, was taken, as I was informed, from a manuscript in the library of the late Sir Richard Elllys.

In a note to Mr. Say's character in Mr. Duncombe's collection, an account is said

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to be given of the posterity of the Protector Cromwell in the male line.---By this account, the late Mr. Cromwell, of Kirby-street, my near relation, and a most benevolent, humble; honest man, is made to be the son of his father's first cousin \*; and this account is in other respects imperfect.

The Protector had several daughters; and the posterity of these come not within my ability to trace; but of his descendants in the male line, down to the present time, I shall give an exact and circumstantial account in this letter.

Cromwell was so great in his courage, in his parts, in his hypocrisy, in his politics, and in his fortune, and these conjoined produced effects in his own days so astonishing, and even down to our time so interesting, that the public curiosity is naturally excited to trace the fate of his family from his time to our own. He suc-

\* This note is omitted in the present edition.



ceeded in giving a mortal wound to monarchical tyranny; it was wounded, but it did not expire; it languished indeed, yet still it lived through the two succeeding reigns; 'till at length, exhausted by the wasting wound of the republican hero, it finally gave up its horrid ghost, with the abdication of James.

This, and no more, was the merit of Cromwell. Nothing could be more remote from national freedom, than the politics and government of the usurper, unless it were the principles and manners of the times; these were too warlike, too vindictive, and too illiberal, to receive a constitutional establishment of public liberty. Cromwell conquered tyranny, but he did not establish freedom.

Mr. Say's character of Mrs. Bendysh is perfectly just; in my opinion, it is well drawn, and exhibits a striking likeness. Mr. Say, with whom I was perfectly well acquainted, was a most ingenious, modest, worthy man. He sought his happiness, and he found it, in domestic peace and con-

templative retirement. His wife was one of the best of women. He married her out of the family of Mr. Carter, a wealthy merchant of Yarmouth, to whom Mrs. Say was nearly related \*. This Mr. Carter married the daughter of general Ireton, and the sister of Mrs. Bendysh; so that Mr. Say, being thus connected with the family, had every possible advantage for an accurate examination of Mrs. Bendysh's character. This son-in-law of Ireton died at a very advanced age, about the year 1723. I well remember his person, but his wife died long before my time. There was no issue from this marriage. When I was a boy, they used to shew a large chamber in the house of Mr. Carter, (which had also been the house of his father) in which, as the tradition went, the infamous murder of Charles the first on the scaffold was finally determined. A meeting of the principal officers of the army was held in this chamber. They chose to be above stairs for the privacy of their conference. They strictly

\* She died in 1744-5, within a year after her husband.

commanded that no person should come near the room, except a man appointed by themselves to attend. Their dinner, which was ordered at four, was put off from time to time, 'till past eleven at night. They then came down, took a very short repast, and immediately all of them set off post, many for London, and some for the quarters of the army. This story, Sir, I give you, from the very doubtful authority of tradition, for it has no better foundation.

I was young, not more than sixteen, when Mrs. Bendysh died, in 1727, or 1728; yet she came so often to my father's house, that I remember her person, her dress, her manner, and her conversation, (which were all strikingly peculiar,) with great precision; and I have heard much more of her than I have seen. She certainly was both without and within, in her person and in her spirit, exactly like her grandfather the Protector. Her features, the turn of her face, and the expression of her countenance, all agreed very exactly to the excellent pictures which I have often seen  
of

of the Protector, in the Cromwell family; and whoever looks on the print, prefixed to the octavo life of Cromwell, said to be published by the late bishop Gibson, about the year 1725, which exactly agrees with these pictures, will have a clear idea of Mrs. Bendysh's person, if their imaginations can add a female dress, a few years in age, and a very little softening of the features. I refer to that print, because the fine engraving of Cromwell in the Houbraken collection bears very little resemblance to the pictures in the Cromwell family, and no resemblance at all to Mrs. Bendysh.

Mrs. B. had as much of Cromwell's courage as a female constitution could receive; which was often expressed with more ardour, than the rules of female decorum could excuse. That enthusiasm, in which Cromwell was generally but an actor, in her was sincere and original. She had not merely the courage to face danger, but she had also that perfect undisturbed possession of her faculties, which left her  
free

free to contrive the best means to repel or to avoid it.

Mrs. Bendysh lived through what the dissenters but too justly called "the troublesome times," by which they meant the times when the penal laws against conventicles were strained to their utmost rigour. The preaching of this sect was then held in the closest concealment, while the preachers went in momentary danger of being dragged out by spies and informers to heavy fines and severe imprisonments.---

With these spies and informers she maintained a perpetual war. This kind of bustle was in all respects in the true taste of her spirit. I have heard many stories of her dealings with these ungracious people. Sometimes she circumvented and outwitted them, and sometimes she bullied them; and the event generally was, that she got the poor parson out of their clutches.

Upon these occasions, and upon all others when they could express their attachment to her, Mrs. B. was sure of the common people.

ple. She was, as she deserved to be, very dear to them. When she had money, she gave it freely to such as wanted, and when she had none, which was pretty often the case, they were sure of receiving civility and commiseration. She was not barely charitable, she practised an exalted humanity. If, in the meanest sick room, she found the sufferer insufficiently or improperly attended, she turned attendant herself; and would sit hours in the poorest chamber to administer relief, or consolation, to the afflicted. In this noble employment she passed much of her time.

As Mrs. Bendysh was thus beloved by the poor, to whom she was beneficent, she was respected by the richer sort, of all parties, to whom, when she kept clear of her enthusiastic freaks, she was highly entertaining. She had strong and masculine sense, a free and spirited elocution, much knowledge of the world, great dignity in her manner, and a most engaging address. The place of her residence was called the "Salt-pans," while the salt-works were carried

carried on there, but the proper name is "South-town," (i. e.) South of Yarmouth. In this place, which is quite open to the high road, I have very often seen her, in the morning, stumping about, with an old straw hat on her head, her hair about her ears, without stays, and, when it was cold, an old blanket about her shoulders, and a staff in her hand: in a word, exactly accoutred to mount the stage as a witch in Macbeth; yet if, at such a time, she was accosted by any person of rank or breeding, that dignity of her manner, and politeness of her style, which nothing could efface, would instantly break through the veil of debasement, which concealed her native grandeur, and a stranger to her customs might become astonished to find himself addressed by a princess, while he was looking on a mumper.

Mrs. B. resembled the Protector in nothing more than in that restless, unabated activity of spirit, which, by the coincidence of a thousand favourable circumstances, conducted *him* to the summit of

power and of fame, and entangled *her*, generally unfavoured by success, in a thousand embarrassments and disgraces. Yet she never fainted, or was wearied;

“ One prospect lost, another still she gain’d,”

and the enthusiasm of her faith kept pace with, or, to speak more truly, far out-ran the activity of her mind.

Perhaps warm enthusiasm of all kinds, and in all tempers, by attaching the attention solely to the attainment and fruition of its object, either totally overlooks or lightly estimates every objection, however invincible, and every obstacle, however insurmountable, which may arise in the necessary path of its progress. Thus it was with her, and the habit of her mind, and her temper, concurred to render her inflexibly obstinate, and incurably deaf, to every suggestion of reason in opposition to her resolves.

Mrs.



Mrs. B. had, however, one constant, never-failing resource against the vexation of disappointments. For as she determined, at all events, to "serve the LORD" "with gladness," her way was to rejoice at every thing as it arrived. If she succeeded, she was thankful for that; and if she suffered adversity, which was generally her lot, she was vastly more thankful for that; and she so managed, that her spiritual joy always increased with her outward sufferings. Happy delirium of pious enthusiasm!

Mrs. B's religion was in the highest strain of Calvinistic enthusiasm, and Dr. Owen, in his writings, was her spiritual guide. She no more doubted the validity of her election to the kingdom of heaven, than 'Squire Wilkes doubts the validity of his for the county of Middlesex. But Mrs. B's enthusiasm never carried her to greater lengths of extravagance than in the justifications of her grandfather, of whose memory she was passionately fond. It, however, unfortunately happened, that her

fancy led her to defend him exactly in that part of his character, in which he was least defensible. She valued him, no doubt, very highly as a general and a politician; but she had got it firmly fixed in her head, that this kind of fame was vain and worthless, when compared with the gracious glory of Oliver's faintship.

"A chosen vessel" he was, "a regenerated child of God,"---"divinely inspired," and much more jargon of this sort she was perpetually attempting to translate from her own imagination into her auditors. Now it could not but happen, that for five hundred who might be prevailed with to receive Oliver as a great general, not five could be found who would admit him as a great saint, and this constant kicking against Oliver's faintship wrought the good lady sore travail. On such occasions her friends gave way to her whims, or laughed them off; but when her faith in Oliver was gravely contested by strangers, great and fearful was her wrath.

Mrs.

Mrs. B. gravely insisted, in a conversation with her friends, that Oliver was 'one day seeking the LORD with such ardour of devotion, and striving for a gracious answer with such vehemence of spirit, that the tears were forced from him in such abundance as to run under the closet-door into the next room. This, to be sure, was sniveling to some purpose. A gentleman, to whom this information was particularly addressed, observed in reply, " That it was " difficult to say precisely, what abundant " fountains of tears might fill up and run " over the LORD's chosen vessels ; yet he " could not help suspecting that the flood " under the closet-door, occasioned by the " Protector's struggles, was derived from " some other source besides his eyes." This she bore pretty well.

But it happened in a stage-coach, where she was not known, Mrs. B. fell into a vehement dispute in behalf of the Protector. The opponent, a gentleman, was as hot and as violent as the lady. And if toward the end of the stage their anger rather

rather subsided, it was not for want of wrath, or of words, to keep it up, but for want of breath to give it utterance. After they went out of the coach, and had taken some refreshment, the old lady very calmly and respectfully desired to speak apart with the gentleman, who had been her opponent in the dispute. When she had him alone, she told him, with great composure, “ he  
 “ had, in the grossest manner, belied and  
 “ abused the most pious man that ever  
 “ lived; that Cromwell’s blood, which flow-  
 “ ed in her veins, would not allow her to  
 “ pass over the indignities cast on his me-  
 “ mory, in her presence; that she could  
 “ not handle a sword, but she could fire a  
 “ pistol as well as he; and that she de-  
 “ manded immediate satisfaction to the in-  
 “ jured honour of her family.” The gen-  
 tleman was exceedingly amazed at the odd-  
 ness of this address, but as he happened to  
 carry about him good sense enough to teach  
 him how to act on the spot, he immedi-  
 ately told her, “ there were many great  
 “ qualities in Oliver which he honoured as  
 “ much as she could----that if he had  
 “ known

“ known or suspected her relation to him, “ he would not have said a word on the “ subject to give her offence, and that he “ sincerely asked her pardon.” This submission completely satisfied her, and they finished their journey with much pleasure and good humour; but St. Oliver was not again brought on the tapis-----The truth of this story I never heard questioned \*.

As the whole of Mrs. B's personal economy was not of the common form, her hours of visiting went generally out of the common season. She would very frequently come to visit at my father's at nine or ten at night, and sometimes later, if the doors were not shut up. On such visits she generally stayed 'till about one in the morning. Such late visits, in those sober times, were considered by her friends as highly inconvenient, yet nobody complained of them to her. The respect she universally commanded gave her a licence in this and

\* It is related, with some little variation, p. xiv.

many other irregularities. She would, on her visits, drink wine in great plenty, and the wine used to put her tongue into very brisk motion; but, I do not remember, she ever was disgracefully exposed by it.

There was an old mare, which had been the faithful companion of Mrs. B's adventures and misadventures, during many years. The old mare, and her manœuvres, were as well known at Yarmouth as the old lady. On this mare she generally was mounted; but towards the end of her life, the mare was prevailed with to draw a chaise, in which Mrs. B. often seated herself.

Mrs. B. never would suffer a servant to attend her in these night visits: "God," she said, "was her guard, and she would have no other." Her dress, on these visits, though it was in a taste of her own, was always grave and handsome. At about one in the morning, for she hardly ever finished her round of visits sooner, she used to put herself on the top of the mare,  
or

or into the chaise, and set off on her return. When the mare began to move, Mrs. B. began to sing a psalm, or one of Watts's hymns, in a very loud, but not a very harmonious, key. This I have often heard. And thus the two old souls, the mare and her mistress, one gently trotting, and the other loudly singing, jogged on the length of a short mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home.

I do not know there was any other issue from the marriage of general Ireton with Cromwell's daughter, but Mrs. Bendysh and Mrs. Carter. On the death of Ireton \*, the worst, perhaps, but certainly not the weakest man of the party, his widow married general Fleetwood. There certainly was issue from this marriage; but I am not able to trace it. Fleetwood, I think, was seated at Armingland-hall, in the county of Norfolk; which large, old mansion-house, with a good estate in Norfolk and Suffolk,

\* He died at the siege of Limerick (being then lord-deputy of Ireland) in 1651.

if I mistake not, are now, or lately were, possessed by the name and descendants of Fleetwood.

Bridget Ireton, of whom so much has been said, married Thomas Bendysh, esq; of South-town, in the county of Suffolk. The children from this marriage, besides such as died young, were, 1st, Bridget Bendysh, who lived in the family-house at South-town, and died there, unmarried, several years after her mother.

2d. Thomas Bendysh, esq; of Colkirk, in the county of Norfolk, married ----- and had issue surviving him, only Ireton Bendysh, esq. He held a place under the government, and as he was in his person, temper, and breeding, a very amiable young gentleman, he died greatly lamented about the year 1730. With his death, this branch of the family became extinct, as he died unmarried.

3. Henry Bendysh, esq; of Bedford-row, in the county of Middlesex, died  
about



about the year 1740. He married Martha Shute, sister to John Shute Barrington, lord viscount Barrington.

Swift, in a letter to Dr. King, archbishop of Dublin, in 1708, informs him, that " Mr. Shute [the noble person above-mentioned] " is named for secretary to " lord Wharton ;" [lieutenant of Ireland] " he is a young man, but reckoned the " shrewdest head in England. As to his principles, he is a truly moderate man, &c." \* This fair character of a whig from Swift, is so extraordinary, that it seems as if nothing but truth could have extorted it. It is, however, very observable, that with no other correspondent, the extravagance of Swift's humour, and the virulence of his prejudices, are half so much restrained, as in his letters to Dr. King. He certainly either feared or respected this prelate, more than any other person with whom he corresponded.

\* Swift's works, vol. xiv, p. 50.

Mrs. Bendysh last mentioned bore the strongest resemblance to her noble brother, lord Barrington, in her person, in her voice, in the grace and politeness of her address, and in the strength and extent of her understanding. The children of this marriage were,

1st. Henry Bendysh, esq; who, during the latter part of his life, resided at South-town, where he died unmarried in 1753. With the death of this gentleman, the name of Bendysh became extinct in the family, and the male line ended. The two sisters of Mr. Bendysh are still living. These ladies are,

2. Mary Bendysh, married to William Berners, esq; of Wolverston-park, in the county of Suffolk. The children of this marriage are, 1. Charles Berners, esq; who sometimes resides at South-town, married to Catharine, daughter of ----- La-roche, esq. There are children of this marriage. 2. The reverend Henry Berners, rector

rector of Hambledon, near Henley upon Thames, who is yet unmarried.

3. Elizabeth Bendysh, married to ----- Hagar, esq; of Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square. There is no issue from this marriage.

Thus, Sir, I have attempted to satisfy the request which was made to me, by giving as distinct an account, as I am able, of the dead descendants, and the living posterity, of Oliver's grand-daughter, Mrs. Bridget Bendysh. When I speak of dates in this letter, I desire it may be observed, that I can be considered only as speaking from the recollection of general ideas, as I have no memorandums to ascertain an exactness, unless in some instances. I have before said, that I cannot trace the posterity of the Protector's daughters with any precision. But I am able to say, in general, that his posterity in the female line became nearly allied to the noble and eminent families of Rich earl of Warwick, Robarts earl of Radnor, Bellasis viscount Fauconberg

berg (created an earl by king William) Obrien earl of Thomond, Jones earl of Ranelagh, the Russels of Cambridgeshire, Frankland, Hartop, Polhill, Fleetwood, Gould, &c. &c.

Mary countess Fauconberg outlived all the Protector's other children \* ; she was said to have been a lady of a very great understanding †. This was the noble relation referred to in Mr. Say's character ‡, who left Mrs. B. an handsome legacy, as she did also to all the other descendants of her father Oliver, to whom such an aid might be useful. She died wealthy, and never had a child.

\* She died (as has been before mentioned, p. xv) March 14, 1712, about eight months after her brother Richard.

† Burnet styles her "a wife and worthy woman," and says, "she was more likely to have maintained the post (of Protector) than either of her brothers."

‡ p. vii,

Jeremy

Jeremy White was Oliver's chaplain, and he was besides the chief wag and joker of his solemn court \*. As the Protector condescended to be very familiar with Jerry, he said to him one day, " You know the " viscount Fauconberg?"-----' Perfectly ' well,' said Jerry.---" I am going to marry " my daughter Mary to him. What do " you think of the match?"---" Think ! " Sir,' said Jerry.---' Why, I think, he'll " never make your highness a grandfather.' ---" I am sorry for that, Jerry; but how " do you know?"---' Sir,' said Jerry, ' I ' speak it in confidence to your highness; ' there are certain defects in lord Faucon- ' berg, that will always prevent his making ' you a grandfather, let him do what he ' can.' As this discovery was made, not to the young lady but to the old Protector, it did not at all retard the completion of the match, which Oliver found, in all out-

\* An extraordinary story of this Jerry White's addressing Oliver's youngest daughter, Frances, and the consequences of it, are told by Oldmixon and others. See Biograph. Brit. vol. iii, p. 1579.

ward respects, suitable and convenient: so he left the lord and the lady to settle the account of defects as they might. Not long after the marriage, Oliver, in a bantering way, told the whole secret with which White had entrusted him, before company, to lord F. who turned it off with a joke, as well as he could, while his heart in secret was waxing exceeding wrath against Jeremiah the prophet. Instigated by this wrath, lord F. sent a message next day to Jerry to desire his company; with which invitation Jerry immediately complied, never suspecting that Oliver had betrayed the secret. Lord F. received him in his study, the door of which he first locked, and then, with much anger in his countenance, and a stout cane in his hand, he accosted Jerry: "You rascal, how dare you tell such mischievous lies of me as you have done to the Protector, that I could never make him a grandfather, &c.? I am determined to break every bone in your skin. What can you say for yourself? What excuse can you make?" All this while the cane kept flourishing over Jerry's head, who, instead

instead of a day of dainties, which he hoped to find at my lord's table, would now have been glad to save the drubbing on his shoulders by going away with an empty belly. "What can you say for yourself?" cried lord F. "My lord," said Jerry, "you are too angry with me to hope for your mercy, but surely you never can be too angry to forget justice. Only prove, by getting a child, that I told the Protector a lye, you may then inflict the punishment with justice, and I will bear it with patience; and if you want exercise for your cane, you may lay it over the Protector's shoulders, if you please, for betraying me." My lord, who, perhaps, knew in his conscience that Jerry had only told an unseasonable truth, laughed, and forgave him.

The Protector had two sons, Richard and Henry. Richard married Dorothy, daughter of Richard Major, esq; of Hunfry, in the county of Southampton, who brought him a considerable fortune. It is remarkable, that Oliver's family acquired

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little or nothing of wealth from his usurpation. Richard Cromwell, who died in 1712, had by his wife three children, 1st. Oliver\*. 2d. Anne. 3d. Elizabeth.

1st. Oliver, son of Richard, was said to have been a man of spirit and of some abilities. On the death of his mother, he succeeded in her right to the estate at Hunfly.

In the reign of king William, this Oliver found it necessary, on some account or other, to present a petition to parliament. He gave his petition to a friend, a member, who took it to the house of commons to present it. Just as this gentleman was entering the house, with the petition in his

\* In an "account of the Cromwell family, from "before the Norman conquest to the present time," annexed by Dr. Gibbons to his "sermon on the "death of the late William Cromwell, esq;" this son is omitted, and a third daughter, Dorothy, is mentioned, said to have married — Mortimer, esq; and to have died without issue in 1681, aged 21.

hand,



hand, Sir Edward Seymour, the famous old Tory member, was also going in. On sight of Sir Edward so near him, the gentleman found his fancy briskly solicited by certain ideas of fun, to make the surly, sour, old Seymour carry up a petition for Oliver Cromwell. "Sir Edward," says he, stopping him on the instant, "will you do me a favour? I this moment recollect, that I must immediately attend a trial in Westminster-hall, which may detain me too late to give in this petition, as I promised to do, this morning; it is a mere matter of form; will you be so good as to carry it up for me?" "Give it me," said Sir Edward. The petition went directly into his pocket, and he into the house. When a proper vacancy happened to produce it, Seymour put himself on his feet, and his spectacles on his nose, and began to read, "The humble petition of ---of---of---of, the devil!" said Seymour "---of Oliver Cromwell!" The roar of laughter in the house, at seeing him so fairly taken in, was too great for Sir Edward to stand it; so he flung down his petition, and

ran out directly. I give this little story on common fame only.

Oliver Cromwell, the son of Richard, died a few years before his father; and as he died unmarried, and without issue, a question was contested in Chancery, Whether the estate at Hunſly descended immediately to the ſiſters of Oliver as his co-heirs, or to Richard the father for his life?

On this occaſion, Richard, then a very old man, being obliged to appear in the court of Chancery, lord chancellor Cowper treated him with the utmoſt reſpect; he ordered a chair to be brought for him, and (in regard to his age) inſiſted on his fitting covered. He made a decree in Richard's favour, and ſpoke with much aſperity of his daughters for conteſting the old man's intereſt in the eſtate for the very ſmall remains of his life.

Pengelly, who was (long after) the very eminent lord chief baron of the exchequer,

quer, was Richard's counsel on this occasion. He distinguished himself very much in his behalf, and acquired great reputation by it. From this zeal for Richard, or from some other cause, a report was raised, and long credited, that Pengelly was Richard's natural son. I do not know there ever was any just foundation for such an opinion. Richard, however, was said to have been all his life very free with women.

2d. Anne, (as, I think, her name was) eldest daughter of Richard Cromwell, married Dr. Gibson, an eminent physician, and uncle to Edmund Gibson, lord bishop of London. There was no surviving issue of this marriage, and Dr. Gibson left the whole of his own proper fortune, after the death of his wife, to the bishop of London, his nephew. Mrs. Gibson outlived her husband many years. The bishop of London always preserved a very respectful and even an intimate correspondence with his aunt. It was, perhaps, from this circumstance, that an opinion prevailed of the bishop's being the author of the "Life  
" of

"of Oliver Cromwell" before-mentioned. This lady died, I think, rather before the year 1730 \*.

3d. Elizabeth Cromwell, youngest daughter of Richard, died unmarried at the age of about 73 †, I think, near or in the year 1731. By her death the line of Richard Cromwell became extinct.

I have been several times in company with these ladies; they were well bred, well dressed, stately women; exactly punctilious, but they seemed (especially Mrs. Cromwell) to carry about them a consciousness of high rank, accompanied with a secret dread, that those with whom they conversed should not observe and acknowledge it. They had neither the great sense, nor the great enthusiasm, of Mrs. Bendysh; but as the daughter of Ireton had dignity

\* She died, Dr. Gibbons says, October 7, 1727.

† Dr. Gibbons says, "at the uncommon age of 81, April 8, 1731."

without pride; the daughters of Cromwell had pride without much dignity.

Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Cromwell lived together in Bedford-row. The estate of Hunfly, to which these ladies were coheiresses, they sold (if I remember right) to Sir William Heathcote for thirty-four or five thousand pounds.

Henry Cromwell, the second and last son of Oliver, who survived him (for his first son, Oliver, died very young) married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Russel, of Cambridgeshire. This Henry was the Protector's deputy in Ireland, where his government was so mild and equitable, that he acquired a great degree of esteem even from many persons of high rank in king Charles's interest. The late Mr. Cromwell, of Kirby-street, told me, " he found " among the papers of Henry many letters " from persons of the first distinction in the " king's party, warmly acknowledging both " the justice and favours they received from " him." This candour procured Henry friends;

friends and protectors of all parties. Of the merit and true wisdom of justice and moderation we shall presently see a strong example, such a one as put Henry's virtue in this respect out of a possibility of being fairly disputed.

Henry Cromwell was seated at Spinney-hall \* in Cambridgeshire, where he had an estate of above four hundred pounds a year. Here he lived, after the restoration, the life of a private country gentleman, very much, and very generally respected. [He died March 25, 1674.] Henry had daughters, but of these or their descendants I can give no account †. At his death he left but one son, major Richard Cromwell ‡. This gentleman was first brought into the army,

\* Near Soham, formerly a priory of black canons.

† A full account is given of them by Dr. Gibbons. It appears that he had, in all, two daughters, and five sons, but the third son only left descendants.

‡ Dr. Gibbons gives this gentleman the christian name of "Henry," and at the same time styles him the "third" son, whom he had before named "Richard."

and,

and his promotion constantly procured, as far as it went, by the interest of the duke of Ormond; in acknowledgment, as he always declared, of the great service and benefit his family received from Henry Cromwell, while he was lieutenant of Ireland. These acknowledgments, and the real advantages resulting from them, bear the fullest and fairest attestation to the honour of Henry's government, and to the truly noble disposition of the duke of Ormond, the protector of his family.

Major Richard Cromwell died of a fever in Spain, while he was under the command of lord Galway, in queen Anne's war. The estate of Spinney-abbey was sold not many years after his marriage. He married Hannah Hewling, eldest daughter of Benjamin Hewling, an eminent Turkey merchant of London, and Hannah Kyffin his wife.

This Hannah Hewling, (my mother's eldest sister) is the person so often mentioned in the many particular relations which were published of the bloody, unre-

lenting prosecutions in the west, after the defeat of the duke of Monmouth's rebellion.

The two unfortunate brothers of this lady, Benjamin and William Hewling, were the only males of their name, and of their family, which was in the highest degree of esteem and popularity among the staunch whigs, and dissenting protestants, at that time so numerous, and so considerable, in the city. Their parts were excellent, and their education had been the best that could be given them. Their morals were spotless; their piety exemplary. Their zeal against popery; the ardour of their courage in the field, and the manly meekness and devout resignation of their deportment, to the last, under their sufferings, concurred with their youth, (the one twenty-two, the other not quite twenty) and the uncommon beauty and gracefulness of their persons, to place them the first in the list, which was at that time called the "Western Martyrology" \*, and rendered the seve-

\* See p. 143—165.



rity of their fate, most pitied, of any who fell a sacrifice to the popish vengeance of James; though there were some other sentences much more unjust.

The father of this unfortunate family was dead; the mother, from her distress, incapable of acting: some of the near friends of the family were themselves too obnoxious to act, and many more too timid; and as the other sisters were hardly out of their childhood, it fell upon this young lady alone to conduct the whole affair, in the prison, for their comfort, and, with the court, for their pardon.

It has been said in most of the accounts which have been published, that lord chief justice Jefferies treated Hannah Hewling, according to his usual custom, with the grossest brutality; but, "bad as he is, the devil may be abused;" for Jefferies always treated her with the greatest politeness and respect. This instance, however, does not much soften the horror of his general character. Jefferies had a relation,

from whose fortune he had formed great expectations ; and as this relation was an intimate acquaintance of the Hewlings, he exerted himself very warmly with him in their behalf. He repeatedly protested to the chief justice, that the " continuance of " his friendship, together with every benefit " he might hope would result from it, depended entirely upon his using every endeavour to save the Hewlings." This, Jefferies always protested he did ; with what sincerity, God only knows ; but he always declared the king was inexorable.

When Jefferies was afterwards prisoner in the Tower, he complained to Dr. Scott, (author of the " Christian Life," who visited him under his confinement) of his hard fate : " I was hated," said he, " by " the kingdom, for doing so much in the " west, and I was ill received by the king " for not having done more." He had used almost the same words when he was applied to for the Hewlings.

When

When Hannah Hewling presented a petition to the king in behalf of her brothers, she was introduced by lord Churchill, afterwards duke of Marlborough; while they waited in the antechamber for admittance, standing near the chimney-piece, lord Churchill assured her of his most hearty wishes of success to her petition; "but," "madam," said he, "I dare not flatter you with any such hopes, for that marble is as capable of feeling compassion, as the king's heart \*." This declaration of lord Churchill adds no small degree of credibility to Jefferies's report of the king's obdurate cruelty.

William Kyffin, the father of Mrs. Hewling, was then alive. This man had been throughout his life a merchant, and was

\* This exactly agrees with the opinion that must be formed both of James's head and heart, from his own letters, in which, numerous as they are, Sir John Dalrymple justly observes, "there is scarcely one stroke of genius or sensibility to be found."

possessed

possessed of what was thought then a very large fortune; yet, I think, he sometimes gave vent to his piety by holding forth among the Baptists. He was, however, in much and general esteem, his fortune and influence placing him among the foremost of the dissenters in the city. I believe, he never meddled with politics himself; but all his connections were among the warmest patriots of those warm times. Hayes, the banker, who married another of Kyffin's daughters, was tried for his life in 1684, for remitting money to Sir Thomas Armstrong, an outlaw. Hayes narrowly escaped the halter, which the court, under Charles II, earnestly desired to put about his neck. The trial was curious and important, as it struck at the root of mercantile liberty. A good account is given of it by Burnet\*.

Kyffin was personally known both to Charles and James; and when the latter of these princes, after having arbitrarily

\* See his "History of his own times," vol. i, p. 399, and "State trials," vol. iii, p. 983.

deprived

deprived the city of the old charter, determined to put many dissenters into the magistracy, under the rose, he sent for Kyffin to attend him at court. When he went thither, in obedience to the king's command, he found James attended by many lords and gentlemen. The king immediately came up to him, and addressed him with all the little grace he was master of. He talked of "his favour to the dissenters," in the court style of the season, and concluded with telling Kyffin, "he had put him down as an alderman in his new charter." 'Sir,' replied Kyffin, 'I am a very old man : I have withdrawn myself from all kind of business for some years past, and am incapable of doing any service in such an affair to your majesty in the city. Besides, Sir,'---the old man went on, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the king, while the tears ran down his cheeks---'the death of my grandsons gave a wound to my heart, which is still bleeding, and never will close but in the grave !'

The

The king was deeply struck by the manner, the freedom, and the spirit of this unexpected rebuke. A total silence ensued, while the galled conscience of James seemed to shrink from the horrid remembrance. In a minute or two, however, he recovered himself enough to say, "Mr. Kyffin, I shall find a balsam for that sore" ---and immediately turned about to a lord in waiting.

When the French protestants were driven to England for refuge, this William Kyffin received into his protection a numerous French family of considerable rank. He fitted up and furnished a house of his own for their reception, provided them with servants, and entirely maintained them at his own expence, in a manner which bore some proportion to their rank in France; and when this family afterwards recovered some part of their ruined fortune, he would not diminish it a single shilling, by taking any retribution for the services he had done them. Such were the city patriots of those times!

I give

I give these several accounts as I have often heard them in the family. I have no doubt of their authenticity: and I insert them in this letter, I hope not improperly, as they relate to public characters and events.

It was not, I believe, above a year after the execution of her brothers \*, that Hannah Hewling (who died in 1731) married major Richard Cromwell beforementioned. The issue from this marriage were,

1. Mary Cromwell, who died unmarried before the year 1730.

2. William Cromwell, who died in Kirby-street, Hatton-garden, in July 1772. In the decline of life he married [1750] the widow of [Thomas] Westby, esq; who was also in years. This lady did not live long with Mr. Cromwell, and on her death left him a moderate fortune.

\* " May 28, 1686," says Dr. Gibbons.

3. Richard Cromwell, of Bartlet's-buildings. He was an eminent attorney at law; and marrying the daughter of [Ebenezer] Gatton, esq; by her he left issue one son, Robert (or, as I rather think, Robert Thornhill Cromwell, from Sir Robert Thornhill, a near relation to Mrs. Cromwell, from whom an handsome fortune devolved to her family.) This Robert Cromwell died without issue about the year 1762. There are now living three daughters of Richard Cromwell, Elizabeth, Anne, and Lætitia. These ladies are unmarried; and are now, or lately were, of Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury. \*

4. Thomas Cromwell. He was a grocer on Snow-hill, and died in the year 1748. By his first wife he left a son, Henry Cromwell; whether he is alive, or dead, I am uncertain; and a daughter, married to Mr. John Field, an eminent apothecary in Newgate-street. There is a very numerous family from this marriage. By his second lady,

\* " They are now living at Berkhamsted in Hertfordshire," says Dr. Gibbons.

who



who is still living, Mr. Thomas Cromwell was father of Mr. Thomas Cromwell, now in the East-Indies; Mr. Oliver Cromwell, of the Million Bank; a young gentleman very much and very justly esteemed by his numerous acquaintance\*; a daughter, unmarried, and another who died young.

5. Henry Cromwell, 4th son of Richard and Hannah, had a place in the excise-office, London, and died unmarried in January 1769.

6. Oliver Cromwell, youngest son of Richard and Hannah, had an ensign's commission in an Irish regiment, which he did not hold long, as the army did not suit him. He died in 1748, unmarried.

Henry Cromwell, the poet, so well known by his correspondence with Mr.

\* These two young gentlemen, great grandsons, of the Protector, are now his only surviving male descendants.

Pope, was not descended from Oliver, though undoubtedly of the same family. The late Mr. William Cromwell, who knew this Henry, told me they kept up the form of calling cousin, though their relation was remote. Sir Henry Cromwell, settled at Hinchbrook, in the reign of Elizabeth, was the common ancestor of both \*.

Thus, Sir, I have completed, as far as I am able, the whole of your request, as to the Bendysh family; and, as far as an immediate recollection would carry me, a slight memoir of the male line of Cromwell, which has never yet been fully and truly given to the public. Such as it is, if it serves to convince you of my regard to your request, and if it gives any satisfaction,

\* This Sir Henry had six sons. The eldest, Sir Oliver, gave a magnificent entertainment to James I in his way to London, and was made a knight of the bath at his coronation. Sir Henry's second son, Robert, was father to the Protector.

or amusement, to such as may read it,  
the whole of my design in writing it will  
be accomplished.

I am,

Reverend Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

HEWLING LUSON.

\* [In the *Hæc Lyrica* of Dr. Watts, is a copy of verses, dated 1699, "To Mrs. B. Bendysh: against tears." Another, dated Sept. 3, 1701, entitled "The Indian philosopher," is addressed "to Mr. Henry Bendysh," her second son, on his marriage, (see above p. xliii;) and a third, called "The life of souls, dated 1704, to Dr. Thomas Gibson," Richard Cromwell's son in law, mentioned p. liii.

From Oliver's four daughters it does not appear that there are any descendants now living, except from Bridget the eldest (Mrs. Bendysh's mother) and Frances the youngest, who first married the hon. Robert Rich, grandson to the earl of Warwick, and, secondly, Sir John Russel, bart. of Chippenham in Cambridgeshire, whose sister was the wife of her brother Henry. By her first husband she had no children, but by her second she had three sons and two daughters. The present Sir John Russel and Sir Thomas Frankland, baronets, two of their descendants, are her great-grandsons. J. D.]

ADDI.

# ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

**V**OL. I, p. viii, l. 9, add—In the same year (1705) Mr. Hughes published (also without a name) “ A serious address to the commoners [freeholders] of England, on the approaching elections of members to serve in parliament,” in which he characterised, under eight denominations, those candidates whom they should reject.

— p. xvi, l. 8. For “ 1708” read “ 1718.”

— p. 50. This letter should be dated “ August” 11.

— p. 72, note †. For “ vol. ii” read “ vol. iii.”

— p. 90, line 23. — “ when — “ whence.”

— p. 126, note †. “ Will Pate, who is both a *bel esprit*, and a woollen-draper.” Swift’s letter to Mr. Hunter, dated Jan. 12, 1708-9. See Hawkefworth’s 8vo edition, xii, 105.

— 131, note \*. In the 2d edition of “ Anecdotes of painting,” printed in 1765, we read, “ Steele wrote a poem to him [Kneller] at Winton; Tickell, another.” That, however, which is inserted in “ Steele’s miscellanies,” (2d edit. p. 341,) is by Tickell. Where Steele’s occurs, is not mentioned.

— p. 290, l. 5, read “ inadvertency.”

— p. 294, note \*. Cibber, in his admirable “ Apology for his life,” after enlarging on the delight he took in gazing on lady Churchill at supper, when she attended the princess Anne to Nottingham, in 1688, (as, his father being then employed

ployed at Chatsworth, young Colley was desired, on that extraordinary occasion, to assist in waiting) a delight, which so absorbed his senses, that he remembered no part of the conversation but the words, "Some wine and water," adds, that "few examples can parallel the profusion of blessings which have attended so long a life of felicity: a person so attractive! a husband so memorably great! an offspring so beautiful! a fortune so immense! and a title, which (when regal favour had no higher to bestow) she only could receive from the author of nature, a great grandmother without grey hairs." P. 58.

Vol. II. p. 10, note †. The bishops of Ireland visit their dioceses annually; the archbishops their provinces triennially.

— p. 39. "Atterbury's character of Pope, *mens curva in corpore curvo*." "These words, perhaps," says a correspondent, "might relate to Pope's 'crooked' way of thinking in regard to religion, which the bishop would fain have set right. For supposing them to intend a more general censure of our poet's manners, how are they to be reconciled with those professions, in Atterbury's letters, of loving him as well as esteeming him, of having loved and valued him ever since he knew him, &c?" In answer, it may be said, that this interpretation might be admitted, if Atterbury, in every other respect, had been uniform and consistent; but as we know what he professed, and how he acted, in public life,

life, such contradictions in his private character may also be expected. See the last paragraph of letter cxix, p. 103.

— p. 41, note, line the last, for "1760" read "1761"

— p. 72, note l. 4. For "Swift, in a letter to "Pope," read "Pope, in a letter to Swift."

— p. 77, note. In January 1732-3, the earl of Essex was acted, by their majesties command, for the benefit of Mrs. Porter, being the first time of her appearing on the stage after her misfortune. She performed the part of queen Elizabeth, but was obliged to use a cane. At her request, Mr. Duncombe drew up an epilogue for her, from minutes of her own writing. She was highly pleased with it, and said, "it fully expressed her sentiments." However, it was not spoken. The manager probably did not relish it on a double account, 1. because there was no obscenity in it; and 2. as it frankly owned the decay of their stage. Mrs. P. apologised for her not speaking it in a very genteel and grateful letter; and Mr. Southerne said, "he was sorry, on her account, it was not spoken, "as, he was sure, it would have done her credit." From a MS. "letter of Mr. Duncombe to the "rev. Mr. Bunce."

— p. 154. l. penult. Erase the comma after "*primum*."

Append. p. xxv, l. 2. Read "poly syllables."

— Sheet e, &c. are paged wrong.

Vol. III, p. 52, note, l. 1. For "τω" read "τω"

— p. 139, note \*, l. 7. — "150" — "158."

L E T T E R S,  
BY  
SEVERAL EMINENT PERSONS DECEASED.  
INCLUDING  
THE CORRESPONDENCE OF  
JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.  
(AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS)  
AND  
SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS,  
PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS:  
WITH  
NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL.  
By JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.  
One of the SIX PREACHERS in Christ Church, Canterbury.  
The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS.

V O L U M E III.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. JOHNSON, in St. Paul's Church-yard,

M D C C L X X I I I.





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N. B. Those marked thus \* are added in this edition.

# E R R A T A.

- Page 85, note, line 14, for "vol. lxvi", read "vol. lii."  
 — 99, note \*, line 2, for "county", read "county."  
 — 157, line 6, for "studious," read "as studious."  
 — 161, line 8, for "met", read "meet".

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L E T T E R S, &c.

L E T T E R CXLVIII.

Archbishop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Lambeth-house, April 18, 1752.

AS the author\* chose to convey the inclosed † to me by your hand, I desire to return it to him the same way, but upon condition that you give him my sincere thanks for the perusal of it. It has given me prodigious pleasure, and I have but

\* Isaac Hawkins Browde, esq; member of parliament for Wenlock in Shropshire.

† The manuscript copy of *De animi immortalitate*, poem.

Vol. III.

B

one,

one, or perhaps two, reasons for forbearing the strongest encomium. I wish to God Lucretius had had so good a subject, and so much at his heart!

The author's intentions \* do me honour, and I am proud of being transmitted to posterity, as a friend to such doctrine so explained and illuminated.

Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

THO. CANTUAR.

## LETTER CXLIX.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. RICHARDSON †.

DEAR SIR,

Frith-street. Nov. 18, 1752.

ON my enquiry at Mr. Vaillant's, I find reason to believe, that the Rev. Mr. Stin-

\* Of inscribing it to his grace.

† To this great "master of the heart," this Shakspear of romance, who, in the words of the Rambler,

stra, who translated your Clarissa into Dutch, was author of the little book I mentioned to you, entitled, "A pastoral letter against fanaticism," designed to confute the extravagant pretensions of count Zinzendorff and his deluded followers, distinguished by the name of Moravians.

This tract is yet but little known in England; it was written originally in Dutch, and has been translated into French; whether by the author himself, or some other hand, I know not; but the extracts from the count's sermons, and the hymns, are printed in Dutch only.

Rambler, "taught the passions to move at the command of virtue," the graces may be said to have unveiled nature, and while our language lasts, or taste and sensibility remain, the madness of Clementina in particular will be as much admired and felt as that of Lear. And let it be remembered, that the virtues which Richardson drew, he copied from his own heart, the benevolence which he inculcated he constantly practised in its fullest extent. He died July 4, 1761, aged 73.

However, it has not escaped the notice of his grace of Canterbury ; who has read and mentioned it to some of his friends with the approbation it so justly deserves. Nay more, he is endeavouring to get it translated into English as a very useful work \*. Mr. Stinstra certainly can be no stranger to the character of this excellent prelate ; yet I cannot help just observing, that no man, in so high a station, was ever less elevated with it, more communicative, or easier of access. He spends his large revenue in hospitality, and works of beneficence ; and is ready to relieve worthy objects of every denomination, when properly recommended. In short, he is a

\* It was accordingly translated by Mr. Rimius. In the preface, notice is taken of five sermons, preached by Mr. Stinstra, in defence of liberty of conscience and toleration, and afterwards printed in Dutch. Strange it is, that the enthusiasm, blasphemy, and obscenity of the Moravians should have an advocate in a work of such acknowledged merit as the " Biographia Britannica." But see " count Zinzendorff's " life" in the " Supplement," p. 214.



friend to the civil and religious rights of all mankind. With these qualities it would be strange indeed if he was not esteemed and beloved by all parties. The lovers of liberty abroad may envy the happiness of the church of England under his mild and prudent direction. How much then do we owe to that great man \*, (the "keeper of the king's conscience," as our laws, I think, style him,) who first introduced and recommended Dr. Herring to his majesty!

I hope you will gratify the impatience of the public with your new work †; and am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,  
W. DUNCOMBE.

\* Lord chancellor Hardwicke.

† The history of Sir Charles Grandison.

\*LETTER CL.

MR. RICHARDSON TO MISS HIGHMORE †.

London, Jan. 31, 1754.

—"More geese than swans, more fools than wife"—

WAS not this a line in your copy-book fifteen years ago, as it was in mine, fifty? Wonder you then, that there are more Sir Hargrave Pollexfens, than Sir Charles Grandisons?

"*Affurance* to contemn?" Why so complaisant to the Sir Hargraves?

"Much admired by ladies more amiable than Cantillon, or lady Betty Williams herself!" I don't know that. Those two ladies might have appeared in a better light, had not a Harriot, brought up by

\* Now Mrs. J. Duncombe.

a Mrs.

a Mrs. Shirley and a Mrs. Selby, herself an excellent yet then a sprightly girl, been to give an account of them to those venerable ladies. But it is a charming partiality that my girl is culpable (I will not say, guilty) of, when she judges more favourably of those she sees, than of those she reads. Yet, let me tell you, Madam, that those ladies, be they who they will, that admire men of the Pollexfen cast, must have a tincture of the Cantillon levity. There is a difference, my dear Miss H. between bearing with men of light characters, and being diverted with them, and approving of them. Oil will mingle with oil, sweet or foetid; but either will resist the purest water. And why? You know why. They are both of a nature, however sweet the one, foetid the other.

When I recollect some of the free things I have formerly written to my girl, I am extremely angry with myself. I believe I loved to blame rather than commend, some years ago. Fie upon me, for my ill-nature, if  
so—

fo—and vanity too—setting up for a Mentor, when I was but a Momus. But do I grow better-natured, and see clearer, as I grow older? I congratulate myself upon that, if I do. What admirable observations you make on the consequence it is for young persons to be thrown early into good and improving company! I had a good mind to transcribe every word you write on this subject, and to beg of you to let it pass for my own. What a poor creature was I at your age! And you were always so good; were you not? Yet I to endeavour formerly to turn beauties into blemishes; and all the time, egregious self-deceiver! imagining that I loved to commend rather than blame. Lovelace, I remember, told me once, even Lovelace, that “young women were more in danger from their companions and dependents of their own sex, than from the wiles of men.” You, from a purer mind, have improved the observation, as might be expected from a mind so incomparably more pure.

But,

But, though I love you for your charity when you infer from premises very laudable, that we should make great allowances in errors not grossly immoral, for those who have not had the benefit of being accustomed in their youth to good and improving company, I cannot allow of the abatement you mention to be made, of the merit of those who have had "better" opportunities, and improved by them. I will not, my dear Miss H. allow of your "level," in order to bring down to a "state of nature" those who owe their "merit to actions that are the consequences of habitual virtue." Let us judge of merit and demerit, as they appear to us, from whatever source they spring; and not, my dear child, think it "assurance" to "contemn" the contemptible. We shall then encourage merit, (too apt to be despised by such, in order to bring it down to their own level) and shame (and, through shame, have a chance to amend) the faulty, and make them aspire to be measured by the standard of the others. It is not to be imagined

what it is in the power of women to do in this particular; especially of those who are amiable in person, and have a reputation for good sense. Often have I seen a coxcomb, who set out with all the confidence of a laughing Sir Hargrave, shrink into himself, merely at the reproving eye, and restrained smile, of a young lady of judgment; and particularly, if she has had the address to turn round on the spot, and distinguish, by her smiling familiarity, another man in company with whom she had reason to be better pleased. No vain woman can be more fond of admiration, than men of this cast. Let them be conscious of a judiciously-given disappointment, and no men are such nothings. The sensible woman who laughs *with* the creature she should laugh *at*, debases herself; puts herself on a level with him. But this is the judgment—To avoid superciliousness, and being “really” prudish (no matter for the aspersions) in the correction she looks; for a look will give it. I am speaking of a sensible woman, you know!—Such women, scores  
of

of which, I was going to say, I have the happiness to know.

“ The admonitions of parents can never  
 “ have the effect on young minds, that the  
 “ examples of persons near their own age  
 “ can produce ; and reasons why it must  
 “ be so, are obvious and natural enough.”

*Never*, Miss H ! Where the parents are companionable to their children, and can allow for the foibles of youth : such as your's, suppose ? Where the children are reasonable, and have no points in view which they are ashamed to own ?—What ! *never*, Miss H !—And are there not such cases ?—Cannot there be such open-hearted frank girls as Harriot, where there is a Mrs. Shirley or Mrs. Selby ?—Unhappy that there are not more such indulgent parents, and such undisguisedly-minded children ! How “ obvious” soever the reason for what you say is, there cannot be a more dangerous doctrine propagated among young people, than that which springs from an allowance of this nature. And I

have therefore taken notice in print, that young people, in certain cases, should never be determined by the advice of young people; and least of all by that of those who are in the same circumstances with themselves. "It is not", I have said, "what *you* would do, Sally, Sukey, &c. were you in my case, but what *ought* to be done." I know that your observation is rather owing to facts than justice. But we will not, if you please, too readily give up justice to facts, lest we should make custom a law; where it would be of general use to applaud the "exception," and to endeavour to weaken the force of the faulty "rule."

Give me leave to say, that I intended more by setting in strong lights the frankness of Harriot's character, in one of the most delicate circumstances of female life, and the sweet-tempered indulgence of good Mistresses Shirley and Selby, (and Mr. Selby too, odd as he is, and nearer to the character of common men,) than what, at first sight, may be thought of, on a cursory reading,



ing. What, do you think, I have had the confidence to answer to the pressing instances of two persons, for whom I have great honour, that I would begin a new piece? "That I would think of doing so, when I had reason to believe, that the many delicate situations that this last piece, as well as *Clarissa*, abounded with, were generally understood and attended to." What a duce, must a man be always writing, (what though he has the good fortune to please those who want not his instructions) without hope of amending the inconsiderate! . . . . .

Remind me, my dear Miss H.—But I have no room to say of what—nor to add more, than that I am,

Your sincere admirer,  
paternal friend, and humble servant,  
S. RICHARDSON.

LETTER

L E T T E R C L I.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to the Rev. Mr. STINSTRA.

Inclosed in a letter by Mr. Richardson.

London, June 14, 1754.

..... **T**HE present archbishop of Canterbury, while preacher to the society of Lincoln's inn, had a course of excellent sermons on the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. His few printed discourses were preached on public occasions, and are all out of print\*.

Mr. Browne's poem, *De animi immortalitate*, is applauded here by the best judges.

Mr. Balguy has been dead some years. His son, a clergyman of learning and ge-

\* They were collected and published by Mr. Duncombe, in one volume octavo, in 1763. There are seven of them.

nius,

nius, was lately a fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge\*.

Mr. D. is of opinion, that such a book of "practical morals" as Mr. Stinftra seems to desire, is not at all wanted in England.

The "moral discourses" by Tillotson and Clarke cannot, perhaps, be paralleled by any thing among the ancients for strength and perspicuity.

Wollaston's "Religion of nature delineated" is an admirable work, though his main pillar seems too weak to support such a fabric.

Dr. Foster "on religious and social duties" must not be omitted. The prayers at the end are rational and sublime. It is thought that he destroyed his health by too close an application to this work. His de-

\* Dr. Balguy is now archdeacon of Winchester.

fence of the christian revelation, in answer to " Christianity as old as the creation," is worthy of the subject.

Fordyce's " Elements of moral philosophy\*" is a master-piece both for reason and eloquence.

Grove's system of " moral philosophy" is the substance of lectures, which he read to his pupils, for he kept an academy. The additional chapters by Mr. Amory, (now living) seem not inferior to the original.

\* First published in the " Preceptor." Mr. David Fordyce, who was professor of philosophy in the maristal college of Aberdeen, was also author of " dialogues on education," and " Theodorus, a dialogue concerning the art of preaching." The last was published after his untimely death in 1755 by his brother, the Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) James Fordyce. Returning from a tour through several parts of Europe, the professor lost his life, in its full prime, by a storm on the coast of Holland.

Mr.

Mr. Grove was no less an orator than a divine and philosopher. He is not so much known and admired (which are the same thing) as he deserves to be. There are four fine *speeches*\* in the VIIIth volume written by him, when very young.

His collection of sermons is, also, excellent. And, upon the whole, he ought to be numbered with our finest writers.

\* Number 588, on the dignity of human nature, 601, on benevolence, 626, on the force of novelty, and 635, on the improveable faculties of the soul. By these papers Mr. Grove shewed himself well acquainted with the lovely and generous affections of the human soul, as well as its surprising dignity and large capacities for happiness, which he has represented in a manner fit to inspire his readers with a strong concern to act a part answerably generous and noble. The last of these papers was published by the direction of Dr. Gibson, bishop of London, in an excellent treatise, entitled "The evidences of the Christian religion," by Joseph Addison, esq; 12°. 1731.

"Biographia Britannica," vol. iv, p. 3446.

Hutcheson is not to be set on a level with the foregoing writers, though he has some excellent things ; but he founds virtue on instinct rather than reason, which may give occasion to dangerous mistakes. Some letters passed between him and Mr. Gilbert Burnet (a son of the bishop) on this subject ; in which Mr. D. thinks the latter had much the better of the argument. They are in print.

Morality justly complains of such treacherous friends as Hume and Bolingbroke, but smiles on these her genuine sons, and delights to enroll with them the name of her Stinstra.

To that pious and learned divine Mr. D. wishes health and spirits, that he may be able to prosecute and finish his laudable essays.

P. S. To the authors already mentioned, might have been added *Cumberland de legibus natura*.

LETTER

## LETTER CLII.

Dutch. Dowager of SOMERSET\* to Mrs. —.

1754.

**I** AM sorry, good Mrs. —, to find that your illness seems rather to increase than diminish; yet the disposition of mind with which you receive this painful dispensation, seems to convert your sufferings into a blessing: while you resign to the will of God in so patient a manner, this disease seems only the chastisement of a wise and merciful Being, who chasteneth not for his own pleasure, but for our profit. Were I not convinced of this great truth, I fear I must long since have sunk under the burden of sorrow, which God saw fit to wean my foolish heart from this vain world, and shew me how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happiness. He gave

\* See vol. ii, letter cxxiii, note †.

me a son \*, who promised all that the fondest wishes of the fondest parents could hope; an honour to his family, an ornament to his country; with a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and society, with the advantage of strong and uninterrupted health, joined to a form, which, when he came into Italy, made him more generally known by the name of the "English angel" than by that of his family. I know, this account may look like a mother's fondness; perhaps it was too much so once: but alas! it now only serves to shew the uncertainty and frailty of all human dependence. This justly beloved child was snatched from us before we could hear of his illness: that fatal disease, the small-pox, seized him at Bologna, and carried him off the evening of his birth-day †, on which he had completed nineteen years. Two posts before, I had a letter from him,

\* Lord viscount Beauchamp. See vol. ii, letter cxxi, p. 166.

† September 11, 1744.

written



written with all the life and innocent cheerfulness inherent to his nature; the next but one came from his afflicted governor\*, to acquaint his unhappy father that he had lost the most dutiful and best of sons, the pride and hope of his declining age. He bore the stroke like a wise man and a Christian, but never forgot, nor ceased to sigh for it. A long series of pain and infirmity, which was daily gaining ground, shewed me the sword which appeared suspended over my head by an almost cobweb-thread long before it dropped †. As to my bodily pains, I bless God, they are by no means insupportable at present: I rather suffer a languid state of weakness, which wastes my flesh and consumes my spirits by a gentle

\* Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Dalton was tutor to lord Beauchamp, but the "Supplement to the Biographical Dictionary" (published in 1767) says, "a bad state of health prevented him from attending his pupil on his travels abroad, and saved him the mortification of being an eye-witness of his death."

† Algernon duke of Somerset died February 7, 1749-50.

decay,

decay, than any frightful suffering, and am spending those remains of nature which were almost exhausted in continued care and anxiety for the sufferings of a person dearer to me than to myself. My daughter\*, who is very good to me, has sent me her youngest son†, just turned of four years old, to amuse me in my solitude; because he is a great favourite of mine, and shews a great deal of his uncle's disposition, and some faint likeness of his person. It is high time to release you from so long a letter, but there are some subjects on which my tears and pen know not how to stop when they begin to flow.

I am, dear Madam,

Your sincerely affectionate friend,

F. SOMERSET.

\* The countess (now duchess) of Northumberland.

† Now lord Algernon Percy.

## \* L E T T E R CLIII.

Earl of CORKE \* to Mr. DUNCOMBE:

Lincoln's-inn-fields, Sept. 14, 1754.

I Received, dear Sir, your “translation of “Horace” †. You have my approbation, and, I dare say, you will have the approbation of good judges. Your notes are excellent, and therefore I wish them enlarged. I think, there cannot be too many notes on Horace. I even love to see fancies and conjectures on such an author. I own, I have indulged myself much in suppositions, and perhaps unwarrantable inventions, when I have read him, or any other favourite classic: most of them, however, are in the fire. Of late, I have passed all the little leisure I could spare in reading Addison’s “travels.” I read them long ago: they disappointed

\* See vol. ii, letter xcv, note \*.

† Book i, satire 6. On true nobility.

me then ; they disappoint me still. The style is stiff, disagreeable, and tame. They were written in his early days. I wish he had polished them in his latest. He is the glory of our English writers ; but there are specks in the sun.

By what means I know not, a very beautiful English ode\* has been lately dropped here. It is certainly your son's. He is a prophet, as well as a poet, and foresees the plan which I intend to pursue. But he has adorned it with poetical decorations, to fulfil the *Quidlibet audendi*, and to convince me of the partiality of a friend.

The character of being singular and reserved may terrify a young man ; but after forty, all those fears are over. I was much in the great world at the beginning of my life ; so much, that I have despised it, ever since I have arrived at years of reflection.

\* " To the Genius of Italy." See Dodley's " poems," vol. vi, p. 263.

My

My constitution was never strong. I am really thankful that it was not so. My health is a true, and no very irksome, excuse, to avoid those scenes, that would hurt my body, and offend my mind. Conversation, unless very good, is to me detestable. The idleness of coffee-houses, where heretofore I have whiled away so many hours, is now despicable and dangerous. The professors of party are either the subtlest knaves, or the weakest fools. The clergy, in general, very unworthy of their calling. Can you wonder then that I leave my native country? I have long been concerting this scheme. Till now, I could not bring it to bear. Such valuable and esteemed friends as you, my chaplain, Mr. Jeffreys \*, and some others, I leave with

\* See vol. ii, letter xcii, note †. On the death of this gentleman, in 1755, his lordship expressed himself as follows: " You brought a tear or two from me by your account of Mr. Jeffreys. I am truly sorry he is gone, but receive great comfort by hearing the manner of his departure. Integrity and elegance shone very eminently in his countenance."

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great regret. That pang over, methinks I go on eagle's wings into Tuscany. I want no friendships, for I take my wife and daughter \* with me. I want instructive companions, and in them I shall be very wary. There is no sipping; no jarrings of the same kind in Italy as in England. Ours is a scene of personal feuds and private animosities. Foreigners perceive it, and laugh at us. They are polite, and live at ease with each other. We still preserve the liberty and manners of the ancient Britons; to be rude and to quarrel among ourselves †.

The town is a desert. Even the court is thin at Kensington. In a fortnight the

" nance and manners. His age attracted veneration.  
 " He moved and spoke the gentleman. I shall honour  
 " his name and memory as long as I live; so will  
 " every one who knew him."

\* Lady Lucy Boyle, now viscountess Torrington.

† Of this the next letter may be considered as a  
 palinody,

king

king returns, though I cannot look upon his residence as out of town. With him will appear blue garters, and a numerous train of people, "who strut their hour upon the stage, and then are heard no more." I have filled this paper to shew you, that my heart is full of you, and I am in these (were they the last) moments of my departure, to you, and to my namesake, a true and faithful servant,

CORKE \*.

## L E T T E R CLIV.

Earl of CORKE to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Marignolle†, July 18, 1755.

**Y**OUR kind letter, dear Sir, should have been sooner answered by me, if a

\* His lordship left London September 20, and arrived at Florence October 23.

† Marignolle is one of the pleasantest situations which the environs of Florence afford. Some of the

gouty winter, and an unhealthy spring, had not rendered my correspondence irksome, because it must have been plaintive. I judge of my friends by myself, and therefore would at least hide from them all complaints 'till entirely over; well knowing what the heart feels on these occasions. The heat of Italy is universally acknowledged; so ought the cold to be: yet I have feldom heard it mentioned. Being perfectly idle, I have kept a diary of the weather, and it would amaze you to see the account from December to the middle of May. The uncertainty of the weather was

windows of the house, in which his lordship resided, command a view of the ancient Fiesole, the remains of which moulder on the summit of a very high hill, inconvenient for want of water, most beautiful in point of prospect. That Etrurian city was enlarged by Sylla the dictator. The renowned triumvirate, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, improved it: it was then called Florentia, and when removed, for the acquisition of water, "*Fluentia, quod ad Arni fluentia extructa sit.*"

See lord Corke's "Letters from Italy," (lately published) p. 236.

still



still more surprising than the cold : we have had all kinds of seasons in a day. For the future, think better of the situation of our own island than you have done. I have been a terrible sinner in my opinion of England. Travelling has corrected and opened my eyes in that particular. I repent, and shall sin no more.

We are settled in a country-house near Florence. The situation is high, the prospect pleasant, and the distance from the town (only two miles) allows my daughter the benefit of all her masters, which are many and excellent in their kind. Forgive the Florentines their morals, (which appear not openly bad to strangers) and they are an obliging, civil people ; who, though without liberty themselves, love to see instances of it in others ; so that we live here very much at our ease, and if not with great pleasure, at least not with discontent.

Count

Count Maffei\* resides at Brescia. He is old, and at present engaged in a controversy on ecclesiastical topics; of which dispute I can tell you no particulars, because indeed I asked none. He is little known here. We have some men of letters in Florence that do honour to their country. Most of them read and understand English. I was amazed to find our authors and language in such high esteem in this part of the world. Let me name some of these *litterati*. The person among them with whom I have the greatest friendship is Dr. Cochi, a most worthy, learned, and ingenious physician. He is in himself a living library, and has a heart not at all inferior to his excellent head. He was in England with the late Lord Huntingdon, and speaks English

\* This learned and polite writer, the author of *Merope*, &c. died soon after, as Dr. Warton, in his "Essay on the writings and genius of Pope," published in 1758, on quoting a passage from him, styles him (p. 191) "a 'late' acute searcher into antiquity," and says, "his death is justly lamented."

fluently

fluently and well. So does the Abbé Nicolini, who has also been in England, and is a man of great family, of excellent sense, thorough knowledge of books, persons, and things, and particularly obliging and attached to the travellers of our nation. The Abbé Buondelmonte is superior to most, and inferior in learning to none. My health hindered me from attending the exercises of the Cruscan academy last winter; a loss which I hope to repair the next. There Buondelmonte shines. There are several others, but I have sent you a triumvirate not easily to be paralleled.

I suppose, the winter has abounded, as usual, in London, with infinite productions of wit, or what wishes to be wit, but as yet I have scarce seen an English book. I expect some soon; amongst them Mr. Johnson's dictionary and Hume's history of Great Britain. The latter has made a noise, so as to raise the curiosity of many here. After this expected parcel, I shall scarce venture to send for any more books, lest they fall a prey to the  
Gallic

Gallic privateers, who will drown all English books, as evil spirits that ought to be laid in the sea. I am sorry that the chorus of the popular song is *Bella, borrida bella*. As yet we have gained so little by wars, that my wishes are all for peace; but if we must have a war, let it be sharp, short, and decisive.

Your kindness will make you glad to know that I am perfectly recovered; but I owe my recovery to the heat, and not to the cold, of Italy. The latter indeed was too strong for me, and knocked me down. I am now enjoying the former, and, as yet, think it agreeable as well as wholesome. The evenings are delightful. We generally walk from eight to ten, without fear of damps, which, you will allow, is a most happy circumstance.

Few books are written here; some are, but they are local; and the Florentines are in too decaying a state to produce any great or noble work, though they enjoy the finest  
and

and some of the rarest manuscripts in the world. The scene of Florence is melancholy. The city extremely beautiful, but poverty and idleness in every street. The shops are shut up four or six hours in the middle of the day. By that you will judge of their trade. Sir Horace Mann, the king's resident here, does great honour to our nation. He lives nobly, keeps an assembly once a week, and omits no civility or act of friendship to his countrymen, or to the Italians; so that scarce any minister was ever so much or so justly esteemed and beloved.

My paper draws me to an end. I will finish almost in your own words:—Objects, when viewed near, lose their lustre; and the admiration, which first possessed us, turns into a kind of familiarity, that sometimes is the parent of contempt.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful humble servant,

C O R K E.

## L E T T E R CLV.

Earl of CORKE to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Florence, Sept. 12, 1755.

**Y**OU will excuse the haste, dear Sir, in which I write this letter, when I tell you that I am packing up my trunks, saddling my mules, and bridling my horses to return to England. Business calls me, and inclination is very ready to obey the call. We shall leave Florence on the 20th, and as we go through Germany, instead of France, we may possibly be five or six weeks on the road, though we are fully resolved to lose no time that our diligence or health can command.

Our summer now is over, and therefore I can assure you that the heats of Italy are by no means so dreadful as they have generally been represented; nor have the climate, the people, or the prospects, answered the

the pictures that I have often seen drawn of them. The autumn, (such I think the present season) is hitherto rainy; the mornings cool, the evenings warm; the middle of the day sometimes sultry. As yet September has been filled with thunder and lightning; chiefly in the nights, always violent, and often attended with high winds. . . .

Mr. Johnson's dictionary certainly deserves the thanks and general approbation of the public. It is a vast undertaking to be completed by one man. I have not had time to examine it, not even to read the preface. Sir Horace Mann leaves it constantly on his table, and I now and then peep into it for some few minutes. 'To please all, is impossible: few will have candour enough to own themselves pleased: scarce any will own themselves improved. But were the truth known, those who are forwardest to blame, are generally forwardest to steal from the very books at which they are so scornfully offended. The ge-

nerality of readers intend to appear learned by being sour and ill-natured ; and since all books must have faults, the justest manner of treating those faults is by weighing them with the perfections, and then giving the two scales full liberty to vibrate ; but

There is a lust in man, no power can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame ;  
On eagles wings invidious scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

War, war is the theme of all discourse. Tuscany will probably escape in peace ; here are neither riches nor men to furnish armies or fleets. The ancient Etrurians meddled only with arms when omens were auspicious. The present Etrurians chuse not to meddle with any weapons more offensive than a fiddle-stick ; and, to avoid all omens of battles and bloodshed, they pay their devotions more to the " Lady" than the " Lord." I am, dear Sir,

Ever your most obedient servant,

CORKE.  
LETTER



LETTER CLVI.

HENRY JOHNSON\*, Esq; to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Berkhamsted †, Feb. 8, 1756.

**I** NEVER saw Mr. Hughes's "poems" till now, upon your mentioning them, I borrowed them of your niece, and have glanced the greatest part of them over. Surely he was a man of very great genius, and his talent for the pleasing and the pathetic was remarkably excellent. He proved himself, as you say, a true prophet, and the poem, called the "Ecstasy," which you particularly recommend, is indeed "ecstatic" and truly sublime ‡. You have

\* Father to the ladies of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, bart. and the late lord chancellor Yorke. He died in 1760.

† In Hertfordshire.

‡ See Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. ii, p. 299.

done

done a great favour to the world in ushering so noble and so instructive a work into it. Pity it is for mankind, that so good a man, and so ingenious an author, should be thus suddenly snatched away in the full bloom of life and wisdom. . . . .

I am much obliged to you for your kind offer of assistance in the concerns of the Abbot Feijoo \*. I am sure he stands in need

\* Mr. Baretti gives the following account of this celebrated modern :

“ Amongst the modern writers of Spain, the most  
 “ renowned is a Benedictine monk, called Father  
 “ Feijoo. I have seen an edition of his works in  
 “ eight volumes quarto. He is still living [1760]  
 “ and still writing, but I have not read enough of  
 “ those volumes to venture upon his character as an  
 “ author. By what I have cursorily seen, I cannot  
 “ say he would be looked upon on the other side of  
 “ the Pyrenéans with the great veneration that is paid  
 “ him in Spain. Nevertheless, it is a rule with me,  
 “ that a man universally esteemed by his country-  
 “ men during several years, as is the case with him,  
 “ must be endowed with uncommon powers, be his  
 “ weaknesses and faults ever so numerous. The  
 “ Spanish

of very great help to make him shew his face in an English dress in public: this was never any part of my intention; for what I have done in this work has been only by way of amusement in the melancholy winter months, and as a means to make me retain, what I value beyond measure, the little smattering I have of the sublime language of the Spaniards \*. All that I have hitherto done has been only to translate this

“ Spanish minute critics have attacked him severely; and I take it for granted, that sometimes they were in the right; it is so easy a matter to be sometimes right, when hunting for faults and weaknesses even in the best writers! Yet Feijoo’s general powers have stood the malignant virulence of all Spanish reviewers, whose wise remarks have been forgotten as soon as read; just as it happens in England, where minute critics are no less plentiful than oysters and muscles.”

Journey from London to Genoa, &c.  
vol. iii, p. 47-9.

\* Mr. Johnson, in his younger years, had resided some time at Buenos Ayres, in the service of the South Sea company.

valuable

valuable author out of Spanish, but then I am confident I have been far from putting him into English: this requires a more masterly hand than I can pretend to. The work is large and laborious; five volumes\* in quarto are enough to terrify the most daring from looking into it, much more from revising and correcting it. The subjects too, I doubt, are too grave and unenterprising for the present taste of reading; many of the discourses are metaphysical and philosophical, and not a few of them particularly adapted to the present reigning follies and prejudices of the Spaniards, and would seem perhaps too foreign and too trifling for an English reader; and yet, in general, they abound with a great deal of good sense, true learning, and sound morality. However, that you may have a better notion of the whole, I here send you inclosed the titles of the several discourses, of which I have translated the three first volumes complete, and those marked thus

\* Three more volumes have since been added.

† are

† are finished of the others. I agree with you, that it would be a thousand pities to have so valuable a work suppressed; but who shall bring it to light? I am sure I am not equal to it in any respect,

If Father Feñoo's style be (as you say) "clear and manly" in the English translation, performed by so poor a hand as mine, think what it must be when dressed in all the loftiness and nervous strength of the Spanish original. I would not be without this limb of modern learning for any consideration, as I truly think this language, above all others, the most sublime, majestic, and copious, as far as my little knowledge extends\*.

I never was in Flamsted church, but, upon what you mentioned of an inscription

\* In like manner, Mr. Barette expresses his opinion of the Spanish language as follows:

"The Spanish language, with regard to its sound,  
 "seems to me even more harmonious than ours [the  
 Vol. III. G Italian.]

therein on the Saunders family, I had recourse to Sir Harry Chauncy's "history of "Hertfordshire," where I found it at large \*, and a very noble and most solemn composition it is; and there are some thoughts in it far from common. This put me in mind of rummaging among some family memoirs, for an epitaph, something

Italian.] "It is at least full as susceptible of music  
"as ours, which is not the case with those of England and France. Like that of Tuscany, it has  
"some soft guttural, which renders it quite enchanting to my ear."

\* P. 568. This monument, which is very stately and expensive, being all of pure Italian marble, curiously wrought and polished, was erected by Thomas Saunders, esq; of Beechwood (formerly a nunnery, dedicated to St. Giles in the wood) in memory of five of his children. The English part of the inscription (above-mentioned) is as follows :

"Who so looketh hereon may consider how fleeting all worldly comforts are, and how great a  
"vanity it is to place his affection thereon; such  
"things there are as worldly comforts, 'tis true;  
"but they ought to be looked on as little streams,  
"and

similar, on an ancestor of mine, the grandfather to my great-grandmother (Sir John Maſon) who lies buried under St. Paul's, and his tomb once ſubſiſted in the old church of Holy Faith, under the fabrick of the old cathedral. Dugdale, in his "hiſtory of that church," has preſerved one in Latin on the tomb of the ſame perſon, and ſomething to the ſame purpoſe; but the Engliſh one, as it is ſomewhat peculiar, I here ſend you.

"To the memory of Sir JOHN MASON,  
 "Who, though but threeſcore and three  
 "years old at his death, yet lived and

"and whoever delights in them more than in the  
 "fountain from whence they proceed, may ſoon find  
 "them dry and vaniſhed. The truth of which he  
 "that wrote this hath ſenſibly found, and wills  
 "others to place their affections chiefly on that ob-  
 "ject of love, which is unchangeable, and is the  
 "centre of all true joy and felicity."

Mr. Saunders died in 1693, leaving iſſue only Anne his daughter and heir, who was grandmother to the preſent Sir John Sebright, baronet, of Beechwood.

“ flourished in the reigns of four princes,  
 “ viz. Henry the eighth, Edward the sixth,  
 “ queen Mary, and queen Elizabeth, and  
 “ was a privy-counsellor to them all, and  
 “ an eye-witness of the various revolution-  
 “ ons and vicissitudes of those times. To-  
 “ wards his latter end, being on his death-  
 “ bed, he called for his clerk and steward,  
 “ and delivered himself in these terms :  
 ‘ Lo ! here have I lived to see five princes,  
 ‘ and have been a privy-counsellor to four  
 ‘ of them : I have seen the most remar-  
 ‘ kable things in foreign parts, and have  
 ‘ been present at most transactions for  
 ‘ thirty years together ; and I have learned  
 ‘ this, after so many years experience, that  
 ‘ seriousness is the greatest wisdom, tem-  
 ‘ perance the best physic, and a good con-  
 ‘ science the best estate ; and were I to live  
 ‘ again, I would change the court for a  
 ‘ cloyster, my privy-counsellor’s buffles  
 ‘ for an hermit’s retirement, and the whole  
 ‘ life I have lived in the palace for an  
 ‘ hour’s enjoyment of God in the chapel :

‘ all



‘ all things else forsake me, besides my  
‘ God, my duty, and my prayer.”

I thank you for lord Corke’s sentiments  
of Mr. Hume’s “ history of Great Bri-  
“ tain \*.” His lordship’s judgment of  
books is incontestable, and therefore from  
his character of it I shall become a pur-  
chafer. . . . .

I am, dear Sir,  
Your affectionate humble servant,  
HEN. JOHNSON.

\* Viz. “ The style is particularly lively and ex-  
“ cellent. Where he is obscure, I believe, he is af-  
“ fectedly so. An impartial historian will not ever  
“ exist. His materials are admirably put together ;  
“ many very curious remarks ; some new facts ; and  
“ all old and known stories put into a new method,  
“ and perfectly entertaining.” His lordship adds,  
“ The Scotch are running away with all our litera-  
“ ture. I never saw a foolish Scotchman : I believe  
“ I shall now scarce ever see an illiterate one.”

“ T H E

“ UNIVERSAL THEATRE of CRITICISM,

“ O R

“ Various DISCOURSES on all kinds of matters  
“ for the confutation of VULGAR ERRORS.

“ By the Rev. Benedictine Father, JEROM FEIJOO,  
“ Abbot of St. VINCENT at Oviebo.

“ V O L. I.

“ The voice of the people. Virtue and  
“ vice. High and low fortune. The best po-  
“ licy. Uncertainty of physic †. Regimen  
“ to preserve health. Defence of the pro-  
“ fession of letters. Judicial astrology and  
“ almanacks. Eclipses. Comets. Climac-  
“ teric years. The senectude \* of the  
“ world. Prosecution of the former subject.  
“ Against modern philosophers. Church-  
“ music. Parallel between the French  
“ and Spanish languages. Defence of  
“ women †.

† These two were published separately (in En-  
glish) a few years ago.

\* See the next letter.

“ VOL.

“ VOL. II.

“ Philosophical wars. Natural history,  
 “ Divining arts. Supposititious prophecies.  
 “ Use of magic. The modes. Moral fe-  
 “ nectude\* of mankind. Apparent wis-  
 “ dom. Antipathy of the French and Spa-  
 “ niards. Critical days. Weight of the  
 “ air. Sphere of fire. The anti-peristasis.  
 “ Physical paradoxes. An intellectual map,  
 “ or a comparison of nations.

“ VOL. III.

“ Saluters \* (or charmers.) Secrets of  
 “ nature. Sympathy and antipathy. Hob-  
 “ goblins and familiar spirits. The divi-  
 “ ning rod, and second-sighted men (cal-  
 “ led Zahories \*.) Supposititious miracles.  
 “ Mathematical paradoxes. Philosopher’s  
 “ stone. Rationality of brutes. Love of  
 “ native country, and national passion.  
 “ Scale of Astræa, or right administration  
 “ of justice. Ambition in sovereign prin-  
 “ ces. Philosophical scepticism.

\* See the next letter.

“ VOL.

" V O L. IV.

" Apparent virtue †. Value of nobility,  
 " and influence of blood †. Inextinguish-  
 " able lamps †. Every man his own phy-  
 " sician †. Sacred peregrinations and pil-  
 " grimages. American Spaniards. Merit  
 " and fortune of Aristotle †. Reflections  
 " on history †. Transformations, and ma-  
 " gical transmigrations †. Fable of the  
 " Batuëcas \*, and imaginary places. A  
 " new case of conscience. Resurrection of  
 " the arts, and apology of the ancients †.  
 " Glory of Spain, in two parts.

" V O L. V.

" A mathematical rule for human faith †.  
 " Physiognomony. A new art of physiog-  
 " nomony. Machiavelism of the ancients †.  
 " Common observations. Signs of actual  
 " death †. The exterminating aphorism\*,  
 " Divorce of history and fable. New phy-  
 " sical paradoxes. Books of politics †.  
 " The grand magistracy of experience †.

\* See the next letter.

" New

" New properties of light †. Existence  
 " of a *vacuum*. Intransmutability of the  
 " elements. Solution of the grand histo-  
 " rical question concerning the peopling of  
 " America, and revolutions of the terra-  
 " queous globe †. Popular traditions. A  
 " new precaution against the artifices of al-  
 " chymists, and vindication of the author  
 " against a gross calumny \*."

# L E T T E R CLVII.

Mr. JOHNSON to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Berkhamsted, March 4, 1756.

. . . . T H E apposite enquiries you  
 make, concerning the titles of some of Ab-  
 bot Feijoo's discourses, shew the extreme

\* " The honour and advantage of agriculture, the  
 " 13th discourse of the viiiith volume," said to be  
 translated by a farmer in Cheshire, was printed for  
 Doddsley in 1760. " This," says the author, " i.  
 " the only art which had its origin in man's state  
 VOL. III. H " of

difficulty of a just translation of that work ; for there are many words in the Spanish language that cannot be reduced into any other, nor is there any one tongue, ancient or modern, that abounds with so many compound words as the Spanish, excepting the Greek only, and if to this be added the many Arabic or Moorish words, engrafted on it, as also some of the ancient original Spanish still remaining, you will easily conceive the difficulty, though indeed the chief part of the composition consists of corrupted Latin. The word “ senectude,” which you enquire after, is derived from *senex*, *senectus*, and cannot be otherwise translated, so as to carry any proper idea along with it, than by calling it “ senectude ;” for if, instead of this, we were to say the “ old age of the world,” it would not answer the purpose of the two discourses, one of which is to shew that

“ of innocence; other arts arose after the world  
 “ had been polluted by sin—Men were the inventors  
 “ of all other arts: God himself invented agri-  
 “ culture.”

the

the world has not suffered any visible decay in its "substance" since the creation; the other, that it has not degenerated in its "morals," but is much more virtuous now than it was two, three, or four thousand years ago. The word "saluters" does not answer in this place to the intent of the original. I take it to be derived from the Latin *salus, saluator*; for these "saluters" here spoken of, were and are a set of impostors in Spain, who pretend to cure infection in man and beast, particularly the bite of mad dogs, by blowing on the patients, as I remember here in England there were, some time since, a parcel of fellows called "stokers," who made a shew of the same thing in a different manner. "Zahories" is absolutely Arabic, and the persons under this denomination pretend to a sort of second-sight, so as to perceive mines, and springs, under ground. "The Batuëcas" is a parcel of land, so called, which among the Spaniards is conceived to exist in their country, and to be inaccessible and unapproachable. As to

"the exterminating aphorism," I will here  
 cite the literal translation from the author,  
 who begins that discourse thus; "I give  
 "this infamous epithet to the 52d aphorism  
 "of the iid book of Hippocrates, of which,  
 "if I were to say, that it has taken away  
 "the lives of more than an hundred thou-  
 "sand persons, I should yet fall short of  
 "the truth. It is but just therefore that  
 "such a notorious homicide as this should  
 "be brought on the stage of criticism, that  
 "thus the whole world should see its ex-  
 "ecution. The aphorism, or to speak more  
 "properly, the sentence of death, of which  
 "we are speaking, is the following; *Om-*  
*nia secundum rationem facienti si non succedat*  
*secundum rationem, non est transendum ad*  
*aliud, suppetente quod ab initio probaveris.\**  
 Our author from hence takes occasion to  
 decry the mischievous effects of this maxim,  
 and also very learnedly and very wittily to

\* Πάντα κατὰ λόγον ποιεῖν, καὶ μὴ γινώμενον τὸ πρὸς τὰ  
 λόγον, μὴ μεταβαίνειν εἰς ἄλλο, μάλιστα τὴν δοξαίαν καὶ  
 ἀρχήν.



expose the ignorance of these physicians that adhere too closely to it.

I have often thought, as you do, in the affair of these Spanish discourses, that if a translation was ever to be printed, it might be best to do it by selecting some of the most entertaining, and printing them in one volume ; but this cannot well be done, as in many of them there are references from one to the others, which makes a sort of connection between them, though they are on different subjects ; and as to the idiosyncratic part, some curious persons might be better pleased with it than the others more common, it being a foible natural to mankind to laugh at the follies of other people, and to neglect their own. I should therefore think, if these things were to be published at all, they would do best in numbers, like our monthly magazines, and might come out one in each fortnight, and in this manner there would

be

be time to revise and correct them for the press\*. . . . .

Pray, in this dismal time of earthquakes, had you ever the curiosity to read the account of that of Lima, published four or five years ago by Osborne, which was a handy-work of mine, though my name was never used in it? The subject is proper enough for the melancholy season at present. . . . .

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and most

obedient humble servant,

HEN. JOHNSON.

\* Some of these pieces were thus printed in the Lady's Magazine in 1760.

\* LETTER

\* L E T T E R CLVIII.

Archbishop HERRING to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,      Croydon-house, June 22, 1756.

**Y**OU may be sure, if I had been in any good condition of health and spirits, you would not have been so long without thanks for your last kind letter. I continue extremely out of order ; I think in a confirmed dropsy ; and though I am sure, Dr. Wilmot has done all that art and friendship can do for me, I rather lose ground. I have now been near half a year in this dismal way, worse than the acutest pain, because of its duration ; and every thing I take feeds the distemper, while, at the same time, it prolongs life ; for

Ready oft the port r'obtain,  
I'm shipwreck'd into life again.

I know who sent me hither, and how much it is my duty to attend his summons for a  
removal ;

removal ; but life is over with me ; and  
sometimes, in my airings, I repeat two  
pretty lines of Parnell,

But what are fields, or flowers, or air, to me ?  
Ah ! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.  
O Health ! ———

I am, dear Sir,

Your assured friend,

THO. CANTUAR.

## LETTER CLIX.

Rev. Mr. DYER \* to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

S I R,

Coningsby †, Nov. 24, 1756.

**Y**OU have most agreeably increased my  
obligations : and it was very kind and in-

\* Author of " Grongar-hill," the " Ruins of  
" Rome," and " the Fleece." Of this ingenious  
writer very few particulars are known ; and therefore  
the following, from his own pen, cannot be unac-  
ceptable

generous to inform me somewhat of yourself, as, in the generous freedom of your spirit, you broke through the little vulgarity of fashion, and wrote to one whom you never saw, and to one who has been long out of the world.

Your invitation is exceedingly engaging. The simplicity of your manner of life, and your regular hours, to me are luxuries. And how well do you set forth your entertainment in the names of Mr. Hawkins Browne and the author of *Clarissa*; and, if I am not mistaken, in those of Miss Carter and Miss Talbot\*! What a bill of fare! Yet old Barzillai, though invited by David to the highest elegances of life, held it vain

ceptable to the admirers of his excellent writings; in which number we include every one who has read them.

“Monthly Review,” vol. xlviii, p. 35.

† Near Horncastle in Lincolnshire.

\* A mistake—probably for Miss Mulso, now Mrs. Chapone.

to go to Jerusalem, when he could *no longer bear the voice of singing men and singing women*. Frailties also are troublesome in company—except in Frith-street, where they are carried into the arms of humanity. In spring therefore, perhaps I may quit my solitude here, and venture abroad with an hundred infirmities upon my head; and sacrifice my vanity to one so benevolent as Mr. Duncombe.

. . . . . I have not met with Doddsley's two last volumes, and have hitherto missed the pleasure of seeing the "*Ode to health*". Though head-achs and sickness make me fearful of reading much, yet I will haste to see it; it will particularly suit me: I will seek it, as I seek health, which, alas! I very much want. Your humble servant is become a deaf, and dull, and languid creature; who, however, in his poor change of constitution, being a little recompensed

\* By Mr. J. Duncombe. See Doddsley's "*poems*," vol. iv, p. 275.

with

with the critic's phlegm, has made shift, by many blottings and corrections, and some helps from his kind friend, Dr. Akenfide, to give a sort of finishing to the "Fleece," which is just sent up to Mr. Doddsley; but as people are so taken up with politics, and have so little inclination to read any thing but satire and news-papers, I am in doubt whether this is a proper time for publishing it.

I have read none of the Connoisseurs—No papers reach this lonely place. I know not how the world goes—but with Mr. Hughes, as an author, I am well acquainted, and am glad that we are to have a fuller account of the life of so beautiful a poet\*.

Lord chancellor has been favourable to me. This living is 120*l.* *per ann.* The other, called Kirkby, 110*l.* But my pre-

\* In the "Biographia Britannica," vol. iv, by Dr. Campbell.

ferments came in this course: Calthorp in Leicestershire, (80l. a year,) was given me by one Mr. Harper in 1741. That I quitted in 1751 for a small living of 75l. called Belchford, ten miles from hence, and given me by lord chancellor, through Mr. Wray's\* interest. A year after, through the same interest, Sir John Heathcote gave me this, and lately procured me Kirkby of lord chancellor, without my solicitation. I was glad of this, on account of its nearness to me, though I think myself a loser by the exchange, through the expences of the seal, dispensations, journeys, &c. and the charge of an old house, half of which I am going to pull down. More of myself, (which your good-natured curiosity draws from me) is this: After having been an itinerant painter in my native country (S. Wales,) and in Herefordshire, Worcestershire, &c. &c. I married, and settled in Leicestershire. My wife's name was Enfort, whose grand-

\* Daniel Wray, esq; one of the deputy-tellers of the exchequer, a friend to virtue and the masses.

† Sister of Mr. Strong Enfort, of Warwickshire.  
mother



mother was a Shakespear, descended from a brother of every body's Shakespear. We have four children living ; three are girls ; the youngest a boy, six years old. I had some brothers ; have but one left. He is a clergyman \*, lives at Marybone, and has such a house full of children as puts me in mind of a noted statue at Rome of the river Nile, on the arms, legs, and body of which are crawling, and climbing, ten or a dozen little boys and girls †.

Believe me to be, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

JOHN DYER.

\* Now yeoman of his majesty's almonry.

† To the account here given may be added, that Mr. Dyer was the second son of Robert Dyer, esq. of Aberglasney in Carmarthenshire, a solicitor of great capacity and note ; that he finished his school-studies at Westminster under Dr. Freind, from whence he was called away to be instructed in his father's profession ; but disliking the law, and his father soon after dying, he settled himself with Mr. Richard son, painter, in Lincoln's inn-fields, being fond of the art of drawing from his childhood, and his imagination

\* LETTER CLX.

Mr. DYER to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Cosingsby, Jan. 31, 1757.

**W**ANT of health was a cause of not writing, that gave me concern. I hope it happens but seldom; and that it was owing to what makes most people out of order—bad weather; the ill effects of which, here at least, are general. I think I never was so weather-sick: the deep snows forbid me air and exercise; and my best medicine is a friend's letter. You see how much I am obliged to you.

Your son also I am obliged to: and I am under strong temptation—You are ad-

gination glowing and strong. He afterwards travelled into Italy for improvement, and at Rome formed the plan of his poem on its "ruins". At his return, ill health, his love of books, solitude, and reflection, induced him to enter into orders. He died in 1758, aged 58.

ding

ding to my bill of fare. I feel your kind art in twisting and strengthening the filken cord, which, probably, in the spring, will draw me to town; where, I have reason to flatter myself, I shall see, what I so much like and covet, two or three cheerful countenances, easy simplicity, and soft humanity; and, if a sweet female voice should come in, I am still able to hear the murmur of music, which I excessively love.

Your good liking of those verses, "Have my friends in the town\*," &c. should have

\* The reader will not be displeased to find this beautiful "Epistle" here at large:

1.

HAVE my friends in the town, the busy gay town,  
Forgot such a man as John Dyer?  
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,  
Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

2.

No matter, no matter, content in the shades—  
Contented! why every thing charms me!  
Fall in tones all adown the green sloop, ye caseloads,  
'Till hence rigid virtue alarms me:

3. 'Till

been acknowledged in my last. I have a wicked memory: it is a great misfortune. Neither did I thank you for mentioning the new kind of trumpet—but I never use any; for, putting my hand to my ear, I can give it such a form as will increase my hearing. Besides, cold bathing, frequent and moderate exercise, frequent frictions of my head and ears, warm feet, warm water with my wine, and supperless nights,—have much abated my deafness.

3.

'Till outrage arises, or misery needs  
The swift, the intrepid avenger;  
'Till sacred religion, or liberty, bleeds,  
Then mine be the deed and the danger!

4.

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain  
We heap up in sin and in sorrow!  
Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!  
Is not life to be over to-morrow?

5.

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,  
Sweet-shaded, and quiet, and even,  
While gently the body descends to the grave,  
And the spirit arises to heaven.

Mr.

Mr. Doddsley indeed has the "Fleece." I did not think this a fit season for its publication; but my friend Mr. Wray overcame me; and though it has lain long "by" me, not much "before" me, 'tis now precipitated to the press, with such faults, as must be imputed to the air of a fenny country, where I have been, for the most part, above these five years, without health, without books, and without proper conversation. I say not this in any arrogant sense—for, God knows, I am far from despising either the peasant or the country parson.

Good Mr. Edwards\* was my particular friend: even Mr. Wray cannot lament him more than I do. How seasonable are your presents! They have an additional beauty in being new to me. Even the "Rambler" has not reached this place;

\* Of Turrick in Buckinghamshire, author of the "Canons of Criticism," &c. He died about three weeks before the date of this letter (on a visit) at Mr. Richardson's, at Parson's Green.

nor have the beams of his "Sunday" ever  
shone upon me. You see what proofs I  
give you of being quite out of the world.

Most expressive, I am afraid, is that one  
word of yours, *Primum*. . . .

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

JOHN DYER.

\* L E T T E R CLXI.

Mr. DYER to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Coningby, March 19, 1757.

**I**, WHO want so many apologies myself,  
must be ashamed to read any from you;  
but I too have been ill; and my coughs  
have been so continual and violent, that I  
dreaded the posture of writing: yet, though  
it gives me shame, it gives me also pleasure

\* An allegorical paper, so signed, (No. 30, vol. i.)  
written by the late excellent Mrs. Catherine Talbot.

to

to observe, that your apology and inclination to a correspondence with me, shew your warm benevolence; for we, in the country, who see nothing but earth and sky, who hear nothing but the inarticulate voices of beasts and birds, cannot correspond with you in town upon an equal footing: wanting bustle and news, we can furnish only trifles in exchange, and must always depend upon your generosity; therefore the calling any letter from Coningsby "agreeable" gives me a clear view of your benevolence. . . . .

'Tis my wish, forgive me, that the gout may pay you many an annual visit, I would wish no such thing, were you a younger man, or did you not discover such a resignation as will ever preserve a relish for an useful life; and useful always is the life of every good man. So that I cannot imagine how so many of the wise and virtuous Romans, &c. could, in any circumstance, approve of self-killing—But my thoughts grow over-grave—'tis no wonder,

for I am now confined by illness—Yet I can taste pleasure—and am rejoiced to hear, that the merits of my generous friend, your son, are so well taken notice of by our humane archbishop. I have been at Canterbury; 'tis an agreeable city, in a very pleasant country.

I never heard of any collection of letters by Mr. Edwards: yet there may be such: he gave all his studies a turn to criticism.

—Ah! just this moment the Stamford Mercury comes to me, and mentions the death\* of the good archbishop. Your son and all mankind have lost a friend,

I am, Sir,

Your obliged humble servant,

JOHN DYER.

\* On March 13,

\* LETTER



\* L E T T E R CLXII.

Mr. DYER to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Coningsby, May 9, 1757.

**I** AM in a very great decline of health ; and I own to you ingenuously, that I chide and force myself to write to you, because I ought not only to have but also to shew great respect to one of so generous and friendly a disposition.

I hope you have received a book of the "Fleece." Mr. Doddsley, I think, has performed his part very well ; but, in one or two places, there have happened such alterations of the copy, as make me give my reader false precepts. Pray be at the pains of making in your book these two corrections ;

Book 1, line 72,

Strike out " Or marl with clay deep mix'd,"

Write " Or heavy marl's deep clay,"

as

as it was in the copy: but better perhaps thus:—

“ Or depth of heavy marl be then thy choice.”

Line 89,

Strike out “ Upland ridge,”

Write “ Shelt’ring mound.”

I will not trouble you with any more, but I will Mr. Doddsley, lest a second edition should happen.

You were pleased to enquire, “ when the “ swallows appear in Lincolnshire?” Indeed I have not yet seen them: but I am told, they have been skimming about my garden this fortnight. Nevertheless, dear Sir, I yet want courage to determine upon a journey, and appoint a time of waiting on you. Besides, I am in mortar—rebuilding a large barn, which the late wind blew down, and gathering materials for rebuilding above half the parsonage-house of my other living. These, some years ago, I should have called trifles: but “ the evil “ days are come,” and the lightest thing,  
even

even the grasshopper, is a burden upon the  
shoulders of the old and sickly.

I am, dear Sir,  
Your obliged humble Servant,  
J. DYER.

Pray who is Dr. Cotton \* (in Doddsley's  
"Miscellanies"?) There is good sense in  
his "Fire-side †;" and his "To-morrow,"  
in imitation of Shakespear, is excellent.

## L E T T E R CLXIII.

Mr. RICHARDSON to the Rev. Mr. J.  
DUNCOMBE †.

DEAR SIR,

London, July 14, 1757.

**I** TAKE this opportunity (by the hands  
of your worthy father) to attempt to thank

\* A physician at St. Alban's in Hertfordshire.

† Vol. iv, p. 258.

‡ Fellow of C. C. C. Cambridge, and rector of St.  
Andrew's and St. Mary Bredman's, Canterbury.

you,

you, with a staggering pen, for the letter of the excellent lady who subscribes to it the name of Sylvia. I am charmed with every line of it. A time there was when I could have written sheets upon the contents. But now I am unhappy with these violent tremors. At times they quite unnerve me, and will not suffer me to hold a pen.

My best respects to this unworthily-afflicted, this prudent, this magnanimous, this pious lady. She has my praises and my prayers. She has greatly interested me in her sad story and future destiny. Will she not allow me to be acquainted with her progress to perfection? To be told in what manner she is able to contend with her difficulties, should they continue, and maintain her resolution? I hope she will allow me this favour.

What a glorious though painful situation is hers! The godlike power of forgiveness is all her own. Her supplications to the throne of grace for herself (who that lives  
has

has not some failings ?) must succeed : she has, let me boldly say, a claim to be forgiven, since she can forgive the trespasses of one, who, forgetting his vows of deserved love and honour, can be guilty of premeditated trespass against her ; and, higher still, resolve, almost against all hopes of redress and earthly reward, to return good for evil !

Poor Dorastus ! what a figure makes he, placed in the eye of even mitigated justice, with his admirable wife ! Poor (indeed poor) Dorastus !—Oh that thou wert to read, that thou wert able to reflect duly upon, the following noble sentiments of thy exalted lady !—

Here, my friend, my pen staggering in my fingers, I was about to dictate to a faithful hand the passages from the lady's letter which I so deservedly admire. But finding, that, to do her justice, I must transcribe the greatest part of her letter, I forbore.

Adieu, my dear Mr. Duncombe !

S. RICHARDSON.

\*L E T T E R CLXIV.

Mr. DYER to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Coningsby, Aug. 1, 1757.

**I**T grieves me that I cannot keep pace with your civilities—no, nor even acknowledge them in due time. Alas! in any thing, I can as ill acquit myself as a gouty man can dance; but it cannot be helped, I write to humanity.

The most agreeable parcel is at last sent me. I have run over the “Horace.” I will next walk over it. After that, I will crawl over it—not so much to criticise, as to be luxurious over it; for it seems very correct.

Since Mr. Strahan has carried his translation\* so far, it would be great pity if age, or sickness, or the backwardness of his friends, should prevent the finishing of it.

\* Of the “Æneid.”

Ah!

Ah! the swallows—happy those who fly about Soho! But my wings are not only grown weak; they are even losing their feathers. I am afraid I shall never make one among them, though your invitations are most provokingly agreeable. I am so weak, and so much in pain, that this letter cannot be tiresomely long.

Believe me to be, &c.

J. D Y E R.

L E T T E R CLXV.

Rev. Mr. MEADOWCOURT \* to  
Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Worcester, July 10, 1758.

**I** AM very much obliged to you for remembering a person who has been so long

\* Prebendary of Worcester. On May 29, 1716, as this gentleman (then bachelor of arts, and fellow of Merton-college) was drinking the king's and other loyal healths at the Constitution-club at Oxford,

out of fight, and for giving me so acceptable a token of your remembrance as the first volume of your "Horace." To the dishonour of this place, there are no book-sellers, and but few readers of books here.

in company with several officers of the army, they were visited by the sub-proctor, whom Mr. M. requested to drink king George's health with them. For these "affronting and improper words," (as they were termed) Mr. M. was put (by the proctor) into the "black book," and was sentenced to be kept back from his degree of master of arts for two years. Nor could he then obtain it, (as he refused publicly to acknowledge the heinousness of his crime, and the lenity of his sentence) but by pleading his majesty's act of grace. On the same day in the year 1719, Mr. M. again distinguished himself, by complaining to the vice-chancellor of a seditious sermon, preached before the university, by Mr. Warton, professor of poetry. The vice-chancellor, who had at first refused to take cognisance of it, being commanded by the lords justices to proceed against the preacher, the affair ended with Mr. Warton's deposing upon oath that "he had lost his notes." For an abstract of the sermon, see Amherst's "*Terra filius*," numb. 15. A stall at Worcester was, some years after, the reward of Mr. Meadowcourt's loyalty. He died in 1760.

Most



Most of the clergy, especially the incumbents on cushions in a cathedral, have finished their studies before they are lifted into preferment. Worldly cares, or worldly enjoyments, too active, or too passive, a life, often lead them too far astray from literary pursuits.

I am glad to find the bishop of Kildare\* mentioned among your friends, as I am sure that his friendship must yield you the highest satisfaction. Every good and agreeable quality meet together in his character, without the least mixture of any thing bad. Nothing is wanting in him but better health, which is sometimes in such a state as to occasion extreme pain to himself, and no less concern to all who know him.

The account you have heard of my being much addicted to the peripatetic sect is a true account. But it is in winter, and in the cool seasons, that I venture on walks of

\* Dr. Fletcher. He died at Dublin in 1761. His two younger brothers were successively deans of Kildare.  
any

any considerable length. He who travels on foot has an opportunity of wandering from hill to hill, from stream to stream, and from one rich valley to another ; of dwelling on lovely landscapes and delicious scenes ; and of seeing numberless objects and numberless places, which are inaccessible to the horseman, and never were seen by any one whirled through the country in the state-prison of a coach. For these and many other reasons, I chuse to make use of my own legs, and prefer the wholesome exercise of walking to all the modes of conveyance which effeminacy and luxury can invent. If I live to take another philosophical journey on foot to London, Mr. Duncombe in Frith-street may depend on hearing me knock at his door.

My place of residence, during the summer-months, is almost twenty miles from hence, *in reduciâ valle,*

*Qua pinus iugens albaque populus  
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant ramis.*

Here

Here my days pass away in peace, undisturbed by ambition and envy, not altogether devoted to solitude, nor too often interrupted by social visits. I rejoice here in the works of my hands, which are constantly employed in forming a wood into walks, in nursing a thicket of shrubs, and in adding the improvements of art to those of nature in a most delightful situation \*.

\* This gentleman, while he was fellow of Merton-college, had a very elegant garden there, in which were the following mottoes, after the manner of the Italians. Over the door,

——— *Me sylva, cavusque*  
*Tutus ab infidiis, tenui solabitur erwo.*

On a bench near the entrance of the garden,

——— *Hæc est*  
*Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique.*

On another bench next the fields,

—— — *Mibi parva rura*  
*Parca non mendax dedit, et malignum*  
*Spernere vulgus.*

Was it not for such amusements as these,  
accompanied with the entertainments of

On a small pump,

*Parvum parva decent.*

And on a little pyramid in memory of the founder,  
Walter de Merton,

*Ille nobis hæc otia fecit.*

On the outside of a summer-house at the upper end  
of the garden.

*In his ipsis rebus, quæ ad quietem animi delectationemque quærentur, natura dominatur.*

And on the inside,

*Inter cuncta leges, et percontabere doctos,  
Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum ;  
Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum ;  
Quid purè tranquillet, bonus, an dulce lucellum,  
An secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ.*

In his chambers also, over his books, was inscribed,

*His me consolor, victurum suavius, ac si  
Quæstor avus, pater atque meus patruusque fuissent.*

And on one of his chairs,

*Otium, non desidia.*

books,

books, I should probably be found at the foot of Parnassus, courting the Muses, and catching at some of that poetical spirit which is still indulged to you. May it long be indulged to you, and be ever attended with satisfaction and success! These are not the compliments, but the sincere wishes, of, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and  
faithful humble servant,  
R. MEADOWCOURT.

I can give you but a bad account of any thing I have published of late years \*. Mr. Sandby, bookseller, in Fleet-street, may, perhaps, have reason to give you a worse.

\* In particular, "A critical dissertation, with notes, on Milton's Paradise Regained, 1748," of which there have been two editions.

L E T T E R   C L X V I.

Mr. MEADOWCOURT to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Worcester. Dec. 4, 1758.

**I**T is owing to a long excursion from home, and a more tiresome attendance on an audit, which is here an occasion of much collegiate festivity, that I am so late in acknowledging the favour of your letter, and in thanking your son for his very acceptable present \*: No author who finds himself praised in print can be more delighted than I was, in finding proper jus-

\* The "Feminead, or Female Genius, a poem." The ladies there celebrated are Mrs. Catherine Phillips, Anne countess of Winchelsea, Mrs. Cockburne, Mrs. Rowe, Frances dutchess dowager of Somerset, Anne viscountess Irwin, Mrs. Wright (sister to Mr. Wesley,) Mrs. Madan, Mrs. Leapor, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Brooke, Miss Ferrar (now Mrs. Peckard,) Miss Pennington (of Huntingdon,) Miss Mulso (now Mrs. Chapone,) and Miss Highmore, since married to the author.

tice

tice done in the "Feminead" to the characters of Mrs. Madan and Miss Carter, who have ever been my favourite heroines in verse. The spirit which animates the poems of these two ladies seems transfused into Mr. Duncombe's. His Muse is a Muse of sound judgment as well as strong sense. She is never unintelligible in her flights, never hides her head *inter nubila*, and never *serpit bumi*.

I am glad to hear that you spent part of the last summer at Stocks. You seem doubtful whether I have ever been at that agreeable place. Mrs. Duncombe can tell you that I was once a troublesome guest there, on your nephew Lewis's \* invitation, for more than a fortnight, and during that time had great satisfaction in visiting Mr. Gore's family at Tring, and my worthy friend Dr. Cowper at Berkhamsted. The beech-woods, the lawns, the hills, the well-watered valleys, and the extensive views of the country round Aylesbury, are

\* See vol. ii, letter x.

still strongly impressed on my mind. The last visit I paid your brother was the last visit I wished to pay, as I came thither, at his request, with the remains of a most amiable and hopeful youth \*, and saw them laid in the grave. His loss, and the loss of Dr. Cowper, have made me a voluntary exile from that part of Hertfordshire, which, with all its charms, can hold forth nothing inviting to, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and

obliged humble servant,

R. MEADOWCOURT.

## L E T T E R CLXVII.

Rev. Mr. HIRST† F.R.S. to Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,      Lenox, off Madagascar,  
Sept. 6, 1759.

W H E N we left England, three important expeditions were carrying on. The

\* See note † on letter cxviii, vol. ii, p. 101.

† The writer of this letter (who was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Hirst, late rector of Bengoe and Sacombe,



first under commodore Moore in the West Indies, the next under admiral Saunders

combe, Hertfordshire, and was educated at St. Peter's college, Cambridge) after having served as chaplain on board several of his majesty's ships, (particularly the Hampton-court, when dispatched to Lisbon after the earthquake in 1755, of which city he made a drawing in its ruins,) was at this time chaplain of the Lenox and secretary to rear-admiral Cornish. While he was on the coast of Coromandel, he was present at the sieges of Pondicherry, Vellour, &c. and on June 6, 1761, he made an accurate observation of the transit of Venus over the sun at the government-house at Madras, in company with governor (now lord) Pigot, &c. of which an account is given in the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. lvi, and in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1762, p. 177. In March, 1762, he was appointed chaplain to the factory at Calcutta, by the favour of Mr. Vansittart, then governor of Bengal, and resided there, in general esteem, till the year 1765, when he returned to England, with his excellent friend, in his majesty's ship the Panther. In their passage, Mr. Hirst took a view of the cape of Good Hope, which was engraved in 1766 by Mr. Canot. At the second transit of Venus, on June 3, 1769, Mr. Hirst was one of the assistants to the astronomer-royal at Greenwich, and an account of his observation was published in the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. lviii, p. 361, and

against Quebec, and the third under admiral Boscawen sent to the Mediterranean. The event of these must now be determined and known at home. I hope they have all fully answered the public expectation \*.

Our squadron failed from St. Helen's in company with the latter, on the 15th

in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1770, p. 402. Being now in easy circumstances, happy in himself and in his friends, nothing could have tempted him to "wander again over the face of the great deep," but the ties of gratitude and the calls of friendship. On a heart like his, these had claims that were irresistible. As chaplain to the commission he therefore embarked with Mr. Vansittart on board the Aurora, in Sept. 1769; and in that fatal voyage accompanied, alas! the supervisors to "that country from whose bourn no traveller returns." Let this suffice—the wound is too painful to bear any farther probing.

\* They did most fully; witness the conquest of Gaudeloupe and Quebec, and the destruction of the Toulon fleet. Admiral Cornish's squadron was no less successful by contributing largely to the reduction of Pondicherry and Manilla.

of

of April, 1759. In the chops of the channel our two fleets separated, to pursue our respective destinations.

Our first place of rendezvous was the island of Madeira, where we anchored May 2. This is a very fertile spot, but the generality of the inhabitants are poor ; at which you will not wonder, when I tell you how much they are pestered with swarms of idle priests and monks—mere drones, who live upon the honey of the hive !

*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.*

Here I had the pleasure of seeing a comet in the constellation Crater. From its great southern latitude, I believe it was not visible in England, as it disappeared before it made any considerable progress to the northward. I transmitted a crude account of it to my good friend commissioner Mead, of the customs, but by being on board, and wanting proper instruments, could

could not be very exact in the observation. However, I traced its path in the heavens with sufficient accuracy to determine its motion and inclination to the ecliptic.

After we had taken in our wine and other necessaries for our voyage, we prepared to leave this island, and were under weigh May 8. Our next rendezvous was St. Augustine's bay, on the west side of the island of Madagascar, where we arrived August 11, and having completed our water, and refreshed our people, sailed from thence September 1.

The accounts of this place are very imperfect, from its being so little frequented by Europeans, except in time of war, when the English East India fleets generally touch here to be supplied with fresh provisions, &c. In short, it is under the same predicament to us that we were to the Romans, being *penitus toto divisa orbe*\*. But be this

\* The best and most authentic account ever given of Madagascar was published in 1729, by Robert Drury,

as it may, it is a very fine island, productive not only of the necessaries but even the delicacies of life. It would fill many sheets

Drury, who, being shipwrecked in the *Degrave* East Indiaman, on the south side of that island, in 1702, being then a boy, lived there as a slave fifteen years, and after his return to England, among those who knew him (and he was known to many, being a porter at the East-India-house) had the character of a downright honest man, without any appearance of fraud or imposture. The truth of this narrative, as far as it goes, was confirmed by its exact agreement with the journal kept by Mr. John Benbow, (eldest son of the brave but unfortunate admiral,) who, being second mate of the *Degrave*, was also shipwrecked, and narrowly escaped being massacred by the natives with the captain and the rest of the crew, Drury and three other boys only excepted. Mr. Benbow's journal was accidentally burnt, in the year 1714, in a fire near Aldgate, but several of his friends, who had seen it, recollected the particulars and its correspondence with Drury's. To the circumstance of its being thus destroyed, as well as the subject of it, the compiler of Mr. Benbow's life in the "*Biographia Britannica*," vol. i, p. 688, seems to have been a stranger. Instead of "a large and very comprehensive book," it was only a journal, like those kept by every sea-officer.

to acquaint you with the anecdotes I collected, and the observations that occurred, during our stay there. Suffice it to say (merely for the sake of thrusting in a poetical quotation) that in the offing of St. Augustine's bay we saw many whales, which frequently swam very near the ship, and were near half as long: an awful sight! These the natives call *tushes*. They spout water to an incredible height, and, in the most stark calm, will, by flouncing and lashing their tails, stir the sea to a tempest. They abound so much in these parts, that it is no uncommon sight to see ten or twelve of them spouting together, which, at a distance, very much resemble the sea breaking on a ledge of rocks:

---

Huge of bulk,  
 Wallowing unweildy, enormous in their gait,  
 Tempest the ocean; here Leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep,  
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
 And seems a moving land—and at his gills  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.

O rare John Milton!

Madagascar

Madagascar is divided into a number of petty kingdoms or states, the largest of which is that of Brecefs, which (as the natives informed me) abounds with gold mines, as does the kingdom of Volambo with those of silver. And there is great reason to credit this assertion; for the teeth of many of the sheep, and other cattle, killed on board our ship, were so much covered with a metalline scale as to resemble teeth of brass. This the miners are said to look upon as an infallible indication of a mine being under the surface on which such cattle graze. I will not answer for the infallibility of this trial, but am sure it is more consistent with reason than the idle tales of the divining rods. In the first volume of the learned Boerhaave's "Elements of chemistry," page 22, part ii, I met with the following observation: the author, treating of gold, says, "In Madagascar there is a very soft sort, which runs like lead, with a gentle fire:" for the truth of this he refers to "Flacourt's history of the island of Madagascar," ch. 49. I have not this

book; yet have often observed a large button of a yellow cast, like those which the Dutch wear on their breeches, tied, by way of ornament, to the crown of the Madagascar princes heads\*. This, I found, was

\* In like manner, Drury says, p. 244, "The men adorn themselves with 'mannelers,' which are rings for their wrists; and these both men and women of distinction wear. They are sometimes of gold, (but where they get it is more than I know, and perhaps worth enquiring after,) often of silver, but more often of copper; which I found at length is produced, and made in the country, as well as iron."

Again, p. 376, describing the dress of the king of Feraingher, (called by the Europeans Yong-owl) he says, "On his forehead were several gold beads; about his neck was a very fine gold necklace; over his shoulders hung two strings of beads, several of them gold; on each wrist about six mannelers of silver, and four rings of gold on his fingers."

And p. 393, "They have silver in some of the most mountainous and inland parts of the country, and know how to make ear-plates of it, and mannelers; so that I have the strongest reason to think the country produces it; nor is there much reason to doubt, but gold is to be had here."

remarkably



remarkably soft, which made me think it was base metal, but they all affirmed it was fine gold. I shall mention but one circumstance more to corroborate the above opinion. Not far from Tent-rock in St. Augustine's bay, in the king of Baubau's dominions, is a mineral spring, which also affords reason to suspect that there are mines of some sort or other in its neighbourhood. However, our European Mammon has ~~not~~ yet set foot on this rich soil; for he, according to Milton, first taught men to value gold :

————— By him first  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth  
For treasures better hid—

I am, &c.

W. HIRST\*.

\* “ This letter and notes,” (say the Monthly Reviewers) “ will give both pleasure and pain to the  
“ lovers of humanity and the friends of science.—  
“ How complicated was the loss which this country  
“ sustained

with hair of a reddish hue; for which reason, they are generally called "flying foxes": towards the evening great flocks of them fly over the valleys, and very much resemble crows in their slow regular flight. Camelions are frequently to be met with, and a creature called a macawk, of a very harmless nature, and easily tamed. I procured the three last animals as curiosities; but the bat died, the camelion gave me the slip, and the macawk only remains alive. Its shape is between a monkey and a squirrel, but not at all mischievous; its tail is very long and beautiful, and diversified with rings of black and white. The bullocks are finely limbed, and have a large hump of fat between the shoulders, not unlike a camel's †. This hump is not so good eating as a cow's udder, and has a tallow-

\* Mr. Nieuhoff, in his "voyages," gives the same account of the bats of Malabar.

See "Churchill's Collection," vol. ii, p. 256.

† "The cattle are fine beasts, and have a hump  
" between their shoulders, almost like a camel's, all  
" fat

ish taste. They weigh between five and six hundred weight each, and are bought for a ten-shilling gun or an iron pot.

The sheep are not woolly, but covered with hair, and very large, but in general lean, the fat of their bodies descending to their tails, which are often so heavy, that they can scarce walk with them\*. About five or six of these are deemed equivalent to a bullock. The goats are very fine, fat, and tender, and (to my taste) little inferior to English venison. We could not hear that there were any horses, or beasts trained for carriage, among them†. Perhaps they are

" fat and flesh; some of which might weigh, as near  
" as I can guess, about three or four score pounds."

" Drury's Journal," p. 83.

\* " Here are also some sheep with great heavy  
" tails, like Turkey sheep; but they are not woolly  
" as ours, rather hairy as a goat." *Ibid.*

† " That these people had not their religion from  
" any polite or learned nation, is plain by their re-  
" taining no notion, or memory, of letters; nor their  
Vol. III. Q " having

not yet sufficiently civilised to think of such indulgences to indolent dispositions.

The natives intimate, that the grass in the inland countries is very fine \*, but for many miles round St. Augustine's bay there grows only a kind of rustics or flags, five or six feet high, which they call grass, and with which the ships supply themselves, for their live stock they take on board, but it is very poor food, and we found it afforded little or no nourishment : the cattle are soon emaciated that have nothing but this to eat. There is great plenty of poultry in the if-

“ having a horse among them, or so necessary a machine as a wheel of any kind, either for carriage, or other use.”

Preface to “ Drury's Journal,” p. xi.

\* This is confirmed by Drury, who says, “ The plains are well covered with several sorts of grass, and of different colours, which grow to a much greater height than any in England: they never cut any for hay, for before the old is dead, new is sprung up under it.”

“ Drury's Journal,” p. 287.

land

land; the quails and partridges are less than ours, and very dry and harsh. The Guinea hens are very good and tender, equal to the best pheasants or woodcocks, though not much relished by the natives.

They have no priests among them, the chiefs discharging the offices of religion themselves\*. When these great personages are at variance, they come to a reconciliation by drinking together seven spoonfuls of bullocks blood †, and for differences of long continuance they drink seven drops of their own blood. Their religion is com-

\* " They having no priests, the chief man, whether of the county, town, or family, performs all divine offices himself." *Ibid.* p. 81. " Every man here, a poor man as well as a lord, is a priest for himself and family." P. 236.

† The ceremony, which Drury mentions as the usual ratification of treaties, is the roasting the liver of an ox, which is put on lances, and eaten with imprecations by the princes, or their ambassadors. P. 155.

pounded of Mahometism \* and Paganism. Our Monday is their great day of worship. When they sacrifice bullocks to some particular idol or deity, the bullocks hearts are consumed in the fire, but all the other parts are divided by the people present, who are assembled together by the blowing of conchs or the beating of drums. They practise circumcision, at which ceremony they make a sacrifice according to their abilities or circumstances †.—

— I must here break off in the middle of my story to tell you, our squadron joined

\* Drury finds no resemblance between the Mahometan religion and that of Madagascar: "On the contrary," he says, "Mahomet pretended to talk with God, but these people will not hear with patience that any one ever conversed with Deaan Unghorray, the Supreme God." P. 456. They also eat swine's flesh. P. 341.

† Drury gives a particular account of the ceremony of the circumcision of his master Deaan Mevarrow's son, "near a year old, for they have no certain time of doing it." P. 239—243. The feast lasted three days.

admiral

admiral Potock the 18th of last month, that we are now off Cape Comorin, in our passage to Tillicherry \*, and are very sickly, having buried fifty of our people.

I am your sincere friend,

W. H.

\* L E T T E R CLXIX.

JOSEPH WARD, Esq; † to Mr. HIGHMORE.

DEAR SIR,

Willington, near Derby,  
July 13, 1761.

— ON Monday last I saw an account of the death of Mr. Richardson. You have lost a valuable friend, and the world an ingenious man. I know no modern author that was a greater master of the passions than he was, or had a greater insight into human nature.

\* An English factory on the Malabar coast, eighty miles south-east from Goa.

† Barrister at law. He died in 1767.

— *Museum*

L E T T E R CLXX.

Mr. WARD to Mr. HIGHMORE.

DEAR SIR,

Willington, Oct. 14, 1761.

**I** Received your favour of the 29th of July, and though I am sensible that from the prophecies in the Old and New Testament, and from the history, calamities, dispersion, and present state and condition of the Jews, a strong argument may be drawn in favour of the Christian revelation, yet I know myself absolutely incapable to do justice to it; but as you say, “ you will “ not admit of any excuses from pretended “ inability, which (you add) are trite and “ you shall deem unkind,” I have no other way than to try (however unequal I am) to perform the task you are pleased to impose upon me.

The most easy and natural method of proceeding in this matter seems to me to be

i. To



1. To consider some of the most remarkable prophecies in the Old and New Testament.

2. Whether many of those prophecies (though not all) have been completed and accomplished.

3. To examine, whether, supposing you lay the prophecies and their completions out of the case, the present state of the Jews is not a strange and unnatural phenomenon, and, according to the nature and common course of things, wholly and absolutely unaccountable.

In the xxviii<sup>th</sup> chapter of Deuteronomy, the Jews, as a nation, are threatened with a long catalogue of terrible evils in case of disobedience, which, from the 16<sup>th</sup> verse to the 37<sup>th</sup>, are particularly enumerated.

In the 37<sup>th</sup> verse. *Thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word, among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee.*

45. Moreover, all these curses shall come upon thee, and shall pursue thee, and overtake thee, till thou be destroyed: because thou hearkenest not unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep his commandments and his statutes which he commanded thee.

46. And they shall be upon thee for a sign, and for a wonder, and upon thy seed for ever.

49. The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flyeth, a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand:

50. A nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, or shew favour unto the young.

52. And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst, throughout all thy land, &c.

53. And

53. *And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters (which the Lord thy God hath given thee) in the siege and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee :*

54. *So that the man that is tender among you and very delicate, his eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and towards the remnant of his children which he shall leave :*

55. *So that he will not give to any of them of the flesh of his children whom he shall eat : because he shall have nothing left him in the siege and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all thy gates.*

56. *The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil towards the husband of her bosom, and towards her son, and towards her daughter,*

57. *And towards her young one that cometh out from between her feet, and towards her children which she shall bear: for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates.*

64. *And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other; and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even wood and stone.*

65. *And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart, and failing eyes, and sorrow of mind.*

66. *And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life.*

67. *In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even: and at even thou shalt say, Would God it were morning, &c.*

These

These are some of the remarkable verses in that chapter, which a man of humanity cannot help being wounded in the transcribing; nor can a man help observing what strong painting of deep distress is therein contained!

In the xxxth chapter of Deuteronomy, verse 1. *And it shall come to pass when all these things are come upon thee, the blessing and the curse, which I have set before thee, and thou shalt call them to mind among all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath driven thee,*

2. *And shalt return unto the Lord thy God, and shalt obey his voice according to all that I command thee this day, thou and thy children, with all thine heart, and with all thy soul:*

3. *That then the Lord thy God will turn thy captivity, and have compassion upon thee, and will return and gather thee from all the nations whither the Lord thy God hath scattered thee.*

4. *If*

4. *If any of thine be driven out into the utmost parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee.*

5. *And the Lord thy God will bring thee into the land which thy fathers possessed, and thou shalt possess it, &c.*

For though the Jews were to suffer all these calamities, to be scattered and dispersed in the manner foretold, yet they were not to be absolutely destroyed, as appears by several places in the prophets :—  
Jeremiah xxx, 10. *Therefore fear thou not, O my servant Jacob, saith the Lord, neither be dismayed, O Israel: for lo, I will save thee from afar, and thy seed from the land of their captivity, and Jacob shall return, and shall be in rest and quiet, and none shall make him afraid.*

11. *For I am with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee: though I make a full end of all nations whither I have scattered thee, yet will I not*

*I not make a full end of thee: but I will correct thee in measure, and will not leave thee altogether unpunished.*

Again, Jeremiah xlii, 28. *Fear thou not, O Jacob, my servant, saith the Lord, for I am with thee, for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee, but I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure, yet will I not leave thee wholly unpunished*; in the margin of the bible now lying before me it is *not utterly cut thee off*, and probably it ought to be so translated.

A remnant was to return out of all countries whither God had driven them. Jeremiah xxiii, 3. *And I will gather the remnant of my flock, out of all countries whither I have driven them, and will bring them again to their folds, and they shall be fruitful and increase.*

Isaiah x, 20. *And it shall come to pass in that day, that the remnant of Israel, and such as are escaped of the house of Jacob, shall no more*

*more slay upon him that smote them : but shall slay upon the Lord, the holy One of Israel, in truth.*

21. *The remnant shall return, even the remnant of Jacob, unto the mighty God.*

*Isaiah xi, 12. And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.*

*Exekiel vi, 8, after several judgments are denounced, Yet will I leave a remnant, that ye may have some that shall escape the sword among the nations, when ye shall be scattered through the countries.*

I suppose it not necessary to cite any more of the prophecies of the Old Testament ; let us now examine some of the New.

In



. In the xxivth chapter of Matthew, Jesus foretells the destruction of Jerusalem, when his disciples were desirous that their master should observe the magnificence and beauty of the temple.

Verse 2. *And Jesus said unto them, See ye not all these things? Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.*

See also Mark xiii, 1, and Luke xxi, 6, which are parallel places,

Again, Matthew xxiv, 3. *And as he sat upon the mount of Olives, the disciples came unto him privately, saying, Tell us, when shall these things be? And what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world\*?*

\* It should have been translated "*the end of the age,*" και τῆς συντελείας τοῦ αἰῶνος, the word αἰών signifying *ævum*, or *seculum*, as well as *mundus*: that this should be so translated, appears from the 34th verse of this chapter, *Verily I say unto you, this generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled*; and I take it that

4. *And Jesus answered and said unto them,  
Take heed that no man deceive you.*

5. *For many shall come in my name, saying,  
I am Christ: and shall deceive many.*

6. *And ye shall hear of wars and rumours  
of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all*

the destruction of Jerusalem was not forty years after the crucifixion of our saviour. I am assisted in this remark by the ingenious author of the "Harmony of the gospels," who, by *the end of the age to happen at his coming*, says, "the disciples could mean nothing but the end of the political oeconomy, or form of government by heathen governors, or procurators, which then subsisted, and they might look on their master's coming to destroy the age, or political constitution of the nation then subsisting, as a very agreeable event; and as to the demolition of the temple, they might expect a larger and more superb building in its stead, proportionable to the number of the Messiah's subjects.—Therefore, to shew them their mistake, Jesus told them he was not coming to raise the Jews to universal empire, as they supposed, but to punish them for their perfidy and rebellion, by destroying their nation."

*these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.*

The Jews were very fond of the notion of the Messiah being a temporal deliverer, and as the troubles of the nation were coming on, might think, that, if ever he was to appear, now was the time, and, therefore, in this and other places, the disciples are cautioned not to be led away by the pretences of false Christs, that might arise, or terrified at the prospects of these calamities, which must come to pass some time before the destruction of the nation, *but the end is not yet*; "but the end of the age, or Jewish dispensation, will not happen immediately."

Verse 14. *And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come*; which is thus paraphrased by Mr. Macknight: "The persecutions raised against Christians, and the tribulations befalling the land, shall scatter my disciples, by

“ which means the gospel shall be preached  
 “ through all the Roman empire ; and  
 “ then shall come *the end of the age*, con-  
 “ cerning which you are enquiring.”

By *the abomination of desolation* (in the 15th verse, and in Mark xiii, 14, and Daniel ix, 26 and 27) the Roman armies are supposed to be meant, with their ensigns and standards, whereon the images of their idols were painted ; which armies were an abomination to the Jews, on account of their idolatry.

21. *For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be.*

27. *For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west : so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.*

28. *For wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.*

These

These two verses are thus paraphrased :  
 " The coming of the Son of man shall be,  
 " like lightning, swift and destructive, yet  
 " he will not come personally , his servants  
 " only shall come, the Roman armies, who,  
 " by his command, shall destroy this na-  
 " tion, as eagles devour their prey." The  
 expression is said to be proverbial, and  
 beautifully applied, when it is remembered  
 that the Romans bore in their standards an  
 eagle.

29. *Immediately after the tribulation of those  
 days, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon  
 shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall  
 from heaven; and the powers of the heavens  
 shall be shaken.*

" These (the above gentleman says) are  
 " high figurative expressions, signifying the  
 " decay of all the glory, excellency, and  
 " prosperity of the nation; the whole  
 " Jewish polity, government, laws, and  
 " religion, which were the work of heaven,  
 " shall be dissolved." The destruction of  
 Babylon

Babylon is foretold in similar terms, *Isaiak* xiii, 10. See the prophet *Joel*, iii, 15. He says likewise, that "Dr. Lightfoot has proved, from the 'Talmud, that the Jews used these phrases in describing the ruin of a single family." He quotes Maimonides, who gives the reason of this phraseology: "Isayah, speaking of such as have been conquered, says, *their sun and moon have lost their light*; so also he says of conquerors, that *their sun and moon increase their light*. For experience proves, that the eyes of men in great misery grow dim, and do not see the light in its full splendor, the nerves being weakened for want of spirits: on the other hand, when by joy the soul is enlarged, and the animal spirits are conveyed in abundance to the organs of vision, the sun and light appear greater than before."

This puts me in mind of the xith chapter of Ecclesiastes, verse 1; where we are exhorted to *remember our creator in the days of our youth*, before the approach of old age,  
*while*

*while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.*

2. *While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened*; after which follows a beautiful description of old age, as I understand it to be.

To go on; Matthew xxiv, 30. *And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.*

To come in the clouds of heaven is said to signify God's interposing evidently to execute vengeance on a wicked generation, Psalm xcvi, 2, and Isaiah xix, 1. And the above verse is thus paraphrased: "They shall see the accomplishment of what Daniel foretold, by the figurative expression of the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, for they shall behold signal punishments

“ punishments executed on the Jewish nation,  
 “ by the Roman armies, sent for that end  
 “ by the Son of man.”

I confess there did appear to me some difficulties in this chapter, which perhaps may have led me out of the way, though, I think these difficulties have been in a great measure cleared up by the commentators ; but the 31st verse I cannot say I understand :  
*And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other \**.

\* Dr. Whitby says, “ Here the *vers,* then, in Mark  
 “ xiii, 27, so plainly shews that this relates to the  
 “ same time mentioned in the foregoing verse, that  
 “ no explication of these words, referring them to  
 “ a long time after the destruction of Jerusalem,  
 “ ought to be admitted as the true sense of them.”  
 Dr. Lightfoot gives the sense of these words thus :  
 “ When Jerusalem shall be reduced to ashes, and  
 “ that wicked nation cut off, then shall the Son of  
 “ man send his ministers (Christians) of several na-  
 “ tions from the four corners of the heaven ; so that  
 “ God



To go on; Luke xix, 41. *And when he was some near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.*

43. *For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side,*

44. *And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another, &c.*

Luke xxi, 20. *And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Matt. xxiv, 15.*

22. *For these be the days of vengeance, that all things which were written may be fulfilled.*

23. *But wo unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days; for*

"God shall not want a church, although that ancient nation be rejected and cast off, the churches of the Gentiles succeeding to her."

*there shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people.*

24. *And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations: and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, &c.*

These and other texts need no comment, and I shall not multiply them.

Now I will suppose that an impartial man hath considered these and several other texts to the same purpose, both in the Old and New Testament; I will also suppose that he hath read the "History of Josephus," of the terrible destruction of Jerusalem, and the calamities the Jews suffered in the siege, and hath likewise taken a view of their dispersion into all the countries of the known world, and of their present state and condition; I would then ask, what judgment must such a man make of this whole matter? Must he not think there  
is

is something extraordinary in the history of this people? When he compares the prophecies with the subsequent facts, must he not acknowledge the predictions divine? When Jesus foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, it was, at that time, an event very improbable; for though the Jews were indeed subject to the Romans, yet it was before their revolt, when there was not the least appearance of what was to come to pass, and when the state was rather in a flourishing condition than otherwise; I think this is agreed on all hands; notwithstanding which, the destruction of Jerusalem happened, I say, within forty years after the predictions of our Saviour, attended with such terrible circumstances as never befell any state or people before. So that the prediction, that *there should be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time*, looks as much like a history of past facts, as a prophecy of what was to come. This will appear, whether we consider the factions and seditions in the city during the siege, the heat and

animosity of the contending parties, their excessive cruelties to one another, or the terrible famine they endured. "Most miserable," says Josephus, "was the manner of living, and a spectacle which none without tears could behold. During the famine, no reverence was had for any man: wives took the meat out of their husbands mouths, children from their parents, and mothers from their infants, the saddest spectacle of all! No one had now any compassion, neither did they spare their dearest infants, but suffered them to perish in their arms, by taking from them the very drops of life. Yet they could not eat in such *secrecy*, but some or other of them still came to take away from them that whereupon they fed. Old men were driven away, and not permitted to keep or defend their food; women were drawn up and down by the hair of their heads for hiding their food; no pity remained either to old age or infancy. They took young babes, their mouths full of meat, and dashed them against

" the

“ the ground. Horrible cruelties were de-  
 “ vised to extort food from others; it was  
 “ abominable to hear what the people en-  
 “ dured to make them confess one loaf of  
 “ bread, or one handful of corn, which  
 “ they had hidden.

“ These miscreants [the heads of the  
 “ parties or factions] did not yet, for all  
 “ this, feel either hunger or thirst, for then  
 “ their impieties had been more tolerable,  
 “ but they did it only to exercise their  
 “ cruelty, preparing six days food for them-  
 “ selves beforehand.” And, a little after,  
 he says, “ I am not able to recount all their  
 “ iniquities, but I think never any city en-  
 “ dured the like; and that never any peo-  
 “ ple, since the memory of man, were so  
 “ cruel and barbarous.”

Book vi, chap. 11.

“ In another place he says, “ An innume-  
 “ rable multitude perished within the city  
 “ through famine, for in every place where  
 “ any shew or sign of food appeared, im-  
 “ mediately

“ mediately a battle ensued; and the dearest friends of all fought one with another, neither did they believe persons that were dying for famine, when they said they had nothing left to eat.” And in book the viith, chap. the 8th, he tells a shocking story of a lady of a noble family, who, for famine, killed her son, whom she dressed for meat. This lady was, in all probability, a *tender and delicate woman*, who, in the language of Moses, might scarce venture to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, and yet, through misery, famine, and despair, was induced to act this tragedy.

You will please to observe, that the testimony of Josephus, with regard to his history of the Jews, is unexceptionable. He was a prisoner in Titus’s camp during the siege, was a Jew himself, and an eye-witness of the ruin of his country. Josephus says, 1,100,000 persons perished in the “ siege;” so that if this prophecy of *Jerusalem’s being trodden down of the Gentiles* (admitting the truth of such prophecy) was  
not

not fulfilled, there never can be any completion of any prophécy.

As to their disperſion, it is ſaid, Deuteronomy xxviii, 64, *The Lord ſhall ſcatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth to the other*; which is the fact at this day. Mr. Addiſon ſays, “ They ſwarm over all the Eaſt, and are ſettled in the remotest parts of China; they are ſpread through moſt of the nations of Europe and Africa, and many families of them are eſtabliſhed in the Weſt Indies.”

But though the Jews were to ſuffer theſe calamities, and to be ſcattered and diſperſed in the manner foretold, yet they were not to be utterly deſtroyed; for though God *makes a full end of all nations, yet he will not make a full end of them.* Jeremiah xlii, 28. Though GOD ALMIGHTY, in the courſe of his providence, ſuffers an end to be made of all nations, by revolutions, and that when any people is conquered and mixes with any other nation or nations, they

they are melted down into one common mass, so that it is impossible to distinguish their genuine descendants, which has been the common fate of other nations, yet this shall not be the case of the Jews, who shall be preserved a people separate and distinct from all others in the world, though without king, without country, and without government, to enforce the observation of their law, which is their present situation, and hath been their case for about seventeen hundred years.

Mr. Addison, in the viith volume of the Spectator, numb. 495, endeavours to enquire what natural or providential reasons may be assigned with regard to the number of the Jews, their dispersion, and adherence to their religion.

“ As to their dispersion (he says) it would  
 “ probably have lost their religion, had it  
 “ not been secured by the strength of its  
 “ constitution: for they are to live all in a  
 “ body, and generally within the same  
 “ inclosure,



“ inclosure, to marry among themselves,  
 “ and to eat no meats that are not killed  
 “ and prepared their own way. This shuts  
 “ them out from all table-conversation, and  
 “ the most agreeable intercourses of life ;  
 “ and, by consequence, excludes them from  
 “ the most probable means of conversion.

“ As to the providential reasons that may  
 “ be assigned for these three particulars, we  
 “ shall find that their numbers, dispersion,  
 “ and adherence to their religion have fur-  
 “ nished every age and every nation of the  
 “ world with the strongest arguments for  
 “ the Christian faith, not only as these very  
 “ particulars are foretold of them, but as  
 “ they themselves are the depositaries of  
 “ these and all the other prophecies, which  
 “ tend to their own confusion. Their num-  
 “ ber furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of  
 “ witnesses, that attest the truth of the Old  
 “ Bible ; their dispersion spreads these wit-  
 “ nesses through all parts of the world, and  
 “ their adherence to their religion makes

"their testimony unquestionable." Thus far Mr. Addison.

Upon the whole, I think it must be owned, that the number and dispersion of the Jews, their adherence to their religion, and their being kept separate and distinct from all other nations, are particulars in the character of these people so surprising, that the like cannot be affirmed of any other people in the world.

But here I am very sensible that it is necessary for me to obviate an objection that may be made, with regard to their being a people kept separate and distinct from all other nations, for that if this particular can be accounted for in a natural way, there is nothing extraordinary in it, and that it may be said, that there can be no great wonder that these people should be kept separate and distinct from the rest of the world, if they were forbid to intermarry with other nations, and that this of itself will account for their being kept and preserved a people

ple separate and distinct from the rest of the world.

In answer to this objection it is alledged, that this command not to intermarry with other nations was only a temporary command, and regarded the Jews chiefly when they expelled the Canaanites, and took possession of the land of Canaan, and at their first settling there, as a means of preserving them against idolatry, and by the viith chapter of Deuteronomy, it rather appears to be so : but, I confess, this is not quite satisfactory to me, because it does not appear so clear to me that it is a temporary command, and it is pretty evident to me that the Jews did not understand it to be so, nor do they understand it to be so now, because they at this time, I suppose, in general, observe and act in obedience to this command, and there is no reason, that I know of, to suppose that we understand their laws better than they themselves do.

However, to this objection I answer, that if we consider the history of the Jews from

our Saviour's time, the unparalleled persecutions, massacres, and cruelties they have met with, the universal contempt they lie under, their being incapable to hold either lands or offices in any nation or country, so that the prophecy of Moses, that *they should become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word*, seems literally to be fulfilled; I say, if we consider that they now are and have been vagabonds and wanderers for above seventeen hundred years, without king, without country, without government, and that, notwithstanding these disadvantages, they should still remain scattered and dispersed through all nations, yet preserved separate and distinct from, and neither mixed nor incorporated with, other nations, it is very certain there is no other instance of any such people or nation in the world.

Could human nature subsist for such a length of time under such disadvantages and inconveniences, if there was nothing providential in this matter?

The

The Jewish law abounds with burdensome ceremonies, for the institution of some of which it may be a difficult matter to assign a reason, unless they are considered as peculiarities adapted to a peculiar people: is not their strict adherence to their law for such a length of time very extraordinary, when the consequence of such their adherence subjects them to so many inconveniences, and especially when there is no government to enforce it?

In all revolutions and political changes, do we not see that the conquerors and conquered generally unite and become one people? Is not this the common fate of all nations? Is not this the experience of the world? Is this the case of the Jews? If not, is there not something extraordinary in their case?

Our own nation is a mixture of the old inhabitants, of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, each of which denominations is now entirely ceased, and we are united into  
one

one body called the English, a flourishing people, and I hope will long continue so.

You may remember, that, eight or ten years ago, there was a scheme set on foot for a general naturalisation-bill, viz. for naturalising all foreigners that might come and settle here, and even the Jews were to be included : I did then think, and do now think, that the government was right in countenancing such a scheme, as a means of enriching us, and making us a more numerous, powerful, and flourishing people; but this scheme met with opposition; and especially the Jews being included in it, created a good deal of ferment and uneasiness amongst our own people, which the government observing, and seeing the bent and inclination of the people to be against it, the scheme was dropped, for fear of inconveniences, I suppose, that might arise if such a scheme had been carried into execution. I would not have you think I make a miracle of every thing, but I could not help mentioning this incident, that happened in our own time,

time, and remarking how truly they are, as well as have long been, *an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word*, as Moses long since foretold they would be.

The adherence of the Jews to their law so long, and under such disadvantages, is so wonderful and extraordinary, that the prohibition not to mix or intermarry with other nations, supposing it not a temporary command, will not account in a natural way, for their being kept separate and distinct from the rest of the world, because there is no such instance in the world besides, nor any thing analogous to it in the common course of things; this is still the more surprising, when it is considered that this very people, in Moses's time, and in many ages after, were continually running into idolatry.

It was an observation of Cicero, that  
 "Sparta was the only city in the world that  
 "preserved her discipline and laws for seven  
 "hundred years unaltered and inviolate.

“late. *Qui soli (Lacedæmonii, he means)*  
 “*toto orbe terrarum septingentos jam annos*  
 “*amplius unis moribus, & nunquam mutatis*  
 “*legibus, vivunt.*” See his oration *pro*  
*Flacco*, numb. 63. The institutions and  
 policy of Lycurgus, the Spartan legislator,  
 have been much admired, and yet the du-  
 ration of Lycurgus’s laws hath been thought  
 wonderful; but this bears no proportion  
 to the duration of the laws of Moses, who  
 is supposed to have lived three thousand  
 years ago. The dispersion of the Jews hath  
 continued seventeen hundred years, and  
 this command not to intermarry with other  
 nations, is an institution, in its own nature,  
 I should think, as little likely to be com-  
 plied with as any that can be imagined;  
 and yet, notwithstanding the disadvanta-  
 ges of it, they have, I believe, in general  
 acted in obedience to it; these disadvanta-  
 ges could not be so great before their dis-  
 persion, when they were all united into one  
 body (and a policy and government sub-  
 sisted amongst them) yet they still remain  
 a people, though vagabonds and wanderers,  
 without



without a king or government, without a country or home. Is there not something extraordinary in this people? Are they not *an astonishment, a sign, and a wonder*? And is not their present situation a kind of standing miracle?

Upon the whole, I would leave it to your consideration, whether the prophecies relating to the destruction of Jerusalem, the evils and calamities the Jews have suffered, their dispersion throughout all nations, as well as their present state and condition (of their being kept separate and distinct from the rest of the world) do not seem to be accomplished, and whether there is not some reason to expect that the remaining prophecy will in due time be fulfilled likewise, I mean that of their returning to their own land, to the land their fathers possessed.

I would also leave it to your determination, whether, supposing the prophecies and their completions out of the case, the pre-

sent state of the Jews is not a strange and unnatural phenomenon, and, according to the nature and common course of things, wholly and absolutely unaccountable.

I must beg you would read the above as it is, a hasty composition, a rude attempt, a rough draught, or essay, upon a subject a little out of the way, begun at the request of a friend, who, I hope, will read it with a friendly eye.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
JOSEPH WARD.

LETTER

L E T T E R CLXXI.

Rev. Mr. SPENCE \* to the Rev. Mr. JAMES  
RIDLEY †,

After the publication of the first four numbers of the "Tales of the Genii."

June, 1764.

**W**H Y fluttest thou so, O my heart?  
And why art thou at the same time so delighted and so distressed?

\* Prebendary of Durham, &c. See vol. ii, letter xc, p. 12. The scene of the holy Godric's miracles and austerities, who, from an itinerant merchant, turned hermit, and wore out three suits of iron cloaths, was latterly Mr. Spence's retreat, being part of his prebendal estate.

See "Anecdotes of British topography," p. 150, and Pennant's "Tour in Scotland," p. 28.

† This pathetic and elegant moralist, eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Ridley, prebendary of Salisbury, (a name now doubly endeared to Englishmen and Protestants,) died in February, 1765, a few days after the publication of the last number of his Genii. So generous a heart, such an intimate knowledge of the

The rays of thy brightness, O Horam, the son of Asmar, have penetrated my most retired recesses, and thy doctrines have descended upon me, like the dews of the morning, clad in all the colours that the sun can give.

How shall I express the joys that have devoured me? Or how shall I sufficiently return my thanks to the most moral and the most illuminated of the sons of men?

The poor "Dervise of the Groves" has nothing to return but prayers; and his prayers shall be lifted up for thee in the evening, and in the morning, and at noon-day.

powers and workings of nature, so serious and earnest a desire to serve God and mankind, with a cheerful spirit and address in conveying his instructions, make his loss as great to the public as it was to his family and friends. A humorous paper, called the "Schemer," first published in the London Chronicle, and since collected into a volume, was also written by him.

May't

May'st thou continue to leap over the boundaries of nature like a roe ! and rise into the highest regions of splendor, as the eagle that delighteth in soaring toward the sun !

May thy instructions sink into the heart of mortals ! and render them, in due time, as great and good as the immortal Genii with whom thou dost so intimately converse !

These are the prayers of Pheoj Ecneps\*, the " Dervise of the Groves," for the most moral and most illuminated of the sons of men.

\* Mr. Spence's name backward. See tale the ninth, entitled " Merglip the Persian, or Pheoj Ecneps, the Dervise of the Groves," (vol. ii, p. 257) in which the author has taken occasion to commemorate, in like manner, many other friends.

\* LETTER

## \* L E T T E R   C L X X I I .

Mr. HIRST to Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR,

Calcutta, Sept. 29, 1764.

**I** MUST not solicit the continuance of your favours, for, be it known, my friend, I leave this Indian world the beginning of December, embarking with my excellent and generous friend governor Vansittart.

Your papers have, by this time, been full of the history of our Indian troubles, and of the very horrid massacre \* consequent on a faction among the council of this settlement, several of whom have fallen a sacrifice to their own imprudent schemes. Your old friend Horace says,

*Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi,*

\* At Patna, by Cossim Allee Cawn, Oct. 6, 1763. On that melancholy occasion, Mr. Hirst preached a funeral sermon at Calcutta.

but

but here the very *reges* themselves, or ruling powers, are involved in the ruin occasioned by their own infatuation. The arguments for and against the conduct of Mr. Vanfittart are various. You will soon discover on which side the truth lies. Sure I am, that, to every impartial and disinterested judge, the matter will be self-evident, and, depend upon it, the more these circumstances are canvassed, the more it will redound to the honour and sagacity of our good governor. I think I may venture to say, that *Mene Mene Tekel Upharfin* will never be pronounced against him, not even *in foro conscientie*. . . .

I thank your very ingenious lady for her drawing. It happens, I am at this time employed in taking views of Calcutta, &c. so your letter is a kind of prognostication.

Your's, &c.

W. H I R S T.

LETTER

L E T T E R CLXXIII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to the Rev. Dr. SHARP \*.

DEAR SIR, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square,  
March 5, 1765.

— HAVE you any good reason for supposing Dr. Goldsmith to be the author of the “ Companion to the Playhouse † ? ” There are many things in it which are worth knowing, but there are also many mistakes, several of which I could easily correct.

He gives this account of “ Lucius Junius Brutus,” in vol. i. “ A tragedy by “ Mr. Duncombe, 8vo. 1735. This tragedy was ‘ not acted,’ and is ‘ only’ a “ translation of the Brutus of Voltaire.”

\* See vol. ii, p. 248, note \*.

† David Erskine Baker, esq; (since dead) was said to be the author of it,

As



As it may serve to amuse, I will give you the history of it.

The author being intimately acquainted with Mr. Mills, senior, shewed this play to him in the year 1732. He told Mr. D. if he would give him leave, he would introduce it to the managers, Booth, Cibber, and Wilks. He did so. They all approved it, and promised it should be acted. When it was read to Booth, he swore that the scene between Brutus and Titus, in the vth act, was as pathetic as any thing he had ever heard, and regretted his not being able to perform in it. He took the play out of Mr. D's hands, and repeated that whole scene himself in his delightful manner, superior to any thing we have had since that time \*. He died in May, 1733 †. Gen-

\* "His voice," says Mr. Victor, "was completely harmonious, from the softness of the flute, to the extent of the trumpet."

† Mr. Booth had been confined by an unconquerable disease from the year 1728.

teel and good-natured Wilks \* read it at Mr. D's house in Frith-street the same winter. He shed tears at the above-mentioned scene. He undertook the part of Titus, and promised it should certainly come on the next season. He was also to have spoken the prologue. His part was actually delivered out to him to get it in the summer. But he too was mowed down by death before that season came.

When the author appeared before the formidable poet-laureat, Colley Cibber, he treated him just as a pedant would a scholar of the lower class. *Cibber*. "I think, Sir, the subject of your play is Junius Brutus." The author assented with a nod. *Cibber*. "Then, Sir, you are to observe, that, if you hope to have your play succeed, the character of Brutus must be drawn"—Then he went on in a long harangue, which seemed to be studied.

\* See vol. i, p. 248, note \*.

Mr.

Mr. D. once presumed to interrupt him, saying, "Mr. Cibber, if you will have "a little patience, perhaps you will find "that the character of Brutus is drawn in "the manner you prescribe." *Cibber*. "Give me leave, Sir"—and so went on to the end of his document; then took three or four pinches of snuff, with an air of importance; flounced into his elbow-chair, and folded his arms. "Now, Sir, you "may proceed." Mr. D. did proceed accordingly. The dictator often interrupted him with remarks. Most of them appeared superficial and trifling. Some were undoubtedly just. Of these the author availed himself.

The conclusion was, that Cibber agreed with his brother-managers that the play should be received, and promised that it should come on the next season. So much for the triumvirate, and the ordeal test which dramatic Tyros were then obliged to undergo.

In the year 1733, theatrical affairs were in the utmost confusion. Mr. Highmore, a gentleman of fortune, had purchased the patent \*. Hereupon old Mills and the chief actors deserted him, and set up for themselves at the little theatre in the Haymarket. In such a state of tumult and confusion, it was not thought advisable to hazard Brutus on the stage.

In 1734 the revolting players returned to their colours, and enlisted under Mr.

\* Mr. Booth, about a year before his death, sold one half of his third share of the patent to the late John Highmore, esq, a gentleman possessed of an estate of 800l. a year, for the large sum of 2500l.—In less than twelve months, Mr. Highmore purchased also Mr. Cibber's whole third share for 3000 guineas.—Soon after followed Booth's death, and his widow sold her remaining sixth share to Mr. Giffard, who was then master of the new theatre in Goodman's-fields, for 1500l. This was at the commencement of the season 1733. Mr. Ellis, the painter, acted as deputy for the widow Wilks.

Victor's "History of the Theatres," vol. i.

Fleet-

Fleetwood\* at Drury-lane. There was somewhat singular in the character of that gentleman. His address was very genteel ; he had a smooth oily tongue, and the utmost plausibility, but not a grain of truth and sincerity. What Milton says of Belial was truly applicable to this theatrical potentate :

—All was false and hollow, though his tongue  
Dropt manna †.

\* Mr. Highmore, being deserted by the best players, spirited up to a revolt by Mr. Theophilus Ciber, and almost ruined by playing to thin losing audiences, and carrying on an ineffectual prosecution against the seceders in the Haymarket, on the vagrant-act, sold the whole patent, for very little more than he had given for half of it, to another enterprising gentleman, Charles Fleetwood, esq.—The regaining the revolvers, and bringing them back to their duty, was his first object, and he met with very little difficulty in accomplishing it. *Ibid.*

† “ I had the honour,” says Mr. Victor, “ to be acquainted with Mr. Fleetwood, when he arrived at the age of twenty-one, and entered into a landed estate of 6000l. a year. He was agreeable in his person ; and the qualities of his mind, and amia-  
“ bleness

Mr. D. having been so often disappointed, unadvisedly consented to Mr. Fleetwood's proposal of bringing Brutus on the stage about the middle of November. The town was then empty, the parliament not sitting, and Farinelli had just appeared at the theatre in the Haymarket. The public entertained but a mean opinion of the talents of the players; and every body crowded to hear Farinelli. In short, the quavering Italian eunuch proved too powerful for the rigid Roman consul. But, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, it was acted six nights with applause; not indeed always to crowded houses; but on the author's two benefit-nights the house was quite full. There was scarce a dry eye in the boxes during the last scene between Brutus and Titus. If the author of

"bleness of his disposition, carried with them irresistible attractions. . . . He was affable and engaging in his address, and that address enabled him to deceive even persons that thought themselves armed against him. Duplicity was his prevailing characteristic."

the

the "Playhouse Dictionary" had read the play, he would have seen not only that it was "acted," but also the names of the "actors." Notwithstanding the prevailing prejudice against them, it was allowed, by the best judges, that the parts were properly cast, and that it was extremely well performed ;

Brutus by Mr. Mills, senior \*.  
 Titus, - - Mr. Milward †.  
 Lucia, - - Mrs. Heron ‡.  
 Hortensia, Mrs. Pritchard §.

\* Mr. Mills, the elder, was the only tragic hero in that company, who could venture to appear in the characters of the late Mr. Booth. . . . In his strength and vigour he might truly be called the "theatrical porter," for the burden of the business lay entirely on him. Thus he was apparently very useful, and in all characters, decent. His person was manly, approaching to the graceful, and his voice a full deep melodious tenor, which suited the characters of rage. On his death, Quin, assisted by Milward, succeeded him in all the capital parts of tragedy, in Drury-lane theatre.

"History of the Theatres," vol. i.

† Milward

But it was impossible for her to shine in such an inferior part. The above-men-

† Milward had some requisites to make a good actor. He had a voice clear, full, and melodious.

*Ibid.*

‡ Mrs. Heron, at the death of Mrs. Oldfield, was singled out by Mr. Cibber to support his favourite characters of lady Betty Modish and lady Townly. On that account, he took extraordinary pains, which was of singular happiness to her; because, with that advantage, she made but a decent actress. She was naturally well formed, with an easy, elegant air and mien; and, though her voice was bad, she had a sensible pronunciation. *Ibid.*

§ The merit of this excellent actress, both in tragedy and comedy, and also in the great drama of life, is too well known to the present age to need being mentioned here. And posterity also will know and esteem her in her real, as well as her assumed, character, from the just and elegant tribute which her friends and the laureat have paid to her memory in Westminster-abbey, near that great bard, of whom she, as Rosalind, Beatrice, and Hamlet's mother, was one of the best expositors. She retired from the stage in April, 1768, and died at Bath in August following, aged 57.

tioned



tioned author says, "It was 'only' a translation from Voltaire." On the contrary, there is scarce a scene without variations from Voltaire. Tullia (or Lucia) dies at the end of the 19th act in Voltaire. In the English play, there is, in the 7th act, a pathetic scene between her and Titus, entirely new. The author proceeds, "This play was printed in octavo, 1735." Here is truth, but not the whole truth. A second edition, with improvements, was published in 1747. To this edition is prefixed Voltaire's "Essay on tragedy," then first translated. Both these editions are out of print.

This play was read in manuscript, and much approved, by the author's particular friends, old Tom Southerne, and Mr. Hawkins Browne, each of which gentlemen honoured him with corrections and remarks.

Mr. Browne suggested an alteration, by which the play was greatly improved, viz,

the placing the scene between Titus and Lucia before that between Brutus and Titus, as it now stands. *Dimi.*

Yours, &c.

W. DUNCOMBE.

\* L E T T E R CLXXIV.

Mr. HIRST to Mr. J. DUNCOMBE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Inner Temple,  
June 26, 1769.

**T**HE public papers must have informed you of the intended return of Mr. Vanfittart to the East Indies. The great connections I have had with and the many obligations I am under to him, will not make it any matter of surprise; when I acquaint you, that I shall accompany him to that part of the world.

The

The commissioners are Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Scrafton \*, and colonel Forde †. As far as I can understand, they go out upon the general plan of pacification and reduction of the company's military expences; and are invested with the fullest powers to effectuate every thing they shall think proper for the good of the company; particularly to inspect into the collection of the

\* Luke Scrafton, esq; was author of "Reflections on the government, &c. of Indostan: with a short sketch of the history of Bengal, from the year 1739 to 1756; and an account of the English affairs to 1758." Published (in 8vo.) at Edinburgh in 1761, and at London in 1763.

† Colonel Francis Forde distinguished himself in the last war by taking Maffulipatam by storm, April 8, 1758, by defeating the French army in Golconda, commanded by the marquis de Conflans, December 7, 1758, and, lastly, by defeating also the Dutch forces in Bengal, November 25, 1759. In consequence of this victory, a treaty was concluded between the English and the director and council at Chincura, to the advantage of the former.

See "Dobson's annals of the war," p. 111.

revenues, in which, it is suspected, there are very great abuses.

Mr. Vansittart is first named in the commission; but I do not learn that either his appointment or power will be greater than those of the other two. I am appointed chaplain to the commission. The company is to find a table, and bear all expences; so you may believe, I shall not starve during this expedition.

I could wish any other person rather than Mr. Scrafton was appointed second commissioner \*. Mr. Vansittart feels nothing

\* Several aspersions having been cast on the conduct of Mr. Vansittart, as president of the council at Calcutta, his friends in England thought it necessary to publish, in 1765, some "Original papers relative to the disturbances in Bengal: containing every material transaction from 1759 to 1764." These, connected together by a "narrative," were reprinted in 1766, by Mr. V. himself, in three volumes 8vo. with some additions. "Observations on this narrative" were published in 1767 by Mr. Scrafton, (then one of the East India directors,) in which, as the

on this account, but all his friends feel greatly for him. His own good heart and gentle disposition make him easy in these trying circumstances. I hope there is no reason for any apprehensions, as they seem, both, perfectly reconciled, and are studious themselves to promote a private, as they are commissioned to enforce a public, pa-

the Monthly Reviewers express it, that gentleman, " who was himself an actor of some consequence in " those turbulent scenes, being zealously attached to " lord Clive, the hero of the grand oriental drama, " charged both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Vansittart " (lord Clive's successors) with having embroiled the " company's affairs, by departing from his lordship's " wise plan, principles, and conduct." A periodical paper, entitled " The East India observer," was also considered by Mr. V. as the work of Mr. S. which, however, Mr. S. denied. These attacks occasioned the publication of " A letter to the proprietors of East India stock" by Mr. Vansittart, in which, with irrefragable strength of argument, and exemplary command of temper, he convicted Mr. S. of many self-contradictions, from his own " Sketch " of the history of Bengal" above-mentioned, and answered every article alleged against him both by the director and the " observer" to the satisfaction of every impartial reader.

cification.

sification. We have one reason to expect perfect unanimity, and that is from the fears we must all have of breaking the peace, which must be the surest means of preserving it.

I thought to have spent the remainder of my days in Old England, "under my own vine and under my own fig-tree," but *Diis aliter visum est*, and I must submit. Adieu therefore all thoughts of domestic life! Adieu the *domus et placens uxor*! Like Noah's dove, I must a second time wander over the face of the great deep, for I must not yet be allowed "rest for the sole of my foot."

His majesty's ship the Aurora frigate is appointed to carry us to India, and it is thought we shall be ready to sail in three weeks time\*. God bless you, my dear

\* They sailed (alas!) September 30. A Latin ode on this occasion, entitled *Ad amicum navigatarum*, was addressed to Mr. Hirst by the late Dr. Kirkpatrick, father of major Kirkpatrick, who distinguished himself at the battle of Plassey, &c. See it in the "appendix."

friend!

friend! I shall ever think of your many civilities with great gratitude, and hope for the continuance of your charitable correspondence during the time of this my second eastern emigration, being

Most affectionately yours,

W. HIRST.

\* L E T T E R   C L X X V .

Mr. HIRST to Mr. FAZAKERLEY.

DEAR FAZ,

December 19, 1769.

**I** WRITE this from the Dutch town at the Cape of Good Hope. My last gave you an account of our arrival at and departure from Madeira, and this acquaints you that we arrived here the 6th instant, from whence, it is imagined, we shall sail the day after to-morrow. I have made many little excursions during my residence here, but not far enough in the country to give you much account of it: and there is little worth

worth conveying to you from hence, unless I could have sent you some authentic anecdotes of the Aborigines of the country, I mean the Hottentots; and they are all shrunk into the inland parts, at least two or three hundred miles from the Cape. We have seen but three of them (all men) since our arrival here; nor do I recollect that I saw more when I was here before,

As we are in south latitude, the weather is at this time exceeding sultry, so that we are obliged to keep under cover great part of the day, the thermometer being now at 83 degrees; a heat much beyond what you generally have in England in summer\*.

\* May 16, 1770. Dr. Bevis says, the usual height of the thermometer in England in hot weather is from 70 to 72; but his has been in very hot weather at 86. E. F.

In the hottest weather of last summer [1772] the thermometer in the open air was at 85, while that in my cellar was at 55; and it stands nearly at the same degree in the middle of winter. I suppose 48 to be nearly the mean degree of the heat and cold of the whole



Yesterday and the day before I made one of a party with Mr. Vanfittart to Bay Falso\*, about twenty English miles from the Cape. We rode partly on horseback, and partly in a coach, having two of the governor's coaches and six to attend us. Indeed I cannot say too much of the very hospitable reception we met with here, owing to the great respect which the Dutch governor and his council shew to Mr. Vanfittart. You may be sure, this circumstance gives me no small pleasure, as it is a proof of the great

whole year, from the pole to the equator ; and that this is the temperature of the earth's body, in the middle latitudes at all seasons, to a certain depth. That where the temperature of the earth's body is more or less than this, the sun and the superior air have no share in it, but it must be imputed to subterraneous causes, such as mineral effervescences and aqueous exhalations. The subterraneous temperature is a curious subject, which hath not been much attended to. W. J.

\* This bay, which is ten leagues in circumference, lies between Cape Falso and Cape das Aigullhas, to the south-east of the Cape of Good Hope, at the most southern extremity of Africa.

name and character he has in India, that even strangers are not unacquainted with it. It has been reported that Cape Falso\* is a much more proper situation for a colony than the place which the Dutch have chosen here; but this is not fact, as the hills, or rather mountains, descend almost to the sea-side, and are so steep and craggy as not to admit of cultivation. The company have lately built some storehouses there for the service of the shipping in the winter-time, when the winds blow so hard in Table-bay, that they cannot with safety ride here.

It is with some satisfaction I recognise the view of the Table-land and its environs, and am pleased to find the resemblance of my view of it in 1765 much more strong than I thought. If I had more time, and less indolence, I might perhaps make it less unworthy the acceptance of my friends.

\* The Portuguese once took this cape for the Cape das Aiguillhas, which lies over against it, and having found their mistake, they called this *Cabo Falso*, or the False Cape. *Bowen*.

The comet which we saw in England approaching to the sun, we saw returning from it. I took two observations of its situation in the heavens with respect to the neighbouring fixed stars, and wrote on the occasion a sheet-full, which I intended to have sent to my friend Maskelyne \* at

\* Astronomer-royal. In addition to the account which this gentleman gave (in the "Transactions") of Mr. Hirst's observation of the second transit of Venus, as mentioned in note †, p. 85, Mr. Hirst inserted, at his desire, in vol. lix, p. 228, "An account of several phenomena observed during the ingress of Venus into the solar disc;" by which it appears, that, in this transit, the first external contact was preceded by an undulation of the edge of the sun, as, in the former, by a kind of penumbra, both perhaps occasioned by the atmosphere of Venus; and, in both transits, at the internal contacts, he observed the same phenomenon of an oblongation of the orb of Venus. He also took this opportunity to complain of the mutilated manner in which his account of the transit in India was inserted in vol. lii of the "Transactions," p. 396, (not vol. lvi, as printed by mistake in the former note) in particular, of the omitting his observations of the equal altitudes and meridional transits for regulating his time-keeper, and his reasons for concluding that Venus had no satellite, as had been suspected by M.

Greenwich: but this, as well as many other papers, I have either lost or mislaid at sea; and it often happens, as the earl of Dorset says \*, that

“ Our paper, pens, and ink, and we  
“ Are tumbled up and down at sea.”

We continue to be very harmonious, and consequently very happy, on board the

Cassini and the late Mr. Short.” If these had been inserted, M. Pingré would have had no occasion to lament, that “ Mr. Hirst did not acquaint the world in what “ manner he observed the equal altitudes, &c.” nor would there have been any occasion to alter his numbers respecting the periods of the transit. “ Observations (as he justly remarks) ought not to be rejected or “ stifled because they do not entirely suit an adopted “ system, or favourite parallactic angle.” Mr. Short at that time methodised and digested the astronomical papers in the “ Transactions.” Governor Vansittart was Mr. Hirst’s assistant at Greenwich, as governor Pigot had been at Madras.

\* In his celebrated ballad, the happiest of his poetical productions,

“ To all you ladies now at land,  
“ We men at sea indite, &c.”

composed the night before the engagement with the Dutch in 1665.

Aurora.

Aurora. I know, this will give great pleasure to all Mr. Van's real friends, and be the occasion of great chagrin and disappointment to all who expected the commission would be overfet by the diffenfion of the commissioners. God blefs you, my dear friend!—

Yours ever,

W. HIRST.

# LETTER CLXXVI.

Rev. Dr. JOHNSON\* to the Rev. Dr.  
BERKELEY†.

REV. AND MOST DEAR SIR, Stratford in Connecticut,  
Nov. 1, 1771.

I AM most intenfely thankful to our good God, that he hath fo graciously preferved

\* Missionary at Stratford, and president of the college at New York. He published (at Philadelphia) in 1752, “Elementa Philosophica, containing chiefly  
“ Noetica, or things relating to the mind and understanding : and Ethica, or things relating to the  
“ moral

my dear son\* to me and his family, and unto him, through his long absence, and many dangers, and at last restored him to us, and given us to rejoice together in all the great goodness of his providence towards him and us ! And now I return my most cordial thanks for the

“ moral behaviour.” He died, far advanced in years, January 6, 1772. He had often wished, and repeated it the morning of his departure, that he might in his death resemble bishop Berkeley, whom of all mankind he had most revered and loved, and whose virtues he had endeavoured to imitate in his life ; and Heaven heard his prayer, for, like him, he expired sitting in his chair, without a struggle or a groan. The society “ for the propagation of the Gospel in “ foreign parts,” in the last “ abstract of their proceedings,” take an opportunity of expressing “ their “ sense of the distinguished merit and long services “ of that very worthy and respectable missionary,” and of declaring, that “ they consider his death as a “ public loss to the society, and to the American “ church.”

† Son of bishop Berkeley, and prebendary of Canterbury, &c.

\* William Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. four years agent in England for the colony of Connecticut.

great

great kindness and affection wherewith you have treated him in his absence from us. May my God abundantly reward all your goodness and beneficence !

I am much grieved for the miscarriage of your kind answer to my last letter, wherein you opened your mind with so much freedom ; and I could wish you yet to give a short recapitulation of it.—I am yet unwilling to give up all hopes of seeing you in America ; at least of your being our first bishop ; for then I could trust that we should set out upon the foot of true genuine primitive Christianity. And if you be not yourself the man, I beg of you, throughout your whole life, strongly to interest yourself in our affairs, and, as far as possible, that we may have one or more bishops, and that they may be true primitive Christians ; otherwise, if they are only men of this world, we are indeed better without them.

I rejoice and bless God, that there is such a man in these abandoned times as Bp. North\*,

\* Of Litchfield and Coventry, second son to the earl of Gailford, and

and he so young a man too, and of a noble family too! Such a one is a Phoenix indeed! —I desire you (if you think fit) to give my dutiful compliments to him, and to let him know, that (as I am the oldest clergyman of the church in America) I humbly beg he would pity our deplorable condition here, in being obliged to go a thousand leagues for every ordination, and use all the influence in his power, without ceasing, 'till we are provided with a bishop to ordain and govern the clergy here.

I earnestly pray God to bless you, my dear Sir, and that most worthy lady, your mother, with your lady and dear offspring, with all the blessings of this life, and that we may at length be happy together in a better world, with your great and good father, whose precious memory I bless as my preceptor!

I am, dear Sir, with great regard,  
Your most affectionate friend and brother,  
SA. JOHNSON.

ADDITIONAL



## ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

### • LETTER CLXXVII.

Rev. Dr. BENTLEY \* to the Rev. Mr.  
DAVIES †.

Trinity-college,  
DEAR SIR, Saturday evening, [1710.]

**A**FTER you left me this morning, I borrowed of Dr. Sike, Mr. Barnes's new

\* Master of Trinity-college, Cambridge, arch-deacon of Ely, &c. This letter to his brother-critic seems truly characteristic of that great man and his little temper. "Joshua Barnes," he used to say, "understood as much Greek as a Greek cobbler."

† A learned critic, well known by his editions of Cicero's philosophical works, Lactantius, Minucius, &c. He was at this time fellow of Queen's college, Cambridge, of which he was afterwards master, prebendary of Ely, and D. L. and D. He died in 1731.

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edition

edition of Homer, where, I was told, I should find myself abused. I read over his dedications and prefaces, and there I found very opprobrious words against enemies in general, and one *homo inimicus* in particular; which I cannot apply to myself, not being concerned in the accusation. But if Mr. Barnes has or does declare in company, that he means me by those expressions, I assure him I shall not put up such an affront; and an injury too, since I was one of his first subscribers, and an useful director to him, if he had followed good advice. He struts and swaggers like a Suffenus \*, and challenges that same enemy to come *apertè*, and shew him any fault. If he mean me, I have but dipped yet into his notes, and yet I find every where just occasion of censure.

Iliad. ɛ. ver. 101. Ἄλλ' ἀποπταίνουσιν, ἐγρήσουσι δὲ χ' ἔμμεν.

\* A silly poet, who censured the performances of others as much as he admired his own. See Catullus, i, 20, &c.

Thus

Thus all editions have it; but in this we have it in the very text,

Ἄντ' ἀποπταίνουσιν, ἐρῶσιν δὲ χάρις,

and this noble note added: “Ἄντ', *Ità* “*omniñ pro àλλὰ, ut olim*,” so we have ἀντὰρ clapt in, *pro imperio*, only to avoid the *hiatus* of two vowels, ἀλλὰ α—Now for this interpolation alone his book deserves to be burnt. Let's examine into the passage a little; what is ἀποπταίνουσιν? He translates it *respicient*; but says not one word to explain it. His friend Eustathius, to whom he owes the better half of his notes, knows not what to make on't; whether it be ἀπ-ἐπταίνουσιν from ἐπταίνω ἔατο, i. e. ἀπο-ελέψουσιν; or ἀπο-πταίνουσιν from πτω πταίνω, φοβέμαι, i. e. πτήξουσιν, or from πίτω πταίνω, i. e. πιτασθήσονται. But who ever heard either of ἐπταίνω or πταίνω? Where does our professor find either of them? He's wholly mute upon this word, which is ἀπαξ λεγόμενον; and yet the wretch would venture blindfold to put in ἀντὰρ. But the true reading is thus:

Ἄλλ' ἀποκαπταίνουσιν, ἰσχύουσι δὲ χάρις.

ἀποκαπταίνω. *sub.* παπταῖν, *Ionice* παπταίνω: παπταίνω comes forty times in Homer; and if he had been, as he thinks himself, *Maeonides sextus pauce ex Pythagoreo*, he might have found out the emendation, which is clear *per se*; but I'll prove it so by authority: "*Etymol.* " *ἐν* Ἀποπταίνουσιν) πετῶ, πετάνω, καὶ παπταίνω, παπταῖν, " παπτανοῖσι, καὶ μετὰ τῆς προδίσκου ἀπὸ, ἀποπταίνουσι;" so it is printed indeed, but it is evident he writ it ἀποκαπταίνουσιν, and had respect to this place, as Sylburgius well observes. Again, Hesychius, in the right series between " ἀπέπαξ and ἀπόπαρ," has it thus; Ἀποκαπταίνουσιν, περιβλήψουσιν ὅπως φήγουσιν." Correct, ἀποκαπταίνουσιν, περιβλήψουσιν; he means this very passage, as appears by the Scholiast, " Ἀποκαπταίνουσιν, ἥτοι εἰς τὰς αὐτὰς ἀποβλήψουσιν, ἢ ἀλλάχουσιν ὁ εἶναι, συζήτουται." What says our professor to this jobb?

Ἔργον Ὀμηρεῖοιο τὸ δ' ἔπλατο Βαρνεσίω,

To foist in *αὐτὰρ* of his own head, and so, *quantum in se*, to extinguish the true reading for ever, which, while *ἀλλὰ* was preserved in the text, might sometime be retrieved,

I dipped

I dipped into his second volume, and there I found this learned correction. Od. λ. v. 546. pag. 307. "Agamemnon," says the Scholiast, "to judge fairly whether Ajax or Ulysses deserved Achilles's armour, ἀρχαλάτης τῶν Τρώων ἀγάγων, ἡρῶτασιν ὑπὸ ἑποσίῳ τῶν Τρώων μᾶλλον ἔλυπεδοναι. Εἰπόντων δὲ τοῦ Ὀδυσσεύς, he gave the armour to him." Here our professor corrects it, ὑπὸ ἑποσίῳ [αὐτῶν δὲ Τρώεσσιν,] and thus acts Thraso in his note; "*Ita emendo, sensu postulante; quique hoc valent, ad hos provooco.*" Impertinence! to appeal to men of sense here; as if it required much sense to know that Ajax and Ulysses were not Trojans. The business is, to correct the place neatly, that is truly, as the author wrote it; which he has not done, but has gone clumsily about it. I'll give him the true lesson with altering half a letter; "ὑπὸ ἑποσίῳ τῶν [Ἡρώων;] from which "of the [two heroes] they suffered most." This is clear and neat. But our professor, besides his botching in the words, has sullied even the sense; for the captives were not asked what all the Trojans, οἱ Τρῶες, thought, but only what they themselves thought.

Again,

Again, over the leaf, p. 309, v. 576, I find this worthy note; the poet had said of Tityus, ὃ δ' ἐπ' ἑνία καίτο πλέδρα. Upon which says the Scholiast, “ πλέδρον, ἕκτον μέρος σταδίου—  
 “ ὥστε τὸ Τίτυος τὸ σῶμα κατέχειν τόποι ἐνὲς ἡμίσεος σταδίου.”  
 So all former editions. One πλέδρον being  $\frac{1}{6}$  of a *stadium*, 9 πλέδρα make one *stadium* and  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Now comes our learned professor's note: “ *Cum πλέδρον sit sexta pars stadii, et*  
 “ *Tityus occupet novem πλέδρα, sequitur, illum*  
 “ *spatium occupare, non unius dimidii, sed*  
 “ *unius stadii & dimidii: Quare inter ἑνὲς &*  
 “ *ἡμίσιος addendum erat τὸ καί.*” Here's your professor emeritus, that has made Greek his study *per annos quadraginta*, to whose *pueritia* other peoples manhood cannot reach. Now to pardon him his silly interpolation of ἡμίσιος for ἡμίσεος, and so making the Scholiast write Ionic; it's plain he thought ἑνὲς ἡμίσεος signified “one half,” and not “one  
 “and a half;” a piece of ignorance for which he deserves to be turned out of the chair; and for which, and many others like it, *si magis me irritaverit*, I, as his principal elector and governor, may call him to account. What! he that in his preface  
 has

has bragged of perusing Pollux, Suidas, Etymologus; not to know what all of them teach us: “ὁ ἡμισυ τάλαντον,” says Pollux, *lib.* 9, “is τρία ἡμιτάλαντα,” i. e. “one talent and a half,” not “one half talent,” as this booby would think it. So, in those lexicographers and authors *passim*, “δύο ἡμισυ, τέσσαρα ἡμισυ, ἐξ ἡμισυ, 2½, 4½, 6½, “δικαδύο ἡμισυ, 12½,” not “twelve half,” I hope. A fit man indeed *per annos 15 in Graeca cathedra celeb. academiae sedere!* From thence I dipped in his fulsome *πυλῶγος*, enough to make a man spew, that fees the vanity and insolence of the writer: where I meet with these verses,

Δὴ τοτ' ἐγὼ τείγλωσσος ἦν, καὶ αἰοιδίμος αἶψα,  
Ἐυπρεαγίης τ' ἔλαχον, καὶ τιμῆς κυδανίης.

But what a shame is it for a man, that pretends to have been, *a teneris unguiculis*, a great grammarian and a poet, not to know that the second syllable of *εὐπρεαγία* is long!

Sir,

Sir, I write to you as a common friend, and desire you to shew Mr. Barnes this letter, but not to let him keep it, nor transcribe it. If it be true, that he gives out that he means me by those villainous characters, I shall teach him better manners towards his elector. For though I shall not honour him so much as to enter the lists against him myself; yet in one week's time I can send a hundred such remarks as these to his good friend Will. Baxter \*, (whom I have known these twenty years) who, before the parliament sits, shall pay him home for his Anacreon; but if it be otherwise, that he did not describe me

\* Soon after this, Mr. Baxter published a second edition of his Anacreon, in which he treated Mr. Barnes's with some contempt. It is observable also, that, in his second edition of Horace, finished by him, but a few days before his death, in 1725, "Dr. Bentley (he says) seems to him rather to have buried Horace under a heap of rubbish than to have illustrated him." *Scriptorem istum videtur magis oppressisse quam adornasse.* Such are the reciprocal civilities of critics!

under



under those general reproaches, a small satisfaction shall content me, which I leave you to be judge of; for I would not, without the utmost provocation, hurt the sale of his book, upon which he professes to have laid out his whole fortunes. Pray let me hear from you as soon as you can.

I am, &c.

R. BENTLEY.

That ἀποπατταριεσσιν, the correction proposed by our critic (p. 172) is the true reading, appears from the Vatican and Florentine MSS, in both of which it was afterwards found by his son, Dr. Thomas Bentley. See "Clarke's Homer," vol. ii, p. 63.

\* LETTER CLXXVIII.

Sir RICHARD STEELE \* to Bishop HODLY.

MY LORD,

[without a date.]

I HOPE I shall be able to wait upon you at the place you command me at three of [the] clock on Monday next. There is no great danger of your assuming more power than is welcome: You never exert so much as is voluntarily given you. Coming home the other night, after your great condescension in liking such pleasures as I entertained your lordship with, I made the distich, which you will find if you turn over the leaf:

Virtue with so much ease on BANGOR fits,  
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.

I am, my Lord,

Your most obliged,

most obedient, humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

\* See vol. i, p. 290, note \*.

• L E T T E R   C L X X I X .

Mr. WELSTED † to Mr. -----

SIR,

Tower, January 18, 1730.

**T**HOUGH I do not think it proper at this time to trouble my great patron ‡ with a letter on the subject we lately talked of, I cannot however excuse myself from letting you know the sense I have of his goodness to me.

I do not remember, he ever refused me any thing I asked of him; but this last instance of his favour came unasked, and was indeed, in itself, and in the manner of it, so generous an exertion of humanity, that nothing can come up to it, except my own gratitude.

† See vol. i, letters li and liii. Mr. Welsted was patronised by the Duke of Newcastle, and had at this time a good place in the office of ordnance.

‡ Bishop Hoadly.

A a 2

I am

I am scarce able, as things now are with me, in any way to express to you what I thought or felt in that favourable instant, when I received by your hands so gracious a mark of [the] lord bishop of Salisbury's friendship; but be assured, that when I recount the days of my adversity, I shall leave that out of the number \*; and when I call to mind what I most approve of myself, I shall dwell with pleasure on the sentiments I then had with respect to him.

The happiness he is possessed of in the consciousness of such actions is sincere and inviolable, and the memory of them will sit sweetly on him in extreme old age.

I beg, Sir, as I doubt not you have inclination for it, that you will take all op-

\* In like manner, marshal Tallard, after passing some days with the duke of Devonshire, told his grace, that, "when he counted the days of his imprisonment in England, he should leave those that he passed at Chatsworth out of the number."

portunities to cultivate in this great and amiable man those kind dispositions, of which I so lately received so great a proof. Occasion may probably bring it in your way to throw out, in conversation, somewhat of more force and happiness for expressing my acknowledgments, than I can say myself. I would fain appear to him, at least, to be of a sincere and grateful spirit, and nothing would go nearer me than to be thought either not to see, when I met with handsome and kind usage, or not to have a heart that was duly affected with it.

I am, &c.

LEON. WELSTED.

• LET-

• LETTER CLXXX.

Rev. Mr. STRAIGHT † to Bishop Hoadly.

MY LORD,

[1732.]

I JUST now received your lordship's most surprising, generous, opportune, beatific letter. I was dead till I received it,

† Rector of Findon, Suffex, a living which was given him by Magdalen-college, Oxford, of which he had been fellow. He was ever in a state of persecution, as it were, for his extraordinary parts and eccentric good sense; by which entirely he got rid of his good enthusiastic father's prejudices (in which he was educated) in favour of the "French prophets," by whom he was eaten up and betrayed.

Mr. Straight married the eldest daughter of Mr. Davenport, vicar of Broad Hinton, Wilts, whom he left a widow with six children. After his death, two volumes 8vo. of "Select discourses" were published for their benefit, which, though never designed by him

but it has given me new life : I feel myself gay, elated . . . . I have been tithe-gathering these three weeks, and never thought to enquire after any thing for the future, but the price of corn : but now I shall see London again, I shall see Sarum again, I shall see the bishop again,

Shall eat his oysters, drink his ale,  
Loos'ning the tongue, as well as tail ;

I shall be poetical, oratorical, ambitious ; I shall write again to the young divine \* ; nay, I don't know but to the public. But I must suppress the extravagance of my

him for the press, were extremely worthy of it. His circumstances and health were particularly hurt by his turning farmer, and dying soon after, before he had time to retrieve the extraordinary first expences. The few poems that he wrote, which are excellent, and much in the manner of Prior, are inserted in Doddsley's collection, vol. v, p. 244--288:

This letter was occasioned by the bishop's giving him the prebend of Warminster, in the cathedral of Salisbury.

\* Mr. John Hoadly.

joy,





# A P P E N D I X.

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## MINUTES FOR AN ESSAY

ON THE

## HARMONY OF VERSE\*.

BY MR. HUGHES.

IN THE PREFACE.

... **A**S this discourse must necessarily be often dry and minute in the rules, it has been endeavoured to enliven it, and relieve the reader, by selecting examples,

\* Many of the thoughts in this essay, unfinished as it is, are similar to those of the author's learned friend Mr. Say, in his two essays "on the harmony, variety, and power of numbers," which were written in the year 1737, at the request of Mr. Richardson, the painter, and published, after Mr. Say's death, in 1745. See letter iv, note.

which, besides the reasons for which they are cited, have a beauty of thought and expression, and an agreeable variety.

# SECTION I.

Sir William Temple's reason of the force of poetry among the ancients, from the union of the three powers of painting, eloquence, and music.

The ancient poetry was all sung.

The variation of the numbers among the ancients in poetry, as well as in music, was to express the passions.

Rude sketches like these, by the hand of a master, are always less valuable for having been touched upon by an inferior pencil: they are therefore submitted to the connoisseur in their original form, and in those draughts where only the outline is chalked, or, without a metaphor, where the rules are not confirmed by examples, his own sagacity and observation will readily supply them. The passages between books [ ] are added by the editor.

### On the chorus of the ancient tragedy.

See a passage in Aristotle's problem, by which it appears that not only the chorus, but the scenes, were sung, or spoken to a kind of modulation, like recitative music.

On the ancient ode, the strophe, anti-strophe, and epodon.

The harmony of verse then originally was its aptness for music. And what was afterwards called harmony in verse had an analogy to this first use of poetry.

Harmony in verse is therefore an apt disposition of the words, so as to affect the ear of the reader with a force of musical delight.

This is found, in a less degree, in all oratorical prose; for instance, in Cicero's "orations." Livy's "Roman history," which is perhaps written more in the oratorical than in the historical style, is a kind

of numerous prose, and it is observed by Dryden, that the very first line of it,

*Faſturusne operæ pretium ſim,*

is an hexameter hemiſtick, [and that of Tacitus an entire one ;-

*Urbem Romam à principio Reges babuère.*

Livy too, deſcribing the glorious effort of a tribune to break through a brigade of the enemy, juſt after the battle of Cannæ, falls unknowingly into a verſe not unworthy of Virgil himſelf :

*Hæc ubi diſta dedit, ſtringit gladium, cuneoque Faſto per medios, &c. \**]

Some modern inſtances of numerous proſe.

[“ Then was the war ſhivered,” ſays Milton, “ into ſmall frays or bickerings, at wood  
“ or wātērs, aſ chance or vālōur, advice or  
“ rāſhneſs led them on ; cōmmāded, or  
“ without cōmmānd.”

\* Dryden’s preface to “ Virgil’s pastorals,” p. 98.

Another

Another celebrated writer, contemporary with Milton, thus closes his account of the mental prayer of the mystics, now called *Quietists*: "A kind of purgatory it is in "devotion; something out of this world, "and not in another; above the earth, and "beneath heaven; where we will leave it "in clouds and darkness." And Mr. Say, like Longinus, thus describes, and at the same time exemplifies, the use and power of the iambic and anapæst, with which Cicero flashes in the face of guilty Catiline, "It has at once a sharp and a sudden sound: the same which men use when they pour out a torrent of words in their anger\*."]

The affectation of this is, however, a great fault, and the distinction between prose and verse is better preserved now than formerly.

The first thing that constitutes the harmony of verse is the measure.

\* Essay i, p. 125.

2. The feet among the ancients, dactyls, spondees, &c.

3. The just observation of the quantity of the syllables, and the laying the accent harmoniously, that no syllable may be forced out of its natural sound.

4. The variation of the pauses.

5. The order, or situation, of the words : for instance, "I heaven invoke : Heaven  
" I invoke."

As our verse is less numerous than that of the ancients, our prose is so too in proportion ; so that among us the distinction between verse and prose is kept as wide as among them ; our prose admitting of fewer transpositions of the words out of their natural order, and our verse being sprinkled with such transpositions as sometimes give a majesty to it, though they would be affected in prose.

Vossius

Vossius is mistaken in asserting, p. 33, that the moderns have no distinction of feet, or quantities of syllables, and nothing but the "sound of like endings," now called "rhyme," which he compares to the motion of a drunken man.

See *Dionys. Halic. de verborum collocacione.*

However faulty the French may be, it is plain that this is not true when applied to English poetry. It must be allowed, that, having no *prosodia*, we have not yet distinguished more than the number of syllables in each verse, but have not divided those syllables into different feet with distinct names. That a certain number of syllables, for example, ten, which is the number allotted to our heroic verse, is not always sufficient to frame a verse, may be seen from the following line, set down three several ways :

The Saxons reign'd long since o'er this island.  
O'er this island long since reign'd the Saxons.  
Long since o'er this island the Saxons reign'd.

This

This is no verse, though there are ten syllables in it; but let the words be placed in the following order,

Long since the Saxons o'er this island reign'd,

and you will find it is a verse, and reads very harmoniously.

## S E C T I O N II.

The ancient heroic verse was varied by the different feet, dactyls and spondees, and consisted of a different number of syllables. The English heroic consists of ten syllables, yet of different feet, according as the accent falls on those syllables.

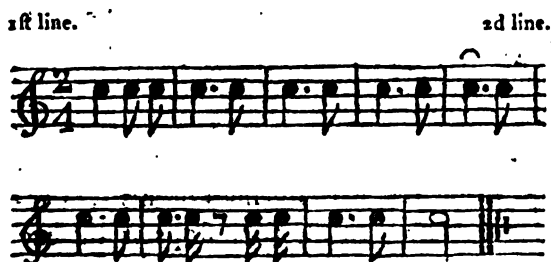
Examples of this :

Ō could I | flow like | thee, and | make thy  
stream

Mỹ | grēat exāplē, ās it is mỹ thēme !



In this couplet, the first syllable in the first line is long, and with the two short ones that follow may be reckoned to make one foot of the verse. In the second line, the first syllable is short, and the second long. But the variation of the length and shortness of the syllables, and consequently the various falling of the accent, will best be seen in a diagram :



The ill found of verse is either when the measure is ill chosen, as

When I sigh by my Phyllis, and gaze on those eyes,

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which

[ x ]

which is a kind of a jig movement, or triple time; or when the quantity of syllables is not duly observed, as

[Before he 'scap'd, so it pleas'd my destiny  
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me  
As prone to all ill, and of good as forgetful, &c.  
Doane.]

Or when the stops are not varied.

Dr. Aldrich fancied he could distinguish Virgil's verse from any other, if only the marks were written, and the words left out.

Virgil, the most harmonious versifier, has made the first six lines of his ivth eclogue close with the same stops at the end of each line:

*Sicelides Musæ, paulo majora canamus.  
Non omnes arbuta juvant, humilisque myrica.  
Si caninus sylvas, sylva finit consule dignæ.  
Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.  
Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo.  
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.*

Dryden,

Dryden, though in a language that admits of less variation of harmony, has translated them thus :

Sicilian Muse, begin a loftier strain !  
 Though lowly shrubs, and trees that shade the plain,  
 Delight not all ; Sicilian Muse prepare  
 To make the vocal woods deserve a consul's care.  
 The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,  
 Renews its finish'd course, Saturnian times  
 Roll round again, &c.

By which means, the lines being drawn out one into another, and the stops varied, there arises from them a more agreeable harmony.

### SECTION III.

THERE is yet another cause of the harmony, which arises from the varying the sense and grammatical construction of the sentences, which alters the modulation of the voice.---The measure, feet, accents, pauses, come under an analogy to time in music. This part is analogous to tone.

The voice in reading rises, or falls, according to the different sense, or construction, of the sentences which express that sense.

That there are some words which emphatically engage the voice is seen by the custom which has often prevailed of marking with *Italic* characters.

Affirmations lower the voice in the end of a sentence; interrogations and admirations raise it. No one will doubt that this variation of the tone of the voice has its force in harmonious verse.

If too many verses follow one another with interrogations, there will be a *monotonie*.

Example, from Denham:

Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,  
But to be restless in a worse extreme?  
And for that lethargy was there no cure,  
But to be cast into a calenture?

Can

Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance  
So far, to make us wish for ignorance? &c.

Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand  
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?  
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk, did bring  
This desolation, but a christian king;  
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears  
Twixt our best actions, and the worst of theirs,  
What does he think, our sacrifices would spare,  
When such th' effects of our devotions are?

If the last lines were left out, which are  
a tautology in the sense, as well as a repetition of the sound, the harmony would certainly be better.

An instance of the tone finely varied:

[No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all  
The multitude of angels, with a shout  
Loud, as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices uttering joy.

[Milton.]

Another cause of harmony is a due mixture of polysyllables and monosyllables. Donne's verse is vicious in having so many monosyllables, and no stops.

Another

Another cause is turns and repetitions, sometimes of the same word, sometimes of the same line. For the first, an example in the stanza of Spenser on music,

The joyous birds, &c.

Of the second, Milton's speech of Eve to Adam,

Sweet is the breath of morn, &c.

Words in the same line beginning with a letter (commonly called alliteration) too minute, though affected by Dryden, [viz.

The silent Lethe leads her gentle flood.

About the boughs a numerous nation flew, &c.]

Another principal cause of the music or poetry is the making the sound to imitate the sense. Lord Roscommon's character of Virgil,

The sound is still a comment to the sense.

The

The first and most common way of accenting the verse is to make it consist of five feet to each line, and in each foot the first syllable short, the second long; as thus:

As | whēn | sōme grēat | ānd grācious prīn|cēs  
dies, |  
Sōft whīs|pers fīrst, | ānd mōurn|fūl mūr|murs  
rīse |  
Amōng | thē fād | āttēn|dānts, thēn | thē  
sōund |  
Sōon gā|thers vōice, ānd sprēads thē nēws  
ārōund.

This is the most vulgar, and the common people generally read all verse in this movement, laying the accent on the second syllable.

Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.  
Denham.

As the harmony of these lines has all the perfection that can arise from the unforced quantities

quantities of the syllables, so is that harmony varied by the stops, the diversifying the grammatical structure of each sentence, and the different placing of the accent on the words. It may seem very minute to explain this particularly; but because Dryden has somewhere \* mentioned the music of these lines as a riddle which few could explain, and has kept that secret to himself, it may not be amiss here to attempt a solution of it.

I shall say nothing of the natural and unforced quantities in these two lines, (which are immediately obvious to every reader,) but only that by this means the verse is smooth, and there is no need to distort any word in the pronouncing to make it stand in the verse. The four pauses are also musical, each containing an entire sentence; but this music would not be so perfect, if the grammatical structure of each sentence was the same: as if, for example, it ran thus:

\* In his dedication of the "*Æneid*" to the marquis of Normanby, p. 277.

Though



Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet lively ;  
Though strong, yet calm ; though full, yet restrain'd.

This, though the quantities of the syllables were kept as exactly as at present, would not make so musical a verse. But, as it is in Denham, the second sentence is varied from the first, by the negative ; the third from both the preceding ; and the last sentence from the third, by the participle and the transposing the order of the words ; and the closing the couplet with the emphatical word " full," completes the harmony.

Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;  
Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.

Thus it is plain that the first three sentences have a different grammatical form, which varies the sound of them, and the last, a different order of the words, which continues the variety. And if there be any other mystery in the music of these lines, I confess it is beyond my skill to discover it \*.

\* With the above the reader may compare the  
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# THE WAY TO WRITE HARMONIOUSLY.

1. A good ear.

2. Observation of the reasons of harmony; nothing that is artful being the

following account of the same couplet, given by Mr. Say:

“ A contrast to each other, I imagine, must be  
 “ added to the many accounts that have been given  
 “ of the pleasure which every reader feels in that  
 “ celebrated distich in ‘ Cooper’s hill,’ which Mr.  
 “ Dryden has rendered so remarkable by proposing  
 “ the true reason of it as a problem to torture the  
 “ grammarians. For nothing can be more different  
 “ than the sounds, and the numbers or movements  
 “ in the two verses, as will appear to the ear itself,  
 “ and by measuring the time in the feet of either  
 “ that are opposed to the other,

“ Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull:

“ where the verse moves as slow and silent, or as  
 “ gentle, as the river; all in iambics, if we call  
 “ them so, that are nearer to spondees, excepting in  
 “ one

effect of chance, but governed by some rules, though those rules are not commonly known, or set down in writing.

“ one place, where it would have been a manifest  
“ impropriety.

“ But stronger ideas required numbers stronger  
and fuller; and such is the following verse :

“ Strong, without rage; without o’erflowing, full.

“ It begins with a trochee, which gives motion  
“ to the river; but checked by a spondee of two  
“ very long times, opposed to the shorter times of  
“ that which stands in the same place in the prece-  
“ ding verse; as the trochee here is opposed to a  
“ spondee of longer sound in the former. The like  
“ we may observe in the true or genuine iambic in  
“ the third foot, which is opposed to the gentler  
“ spondee above it; and as the weakest sounds fall,  
“ as the ideas require they should, on the fourth and  
“ fifth feet in the first, so the sounds that fill and  
“ arrest the ear, stand in the fourth movement here,  
“ and yet are closed in the most agreeable manner,  
“ as the law of the distich generally demands, with  
“ a real iambic, or sounds that approach the nearest  
“ to it. And the last half of the former verse has  
“ no beauty, in my opinion, but what is owing to  
“ this opposition, and its agreement with the image  
“ it represents.”

“ Essay on the numbers of Paradise Lost, p. 151--3.”

3. The frequent reading of the most harmonious writers, especially when you are going to write. This puts the ear in tune.

#### EXAMPLES OF MUSICAL PASSAGES IN VERSE.

Dryden's Salmoneus from Virgil very musically translated, and with a strength of sound equal to the subject. His Cæcilia's ode.

#### TURN AND REPETITION OF WORDS.

Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,  
 " Fie, Salmacis, what always idle, fie !  
 " Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,  
 " And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."  
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,  
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.

Addison's Ovid.

*Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere mænes.*

. Virg.

A fault, but such a fault, as all believe,  
Had claim'd forgiveness, could but hell forgive.  
.....  
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could bind.

Dryden.

There rest,—if any rest can harbour there.

Milton.

[ Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
I did not err, there does a fable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night.

Ditto.]

— *Crudelis tu quoque mater, &c.*

Virg.

— *Quid habes illius illius,  
Quæ spirabat amores?*

Hor. ad Lycen.

Tasso's stanza like Spenser's in the  
"Bower of Bliss".

Dryden's translation of the "simile" in  
the second book of Virgil is more musical  
than the original.

\* "Manifestly copied," as Dr. Warton observes,  
"from Ariosto."

Rent

Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,  
And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds :  
About the roots the cruel axe resounds,  
The stumps are pierc'd with oft repeated wounds.  
The war is felt on high, the nodding crown  
Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honours  
down, &c.

And Æneas's last speech to Turnus, Book xii.

— *Tunc hinc spoliis indute mororum, &c.*

Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,  
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend ?  
To his sad soul a grateful offering go ;  
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this dreadful blow !

In music it is not allowed to take two eights or two fifths in sequence, because these being perfect concords, the first especially, and nearly related to the unison, if the composer takes two of them following one another, the harmony is said to stand still, or to have no progression. Though this is not to be applied, with the utmost strictness, to poetry, yet it is certain, that, if many couplets follow one another, all  
stopped

stopped alike, (as suppose the first line of each of them with a comma, the second with a period, or full stop,) there is a like fault.

Examples :

[A spring there is, whose silver waters show,  
Clear as a flood, the shining sands below.

Pope.

Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,  
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace.

Ditto.]

But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,  
Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest.

Addison's Ovid.

Here it is plain that the sound of the first line is repeated in the second of each couplet, so the ear is cloyed, and the harmony has no progression.

For the variation of pauses see the speeches in the two first books of *Paradise Lost*, [and particularly the invocation, or argument

argument to that poem, where, for forty lines together, the same numbers, in every respect, are scarce once repeated. See also Dryden's translation of the beginning of the third Georgic.]

OF BURDENS IN SONGS, OR IN OTHER POETRY.

The fault of Virgil, *Incipe, Menalios*, &c. The same in Theocritus, and other ancient poets. The burden in Prior's *Nut-brown Maid* the best instance to be found.

See an instance in Pastorella.

*Lascia ——— ed ama ;*

and in Tasso's *Aminta*,

*Cangia cangia conflio  
Pazzarella che sei.*

The right use of all these minute rules is neither to be too thoughtful of them when you write, nor wholly negligent of them.



them. They operate best when formed into a habit, like the graces in music, or a manner in playing or singing.

The effect is certain, that the music of verse is a very delightful part, and in the foregoing discourse it is endeavoured to shew the causes.

OF THE IMPEDIMENTS TO HARMONY IN VERSE.

1. Too many consonants in a language, or too many vowels. The extremes are the High-Dutch, (or Welch,) and the Italian.
2. Unifort rhymes, or words jingling in the same line, which was a fault among the ancients, and is so still, though we have admitted rhyme. Thus Cicero,

*O fortunatam natam me consule Romam,*

[which, bad as it is, Dryden, in his translation, has happily made worse,

Fortune foretun'd the dying notes of Rome,  
Till I, her consul sole, consol'd her doom.]

*Vossius de viribus rythmi.  
Membris et articulis distinctum.*

P. 4. *Primo enim observârunt, &c. ut  
cantui aptentur.*

Pyrriehus diffyl. ∪ ∪. Spondee — —.  
Iâmbic ∪ —. Trochee — ∪.

In trissyllables there is a greater variety, as

Tribrachys ∪ ∪ ∪. Molossus — — —.  
Anapæst ∪ ∪ —. Dactyl — ∪ ∪.

Spondees give the hexameter verse weight,  
dactyls volubility.

The vast variation of the ancient feet, p. 8,  
in all, 124 various kinds.

See Vossius, p. 10.

Of what force the ancient numbers were  
may be conjectured from Plato's banishing  
some

some movements of verse from his commonwealth. This is not to be understood, unless we consider that music was joined with it, and it is certain that some music is manly and grave, and some soft and effeminate.

Milton's "sounds marry'd to immortal  
"verse."

The Pythagoreans called verse the male,  
and music the female.

See Vossius, p. 14.

About the time of Ptolemy Philopater, Aristophanes, the grammarian, changed the Greek *profodia*, (after which the marks were differently written,) and untuned the ancient verse.

P. 22. "The French not only neglect  
"the natural quantity of the syllables, but  
"for the most part also the accents them-  
"selves." [Hence the common joke upon  
them,

Nos Galli non curamus quantitatem.]

Virgil, to avoid rhyme in his verse, chose to write,

*Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula dæmæ,*

instead of *timidæ*. [And the nice ears of the court of Augustus could not bear the jingle of *At regina pyrâ*.]

*Quæ sunt ampla et pulcra, &c. quæ lepida et concinna, &c.*

*Rhetor. ad Herennium, lib. 4:*

See p. 30. *De amisso antiquo cantu versuum.*

Quintilian says, that "the reading of poetry should be so managed as to resemble neither prose nor singing." [The Italians seem to attempt this in their reading of poetry.] The vulgar pronunciation is *völücre*s, the poetical *völücre*s.

The French have no dactyl ; the English no anapæst. French abounds in iambics and anapæsts, English in dactyls and trochees.

Vossius falsely calls English “ soft and effeminate.” A ridiculous fancy of Vossius’s barber combing his head in iambics, trochees, dactyls, &c. which, he says, gave him great pleasure.

#### OF RHYME, &c.

To be treated in the last place. . . .

[ XXX ]

THE FOLLOWING PIECES

ARE OMITTED IN THE  
COLLECTION of Mr. HUGHES'S WORKS  
PUBLISHED IN 1735.

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DEDICATION \* [of Charon, or the Ferry-  
boat] to the Swiss COUNT [HEIDEGGER.]

S I R,

**I**T would be lessening a man of your fame, not to imagine you sufficiently known by the title, which, by the courtesy of England, you have long enjoyed, and which therefore needs not the addition of your name. But not to lose time in ceremony, I hasten to give you and the reader some reasons for this dedication.

\* See vol. i, p. 216, note \*.

It is a piece of craft often practised among authors, when they are about to publish some trifle which they suspect may lie too quietly in the bookseller's shop, to help it off by the choice of a patron, whose name and character may be a means to make it spread. It is for this reason, and knowing that you go into a great deal of company, that I have taken the liberty (for which I beg your pardon) of pinning this paper to your sleeve. If I had interest enough in you to get you to recommend it to all your friends, customers, and subscribers, it might, for ought I know, reach almost *all christian people whom these presents may concern*. No one perhaps of this age has had so great a hand as yourself in furnishing out many of the wares, which persons in the circumstances of those represented in the following vision are the most loth to part with. It is now, I think, for some years, that you have been chief provider of diversions and amusements for the service of the inhabitants of this island, some of which you have imported from

from abroad, and others you have varied and embellished with so extensive and skilful a genius, that it is no wonder that most who have had a taste of them are so very unwilling to remove from hence, or to leave them behind. I hope it will not be thought inferior to your character, if I should call you a sort of property-man to the great stage of the world. Those who are acquainted with the inside of the play-house know, that there is a certain officer with that title, who has in his keeping a whole warehouse of all the toys and trinkets made use of by the players upon the theatre, and gives them out, and takes them back, as there is occasion. I had once therefore thought of assigning you a station, in the following vision, near Mercury, where, as the dead were stripped, you might have had an opportunity of stopping whatever belonged to your office, and have taken your own goods again: but I considered how full your hands are of business, and how ill a person of your importance could be spared.

With



With these and the like thoughts in my head, and a proof-sheet of the following papers in my hand, which had been just brought me from the press, I happened to fall asleep, and had a very whimsical dream; which, because it concerns you, and at the same time is a sort of an appendix to the vision I am presenting to you, I beg leave to relate here in the dedication.

Methought you were very gay one night over a bottle of champaign at the *blue posts* in your neighbourhood; and being somewhat elevated by your late successes, and wisely thinking at the same time how to provide for the future, you fell into a new project, to which you were encouraged by a certain poet of your acquaintance, then in your company, who undertook to sell you some acres of ground to build upon in the Elysian-fields. You had very prudently considered, that vast numbers of people who are travelling towards the regions below, would probably be at a loss, when they come thither, how to spend their

time. Your design therefore was to erect a large square of buildings for such sort of entertainments and diversions, as are usual at carnivals, and to call it by the name of HEIDEGGER'S FOLLY. You procured, in the first place, a large subscription to be paid you down in ready money, and then with a choice colony of fiddlers, dancers, tumblers, carpenters, scene-painters, and the like; and many waggon-loads of painted cloth, machines, rich furniture, variety of the newest habits, and other valuable curiosities, you set forward on the road towards your intended new plantation. But, alas, the hard fate of projectors! Before you came half way to the place, a sudden storm of wind arose, overturned and disfurnished your waggons in a moment, and as if they had been loaded only with chaff or feathers, whirled away their whole contents over a vast vacuity, into the *Limbo* described by Milton in the third book of his *Paradise Lost*. I was so struck with concern for you and your good company, that I waked in a fright, and was glad to find by the advertisement inserted in the Daily Courant,

Courant, of the next ball to be in the Hay-market, that you were probably at that time in good health, and in no such great haste to be gone from us.

But to draw to an end. I have heard of a pleasant fellow who had an affair depending in the reign of king Charles the second, and humorously made a request to the duke of Buckingham, who was then in great favour and popularity, that his grace would only be pleased to let him stop him the next day, when his business was to come on, in some very public place, and give the petitioner leave to hold him in a seeming whisper for two minutes, amongst a crowd of observers. This artifice alone did more than several months soliciting, and his affair succeeded to his wish. I have used the same stratagem with you, in hopes of the like success; and therefore thanking you now for your ear, and for the honour I have taken to myself, of an acquaintance I never had with you before, I release you from any further trouble, and am (though still unknown)

Sir, Your obliged humble servant.

PREAMBLE to the Patent of creating Lord  
Chancellor COWPER an Earl.

*QUEMADMODUM* semper erit nobis in primis gratum, viros verè dignos titulis ornare, qui virtute fulgente, & claris animi dotibus, honores quos accipiunt decorant; statuimus perquam fidem & dilectum nostrum GULIELMUM Dominum COWPER, Baronem de Wingham, Cancellarium Magnæ Britanniae, in omni tempore optimè de nobis & de republicâ meritum, ad pro-velutem nobilitatis gradum vocare. Quem, maximum in arduis regni consiliis iudicium, diu conspecta probitas, semper inconcussa fides, summa legum peritia, & æqui bonique studium, sapientiæ non parum, multum eloquentiæ, non magis nobis quam patriæ suæ dilectum reddidit. Regnante Annâ, vir tantis virtutibus præcellens, ad munus Cancellarii Magnæ Britanniae maturè accersitus est. Florente republicâ, omnia implevit consilarii solertis, subditi fidelis, bonique civis officia; periclitante postea libertate, otium honestum summis dignitatibus præposuit. Nec tamen destitit in senatu iniquitati temporum quantum potuit obviam ire, hostesque patriæ, & perditâ consilia, fortiter, sagaciter, diligenter oppugnare. Quum verò res nostræ, pene labefactæ, in solido rursus lætæ sunt, ut primum, providentiâ divinâ, ad regnum nostrum pervenimus, merito revocandus erat ad priora munera suscipienda. Ex eo tempore satis superque est nobis conspectum, quantum meruit & meretur, & quam bene honores magis ampli, non tam quæsi- quam partii, summis virtutibus largiendi sunt. Quapropter, &c.

\* MORAL

\* MORAL REFLECTIONS.

1. **E**VERY one complains of his memory, but no one of his judgment.

2. In the commerce of life we oftener please by our faults than by our good qualities.

3. Gallantry of wit consists in saying a flattering thing with an agreeable air.

4. The wit is always the cully of the heart.

5. Nothing is less sincere than the manner of asking and giving counsel. He that asks, appears to have a deference for the sentiments of his friend, though he thinks of nothing but having his own sentiments approved by him. And he that gives counsel, repays the confidence expressed in him

him with the appearance of an ardent and disinterested zeal, though he often seeks only his own interest or reputation.

6. If we did not flatter ourselves, we should enjoy very little pleasure.

7. It is easier to be wise for others, than for ourselves.

8. Persons never appear so ridiculous by the qualities they have, as by those they affect.

9. A man sometimes differs as much from himself as from other people.

10. As it is the character of great wits to express a great deal in a few words, so little wits, on the contrary, talk a great deal, and yet say nothing.

11. Nature makes merit, and fortune employs it.

12. There

12. There are two sorts of constancy in love: One proceeds from our continually finding new charms in the person we love; the other from the honour we assume to ourselves in being constant.

13. He that lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks himself.

14. Hypocrisy is a homage which vice pays to virtue.

15. Too great a concern to acquit one's self of an obligation is one kind of ingratitude.

16. It is great folly to think of being wise alone.

17. Coquetry is at the root of all women's humour: but all do not put it in practice; for fear in some, and reason in others, hold it in restraint.

18. There

18. There is as much eloquence to be observed in a person's tone of voice, in his eyes and gesture, as in his choice of expressions.

19. The pleasure of an amour is loving, and we are happier by the passion we have, than by that we inspire.

20. The wisest part of those who have not much wisdom is to know how to submit to the conduct of another.

21. Pride, which often inspires us with envy, sometimes helps us to moderate it.

22. Virtue would not go far, if vanity did not keep her company.

23. Magnanimity is sufficiently defined by its name: however, one may say, it is the good sense of pride, and the noblest way to receive praise.

24. There •



24. There are disguised falsehoods which represent truth so much to the life, that it would be ill judgment not to suffer ourselves to be deceived by them.

25. It sometimes shews as much ingenuity to know how to profit by good counsel, as to be able to give it to ourselves.

26. We have always a kindness for those who admire us, but not always for those whom we admire.

27. Such odd accidents sometimes happen in life, that a man must be in some degree a fool to be able to extricate himself out of them.

28. The reason why lovers and their mistresses are never tired of one another's company, is, because they are always talking of themselves.

29. Our wisdom is not less at the mercy of fortune, than our goods and possessions.

30. Fortune discovers our virtues and vices, as light does objects.

31. Our actions are like the last syllables of verses; every one makes them rhyme to what he pleases.

32. The air of a citizen is lost sometimes in the army, but never in the court.

33. There is a sort of elevation which does not all depend upon fortune.

#### \*MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

I. **R**EPUTATION can never be too carefully preserved, because it is the best instrument in business, and of more use upon occasion, than any man foresees.

II. Some

2. Some men have owed their fortunes to their vices, but this is like raising an estate by gaming, so hazardous and uncertain, that no man of discretion would venture upon it.

3. Our own opinion that we shall succeed, is that which often gives us success in the most difficult undertakings.

4. Coquetry is faulty only in the manner and degree of it, for something of coquetry is as necessary as dress, to make a woman agreeable.

5. Coquetry is the desire of pleasing the men, and inspiring love; the variety of it arises from the different humour and wit of those it possesses.

6. A man may be very unconcerned in a duel, and yet the worst of cowards in the field; because the confidence of his own skill is a security to him in the first case, but not in the second.

7. There is an agreeable vanity in moving others, which avails itself of all instruments proper to this purpose; and this constitutes the pleasure we take in telling surprising news and stories which cause admiration.

8. There is a counterfeit modesty which is only the effect of pride.

9. Pride has the most contrary effects in the world; it makes some men extremely rude and unmannerly, and others, perfectly well bred and complaisant.

10. Assurance, if it signifies no more than a man's being able on all occasions to possess himself, and to be master at any time of what he has attained, or can do, is a noble and necessary virtue.

11. There is a difference between *vanity* and what the *French* call *fierté*. The first is often worn like an under-garment, and not offensive to others. The latter is a  
manner



manner in the countenance, and gesture, and behaviour, which always displeases.

12. No man knows the force of his own passions, or what he is capable of performing, if they are very powerfully touched.

13. In the studying and practising of men, the greatest art is to find out every one's principal spring, and to be able by that, to move him to what we wish; an art that an honest man may innocently use, but in which few excel, but knaves.

14. It is hard to say whether a man's virtue is most exposed in a life of idleness and pleasure, or a life of business and gain.

15. Some ladies have a coquette modesty, as others have an affected unaffectedness.

16. There is no being long and sincerely happy, without being wise, which as common

mon an observation as it has been, yet wants to be made anew, by most, even of those, whom the world thinks both wise and happy.

17. Of all charities, that of employing the poor is the most charitable. It is in a manner to double the obligation by lessening it, it being more grateful to any man to put him in a capacity of relieving himself, than to make him a pensioner to others. It is turning a bounty into a reward.

18. In repenting or acknowledging a fault, we look less in our own imagination, but greater in the eyes of others. A general having beaten an officer, on a misinformation, begged his pardon at the head of the army. The officer replied, "Sir, you have restored me my honour, but taken away my life, for after this, I can do no less than sacrifice it in this day's service"---it being just before an engagement.

19. There

19. There is a barbarous curiosity in beholding madrest, and a pity, a reproach therefore it is, that Bedlam \* should be considered as a holiday-shew, like the Abbey and the Tower. The unhappy objects themselves are by this means often discomposed and sometimes irritated, and the sight may be, and has frequently been attended by fatal consequences to those who have hearts among the gazers.

20. False importance in behaviour, is like the false sublime in oratory. Where merit is wanting, what little arts are used to captivate esteem! Thus, one who was a great dealer in secrets, used to whisper the time of the day.

21. General (afterwards earl) Stanhope shewed a song to Wat Moyle, as written by a stranger. Moyle damned it, but afterwards perceiving it was Stanhope's, would have softened it; Stanhope told him he should not retract his words, and thanked him for having cured him of poetry.

\* This has lately been prevented.

22. What

22. What we call *taste*, is a kind of *extempore* judgment; it is a settled habit of distinguishing, without staying to attend to rules, or ratiocination, and arises from long use and experience.

23. Misapplied shame is only pride; as a man's being ashamed of his poor relations, or of his frugality.

24. Most men court admiration rather than esteem; as many would rather be thought knaves than fools.

25. False breeding is as great an abuse of nature, as false wit is of truth.

26. Self-opinion is nature's stratagem, to keep all the world quiet.

27. A virtuous reverence of ourselves is the foundation of respect from others.

28. Modesty



28. Modesty softens the eyes, and improves the beauty of the face, while it discovers that of the mind.

29. The clown, in Shakespear's Twelfth-night, says, " he is the worse for his friends, because they praise him, and make an ass of him; but his foes tell him plainly he is an ass: "so that by his foes he profits in the knowledge of himself, and by his friends he is abused."

30. The Gowers, or remains of the ancient Pagan Persians (Origines of the country) never built a temple to the sun, those idolaters asserting, that no place on earth would be capacious enough, because the whole world is (they say) the sun's temple."

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT GREENHITHE \*.

**G**REAT president of light and eye of day,  
As through this glass you cast your visual ray,  
And view with nuptial joys two brothers blest,  
And see us celebrate the genial feast,  
Confess, that, in your progress round the sphere,  
You've found the happiest youths and brightest  
beauties here.

1708.

The T O A S T E R S.

**W**HILE circling healths inspire your sprightly wit,  
And on each glass some beauty's praise is writ,

\* Ince Grice (now called Ingres) a place once belonging to the priory of Dartford, very agreeably situated near the Thames. It then belonged to Jonathan Smith, esq; who, with his brother captain Nathaniel Smith, resided there, and made considerable improvements in the house and gardens.

See "Harris's history of Kent," p. 309. See also letter vi of this collection, vol. i.

It was lately the seat of John Calcraft, esq; (deceased) member of parliament for Rochester.

You

You ask, my friends, how can my silent Muse  
 To Montagu's \* soft name a verse refuse?  
 Bright though she be, of race victorious sprung,  
 By wits ador'd, and by court-poets sung,  
 Unmov'd I hear her person call'd divine,  
 I see her features uninspiring shine;  
 A softer fair my soul to transport warms,  
 And, she once nam'd, no other nymph has charms †.

1709.

TOFTS † AND MARGARITTA ‡.

**M**USIC has learn'd the discords of the state,  
 And concerts jar with whig and tory hate.

\* Mary dutchess of Montagu, (born in 1689,) youngest daughter of John duke of Marlborough, and mother to the present dutchess of Montagu.

† See vol. ii, p. 70.

‡ Mrs. Tofts took her first grounds of music here in her own country, before the Italian taste had so highly prevailed.—Whatever defect the fashionably skilful might find in her manner, she had, in the general sense of her spectators, charms that few of the most learned fingers ever arrive at. The beauty of her fine-proportioned figure, and exquisitely sweet

Here Somerset and Devonshire attend  
 The British Tofts, and every note commend,  
 To native merit just, and pleas'd to see  
 We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free.  
 There fam'd L'Epine does equal skill employ,  
 While list'ning peers crowd to th' ecstatic joy:  
 Bedford, to hear her song, his dice forsakes,  
 And Nottingham is raptur'd when she shakes:  
 Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowsy cares  
 Of England's safety in Italian airs.  
 Who would not send each year blank pass'es o'er,  
 Rather than keep such strangers from our shore?

silver tone of her voice, with the peculiar rapid softness of her throat, were perfections not to be imitated by art or labour.

“ Cibber's apology, &c. p. 319.”

§ Signora Margarita de L'Epine, afterwards married to Dr. Pepusch. She performed the part of Calypso in Mr. Hughes's “ opera,” and in his “ ode to “ the memory of the duke of Devonshire,” Signora Margarita performed Britannia, and Mrs. Tofts Augusta. She also sung in several of his “ cantatas” set by Dr. Pepusch.

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

I.

**T**HE graces and the wand'ring loves  
 Are fled to distant plains,  
 To chase the fawns, or deep in groves  
 To wound admiring swains.  
 With their bright mistress there they stray,  
 Who turns her careless eyes  
 From daily triumphs ; yet, each day,  
 Beholds new triumphs in her way,  
 And conquers while she flies.

2.

But see ! implor'd, by moving prayers,  
 To change the lover's pain,  
 Venus her harness'd doves prepares,  
 And brings the fair again.  
 Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,  
 Think you, she'll e'er resign ?  
 Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,  
 Till she grows flesh and blood like you,  
 Or you, like her, divine !

S O N G S.

S O N G S \*.

I.

**T**HY origia's divine, I see,  
 Of mortal race thou can'st not be;  
 Thy lip a ruby lustre shows;  
 Thy purple cheek outshines the rose;  
 And thy bright eye is brighter far  
 Than any planet, any star.  
 Thy fordid way of life despise,  
 Above thy slavery, Sylvia, rise;  
 Display thy beauteous form and mien,  
 And grow a goddess, or a queen.

\* In the year 1709, Mr. Hughes was concerned in a periodical work, entitled "The monthly amusements," printed for Midwinter and Lintot. His translation of Moliere's "Misanthrope" [see vol. i, p. 59] was the second number, May 1709. "The fair maid of the inn" was translated by him, from Cervantes, for the same purpose, but not printed. These songs were inserted in it. They are "original, but so artfully drawn up, as to give occasion for the same critical remarks that Cervantes makes on his "own" songs. Many years after, Mr. Jabez Hughes translated the same "novel," probably without

II.

CONSTANTIA, see, thy faithful slave  
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!  
Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try  
From fond pursuing love to fly.

2.

Thy pity to my love impart,  
Pity my bleeding aching heart,  
Regard my sighs and flowing tears,  
And with a smile remove my fears.

3.

A wedded wife if thou would'st be,  
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,  
Ere yet the western sun decline,  
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

without having seen or heard of his brother's translation. The songs are there closely traced from Cervantes, which was a work of some difficulty. It is inserted among "The select collection of novels and histories," printed for Watts, 1729, vol. ii, p. 173.

III.

**T**HREE lov'd Constantia, heavenly fair,  
 For thee a servant's form I wear ;  
 Though blest with wealth, and nobly born,  
 For thee, both wealth and birth I scorn :  
 Trust me, fair maid, my constant flame  
 For ever will remain the same ;  
 My love, that ne'er will cease, my love  
 Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

TRANSLATED from PERSIAN VERSES,

Alluding to the custom of women being buried with  
 their husbands, and men with their wives.

**E**TERNAL are the chains, which here  
 The generous souls of lovers bind,  
 When Hymen joins our hands, we swear  
 To be for ever true and kind :  
 And when, by death, the fair are snatch'd away,  
 Lest we our solemn vows should break,  
 In the same grave our living corps we lay,  
 And willing the same fate partake.

ANOTHER.



A N O T H E R.

**M**Y dearest spouse, that thou and I  
 May shun the fear which first should die,  
 Clasp'd in each other's arms we'll live,  
 Alike consum'd in love's soft fire,  
 That neither may at last survive,  
 But gently both at once expire.

ON ARQUEANASSA of COLOPHOS.

**A**RQUEANASSA's charms inspire  
 Within my breast a lover's fire;  
 Age, its feeble spite displaying,  
 Vainly wrinkles all her face,  
 Cupids, in each wrinkle playing,  
 Charm my eyes with lasting grace:  
 But before old Time pursued her,  
 Ere he sunk these little caves,  
 How I pity those who view'd her,  
 And in youth were made her slaves!

On FULVIA, the wife of ANTHONY.

From the *Latia* of Augustus Cæsar.

WHILE from his consort false Antonius flies,  
 And doats on Glaphyra's \* far brighter eyes,  
 Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,  
 Reprisals seeks, and spreads for me her snares.  
 "The husband's false"—But why must I endure  
 This nauseous plague, and her revenge procure?  
 What though she ask!—How happy were my doom,  
 Should all the discontented wives of Rome  
 Repair in crowds to me, when scorn'd at home! }  
 "'Tis war," she says, "if I refuse her charms:"  
 Let's think—She's ugly—Trumpets sound to arms!

\* The poetical name for Citheris, an actress, of whom Anthony was enamoured. Virgil consoles Gallus for her infidelity (in the xth eclogue) under the name of "Lycoris." This epigram is preserved by Martial:

## HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

Written in the year 1710.

**O** BLESSED time of reformation,  
 That's now beginning through the nation !  
 The *Jacks* bawl loud for church triumphant,  
 And swear all whigs shall kiss the rump on't.  
 See how they draw the beaſtly rabble  
 With zeal and noiſes formidable;  
 And make all cries about the town  
 Join notes to roar fanatics down !  
 As bigots give the ſign about,  
 They ſtretch their throats with hideous ſhout.  
 Black tinkers bawl aloud “ to ſettle  
 “ Church-privilege”—for “ mending kettle.”  
 Each ſow-gelder, that blows his horn,  
 Cries out “ to have diſſenters ſworn.”  
 The oyſter-wenches lock their fiſh up,  
 And cry, “ No preſbyterian biſhop !”  
 The mouſe-trap men lay ſave-alls by,  
 And 'gainſt “ low church men” loudly cry,  
 A creature of amphibious nature,  
 That trims betwixt the land and water,  
 And leaves his mother in the lurch,  
 To ſide with rebels 'gainſt the church !

Some cry for "penal laws," instead  
 Of "pudding-pies, and ginger-bread:"  
 And some, for "brooms, old boots, and shoes,"  
 Roar out, "God bless our commons house!"  
 Some bawl "the votes" about the town,  
 And wish they'd "vote dissenters down."  
 Instead of "kitchen-stuff," some cry,  
 "Confound the late whig-ministry!"  
 And some, for "any chairs to mend,"  
 The commons late address commend.  
 Some for "old gowns for china ware,"  
 Exclaim against "extempore prayer:"  
 And some for "old suits, cloaks, or coats,"  
 Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"  
 He that cries "coney-skins, or onions,"  
 Blames "toleration of opinions:"  
 Blue-apron whores, that sit with furrery,  
 Rail at "occasional conformity."  
 Instead of "cucumbers to pickle,"  
 Some cry aloud, "No conventicle!"  
 Masons, instead of "building houses,"  
 To "build the church," would starve their spouses,  
 And gladly leave their trades, for forming  
 The meeting-houses, or informing.  
 Bawds, strumpets, and religion-haters,  
 Pimps, pandars, atheists, fornicators,  
 Rogues, that, like Falstaff, scarce know whether  
 A church's inside's stone or leather,

Yet join the parsons and the people  
To cry "the church,"—but mean "the people."

If, holy mother, such you'll own  
For your true sons, and such alone,  
Then heaven have mercy upon you,  
But the de'il take your beastly crew!

### THE HUE AND CRY.

O YES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,  
Musicians, poets, 'squires, and cits,  
All, who in town or country dwell!  
Say, can you tale or tidings tell  
Of Tortorella's \* hasty flight?  
Why in new groves she takes delight,

\* Mrs. Barbier, a celebrated actress and singer, who had then eloped from her father's house with a gallant. Mr. Hughes first recommended her to the notice of the public in the "Spectator," vol. iii, numb. 231, for "her more than ordinary concern  
"on her first appearance, in the opera of *Alma*.  
"hide, no less than her agreeable voice and just  
"performance." She performed the part of *Tele-*  
*machus* in Mr. Hughes's opera of *Calypso*, and  
*Daphne* in his masque of *Apollo and Daphne*.

The

And if in concert, or alone,  
The ccoing mutmuser makes her moan ?

Now learn the marks, by which you may  
Trace out and stop the lovely stray !

Some wit, more folly, and no care,  
Thoughtless her conduct, free her air ;  
Gay, scornful, sober, indiscreet,  
In whom all contradictions meet ;  
Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,  
Form'd both to charm you and displease you ;  
Much want of judgment, none of pride,  
Modish her dress, her hoop full wide ;  
Brown skin, her eyes of sable hue,  
Angel, when pleas'd, when vex'd, a shrew.

Genteel her motion, when she walks,  
Sweetly she sings, and loudly talks ;

The late John earl of Cerke, who knew her well,  
expressed his opinion of her as follows : “ She  
“ never could rest long in a place ; her affectations  
“ increased with her years. I remember her in the  
“ parts of Turnus and Orontes, when the operas  
“ of Camilla and Thomyris were represented at  
“ Lincoln’s-inn-fields. She loved change so well,  
“ that she liked to change her sex.”

Knows

Knows all the world, and its affairs,  
 Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,  
 Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,  
 Leads honest, or dishonest, lives;  
 What money match'd each youth or maid,  
 And who was at each masquerade;  
 Of all fine things in this fine town,  
 She's only to herself unknown.

By this description, if you meet her,  
 With lowly bows, and homage greet her;  
 And if you bring the vagrant beauty  
 Back to her mother and her duty,  
 Ask for reward a lover's bliss,  
 And (if she'll let you) take a kiss;  
 Or more, if more you wish and may,  
 Try if at church the words she'll say,  
 Then make her, if you can—"obey."

}

1717.

## THE MORNING APPARITION.

Written at Wallington-house \* in Surrey,

ALL things were hush'd, as noise itself were dead;  
 No midnight mice stirr'd round my silent bed;

\* The seat of Mr. Bridges.

Not

Not ev'n a gnat disturb'd the peace profound ;  
 Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound ;  
 No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,  
 Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the robm ;  
 No breeze the casement shook, or fann'd the leaves,  
 Nor drops of rain fell soft from off the eaves ;  
 Nor noisy splinter madè the candle weep,  
 But the dim watch-light seem'd itself asleep,  
 When tir'd I clos'd my eyes—How long I lay  
 In slumber wrapp'd, I list not now to say :  
 When hark ! a sudden noise—See ! open flies  
 The yielding door—I, starting, rubb'd my eyes,  
 Fast clos'd awhile ; and as their lids I rear'd,  
 Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,  
 While through my parted curtains rushing broke  
 A light like day, ere yet the figure spoke.  
 Cold sweat bedew'd my limbs—nor did I dream ;  
 Hear, mortals, hear ! for real truth's my theme.  
 And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones  
 To look—when lo ! 'twas honest master Jones\* ;  
 Who wav'd his hand, to banish fear and sorrow,  
 Well charg'd with toast and sack, and cry'd “ Good  
 “ morrow ! ”

1719.

\* The butler.

EXTRACT



# EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE

TO MR. HUGHES'S POEMS, p. xxv.

IT is generally allowed that the characters in this tragedy [the 'Siege of Damascus'] are finely varied and distinguished; that the sentiments are just, and well adapted to the characters; that it abounds with beautiful descriptions, apt allusions to the manners and opinions of the times where the scene is laid, and with noble morals; that the diction is pure, unaffected, and sublime, without any meteors of style or ambitious ornament; and that the plot is conducted in a simple and clear manner.

The only objection I have ever heard, relates to the plan of it.

There does not appear (say some, who are esteemed persons of very good taste and judgment) a sufficient ground and  
 Vol. III. i "foun-

“ foundation for the distress in the ivth and  
 “ vth acts. For, what is Phocyas’s crime?  
 “ The city of Damascus is besieged, and  
 “ fiercely attacked by the Saracens. There  
 “ is little or no prospect of relief. It must  
 “ therefore probably fall into their hands in  
 “ a short time, be sacked and plundered,  
 “ and the garrison and citizens enslaved.  
 “ At this dangerous juncture, Phocyas assists  
 “ the enemy to take it a few days sooner.  
 “ But upon what terms? That all, who  
 “ lay down their arms, shall be spared, and  
 “ liberty granted to every citizen, that shall  
 “ chuse it, to leave the city, and carry off  
 “ with him a mule’s burden of his goods;  
 “ the chiefs to have six mules, and the go-  
 “ vernor ten; with arms for their defence  
 “ against the mountain robbers, (act iv,  
 “ scene i.) Inasmuch that Daran says, (act  
 “ v, scene i,)

——— ‘ The land wears not the face  
 ‘ Of war, but trade; and looks as if its merchants  
 ‘ Were sending forth their loaded caravans  
 ‘ To all the neighbouring countries.’

“ What

[ lxix ]

" What is there in all this that a virtuous  
 " man might not have done for the good  
 " of his country? If Phocyas is guilty,  
 " his guilt must consist in this only, that  
 " he performed the same action from a  
 " sense of his own wrongs, and to preserve  
 " the idol of his soul from violation or  
 " death, which he might have performed  
 " laudably upon better principles. But  
 " this (say they) seems not a sufficient  
 " ground for those strong and stinging re-  
 " proaches he casts upon himself, nor for  
 " Eudocia's rejecting him with so much  
 " severity. It would have been more ra-  
 " tional (considering the frailty of human  
 " nature, and the violent temptations he  
 " lay under) if he had been, at last, pre-  
 " vailed upon to profess himself a Maho-  
 " metan: for then his remorse and self-  
 " condemnation would have been natural,  
 " his punishment just, and the character  
 " of Eudocia placed in a more amiable  
 " light."

" I own I am at a loss for an answer to  
 " this objection, and therefore think myself  
 i 2 " obliged

“ obliged to acquaint the reader, in order  
 “ to do justice to the author’s judgment,  
 “ that he had formed the play according  
 “ to the plan here recommended. But  
 “ when it was offered to the managers of  
 “ Drury-lane house, in the year 1718, they  
 “ refused to act it, unless he would alter  
 “ the character of Phocyas, pretending that  
 “ he could not be a hero, if he changed  
 “ his religion, and that the audience would  
 “ not bear the sight of him after it, in  
 “ how lively a manner soever his remorse  
 “ and repentance might be described. . . .  
 “ The author (being then in a very lan-  
 “ guishing condition) finding that if he did  
 “ not comply, his relations would probably  
 “ lose the benefit of the play, consented,  
 “ though with reluctance, to new-model  
 “ the character of Phocyas.”

Thus far the editor.

To shew how tender and reasonably pas-  
 sionate the scene here mentioned is as the  
 author planned it; and what scope it gives

a masterly actor to display his skill, who surely in such an agony of soul, and so distracted with passion, is rather an object of pity than of detestation, the original draught of it, (together with some other passages that are omitted or altered in the printed copy) is here submitted to the public.

The lines marked with inverted commas are in both copies.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, the City.

Shouts and noise of the siege: officers and others pass over the stage in a hurry.

First OFFICER.

Th' attack grows hot—let's to the eastern gate,  
The storm beats thickest there.

Second OFFICER.

Hark! how they shout!  
All's lost if the barbarians force that entrance.

[ *Exeunt*.  
Enter

Enter HERBIS and soldiers, meeting ARTAMON.

HERBIS.

More engines there ! more hands ! the walls are thinn'd.  
The foe comes on ; we've spent our darts and javelins.  
Some to the arsenal, quick, for fresh supplies.  
O Artamon, is this a time to loiter ?

ARTAMON.

No—but who knows what orders to obey,  
Where all's distraction, hurry, and confusion ?

HERBIS.

Where are the citizens ?

ARTAMON.

Why, safe in corners ;  
Or else, like moles, working i'th' earth to hide  
Their plate and jewels—'tis for us, poor rogues,  
To get our brains knock'd out ; the rich are wiser.

HERBIS.

Search every house,—we'll force the drones to fight  
For their ill-gotten wealth, or send their wives  
To guard it for 'em.—Ha ! what mean those lights ?

ARTAMON.

ARTAMON.

'Tis a procession to St. Thomas' church,  
A last effort with heaven, to quit the score  
Of long impiety in prosperous ease.  
O how devout is fear in times of danger!

HERBIS.

Where is Eumenes, where's the governor?

ARTAMON.

I left him in the square of St. Honoria,  
Besieg'd by his own people—Monks, and women,  
Boys, and a coward train of noisy rabble,  
Pursue him through the streets, with prayers and tears,  
And, in despair, implore him to surrender.  
But see! he comes.

Enter EUMENES, followed by a crowd of people, &c.

[as in the printed copy.]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, the outside of the City.

PHOCYAS and EUDOCIA in disguise, conducted by a  
sentinel; PHOCYAS giving him money, he retires.

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

Thus far we're safe—Why dost thou tremble?

EUDOCIA.

I know not why; 'tis a cold shivering fit  
That shoots through all my veins—'twill soon be over.  
Where lies our way?

PHOCYAS.

See'st thou yon sepulchre?  
The moon-beams shine upon its whiten'd walls.

EUDOCIA.

Down in the vale.

PHOCYAS.

The same; an arrow's flight,  
Sent from a feeble bow, would reach the place.  
There wait the mules; below it is the road,  
Close by our Abanah's gold-fanned stream,  
Where oft our couriers have escap'd the camp.

EUDOCIA.

Would we were there!

PHOCYAS.



PHOCYAS.

First rest thee here, Eudocia,  
While I advance some paces to observe  
If all is safe.—Keep near the city-gate,  
And mark what sign I give thee.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE, Caled's Tent, &c. [as in the printed copy.]

In the same A C T,

After PHOCYAS's soliloquy on Death, and its inter-  
ruption by DARAN, ABUDAH enters *with the*  
*Koran in his hand.*

. . . . . "thou yet  
"Know'st not I am thy friend."

PHOCYAS.

Art thou my friend? Can this be possible?

ABUDAH.

I come to ~~prove~~ it;  
To shew thee, that, among our fiercest tribes,  
Inur'd to hardy deeds of war, and cruel  
As thou believ'st us, thou may'st find a man,  
Who, not forgetting he's to sufferings born,  
Can pity those that suffer. I have listen'd,  
Vol. III. k With

[ lxxvi ]

With sympathy of sorrow, to thy story ;  
And let me now give counsel to thy griefs.

PHOCYAS.

“ Thou speak’st me fair, &c.”

In the same SCENE,

After

“ Hah ! who, what art thou ? (*raving*)  
“ My friend ? that’s well : but hold—are all friends  
“ honest ?”

Follows

What means that book ?—

ABUDAH.

It is heaven’s gift divine,  
Our holy law.—Here, take—nay hold it fast—  
Why shakes thy hand ?

PHOCYAS.

“ Hush ! Hark ! what voice is that ?” &c.

After

“ Villains ! Is there no way ? O save her, save her !”  
Instead of “ *Exit* with Abudah”

(Recovering,

[ lxxvii ]

(Recovering, after a pause)

What's to be done?—O heaven!

ABUDAH.

Heaven shews thee what,  
And points thee out the path to lasting peace.  
Here, kiss this sacred book; and humbly own  
(PHOCYAS kisses the book, with great reluctance  
and horror)

One Power Supreme, and Mahomet his Prophet.  
Let me embrace thee, brother.

Enter CALED, ABUDAH meeting him.

Caled, 'tis done!—He's ours; the city's ours!  
This man is more than a whole province gain'd.

CALED.

And has he sworn obedience to our laws?

ABUDAH.

He has.

CALED (embracing him.)

Then thus we greet thee Mussulman!  
Our faith adopts thee to its choicest blessings.  
By the seven heavens I swear, that whate'er terms

k 2

Have,

[ lxxviii ]

Have, in my name, been offer'd by Abudah,  
Shall strictly be fulfill'd.—But art thou ready?  
This moment calls to action.

PHOCYAS.

Lead me on;  
Give me my task, and let me lose for ever  
Each conscious stinging thought of what I was!  
A pressing gloom still hangs about my heart;  
I'll try to shake it off.

CALED.

This scymetar \*,  
" Bless'd in the field by Mahomet himself  
(Giving the scymetar)  
" At Chaibar's prosperous fight, shall 'grace' thy arm."

ABUDAH.

" The captains wait thy orders, &c."

After

" Mourn, thou haughty city!  
" The bow is bent, nor can'st thou 'scape thy doom."

\* This scymetar, in the printed copy, is given to Daran.

ABUDAH

[ lxxix ]

ABUDAH adds,

And thy own quiver sends forth shafts against thee.

CALED.

" I will command the troops of the black standard,

" And at the eastern gate begin the storm.

" Who turns his back henceforth, our prophet curse

" him!"

DARAN.

" But why do we not move? 'Twill soon be day.

" Methinks I'm cold, and would grow warm with

" action."

PHOCYAS.

There is a way ———

ABUDAH (to CALED.)

Hear Phocyas.

PHOCYAS.

And, perhaps,

Without the loss of blood, to take the city.

Let but Abudah lead some chosen bands,

I will conduct them to the gate, from whence

I late

[ lxxx ]

I late escap'd, nor doubt by stratagem  
To gain admittance there.

CALED.

Then be it so.

“ Who first succeeds gives entrance to the rest.

“ Hear all! &c.” (to the end of the act.)

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, a great Square in the City, before the  
Governor's Palace.

*Phocas in a Saracen habit, ABUDAH, Saracen captains and foldiers, and a messenger from Eumenes.*

ABUDAH to the messenger.

Let him come forth, if he would have protection.  
See'st thou our strength? Two gates are ours already.  
The arsenal too. Resistance were but madness.  
Yet tell him, he and all his friends are safe,  
So he resign the palace.

PHOCYAS to ABUDAH.

And the terms—(Shewing a paper.)

ABUDAH.

[ lxxx ]

ABUDAH.

By the day's dawning, and the evening shades,  
And by Medina's holy tomb, I swear,  
That all shall be made good.

PHOCYAS to the messenger.

Return this paper,  
And let him know 'tis granted. [Exit mess.  
Brave Abudah!  
Thy godlike temper binds me firmer still  
To my new vows and thee; now thou'rt indeed  
A friend, and let me joy thee of a conquest,  
Which well thy noble clemency deserves.

ABUDAH.

Servant of Mahomet! hast not thou too  
Deserv'd this grant? How could a friend and brother  
Refuse thy merit ought?

PHOCYAS.

Behold Eumenes!

Enter

Enter EUMENES, HENNIS, officers of the court, and attendants.

EUMENES, entering.

" It must be so, &c." [as in the printed copy.]

At the end of ABUDAH's speech,

And little do you think how much you owe  
" To one brave" foe, " whom yet," I see, " you  
" know not."

PHOCYAS to ABUDAH, (aside.)

Abudah, I would be a while conceal'd.

EUMENES.

W<sup>h</sup>ere be such a friendly foe unknown,  
Whose interposing pity breaks the fall  
Of wretched men, heaven grant him all his wishes!

PHOCYAS (aside.)

Amen, O heaven! No thanks to thee who know'st not  
Or what, or whom thou pray'st for. Guide me now,  
Auspicious love, to find my life's chief joy,  
And I've no more to ask.

[Exit-

ABUDAH]



ABUDAH.

Haste, Serjabil,  
And raise our standard o'er the palace-gate ;  
Then wait thy duty here.

Enter RAPHAN.

Raphan, thou'rt welcome.  
Thou know'st our orders ; see thy troops observe them.  
On pain of death, no violence be us'd,  
Till force shall call for force.

EUMENES.

Generous Abudah !  
We have thy word, and doubt not of protection.

“ Enter ARTAMON, hastily.

“ All's lost ! &c.” (to the end of the scene.)

In SCENE II,

PHOCYAS going to embrace EUDOCIA, she starts back.

EUDOCIA.

Save me ! stand off ! Mercy of heaven ! what art thou ?

PHOCYAS.

Life of my soul! it is my drefs deceives thee.  
Dost thou not know——

EUDOCIA.

“ My Phocyas!” &c. . . . .

PHOCYAS.

“ I’ve borne a thousand deaths fince our laft parting.  
“ But wherefore do I talk of death?—for now”  
To hold thee thus, thus to my beating heart,  
Is more, much more, than life yet ever knew.—  
Why weeps my fair? What mean thefe gushing tears?

EUDOCIA.

O Phocyas! could’ft thou think how I have pafs’d  
The hours of night, unknowing of thy fafety,  
My fancy tortur’d with ill-boding vifions  
That thou wert loft for ever; could’ft thou know  
What I have thought, what fear’d, whilft thou wert  
absent,  
Thou would’ft not ask from whence thefe gather’d mifts  
That hover in my eyes, and now difsolve,  
At fight of thee, and fall in dewy fhowers.

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

No more, my charmer ; let us from this hour  
Banish the gloomy leavings of our sorrow.  
My joys, Eudocia, shall rekindle thine ;  
For I, “ methinks, am rais’d to life immortal, &c.”

.....

PHOCYAS.

“ ’Twill surprise thee  
“ When thou shalt know—

EUDOCIA.

“ What ? ”

PHOCYAS.

Look on me, Eudocia !  
Dost thou observe no change ? Can’st thou not guess  
What means this turban on thy Phocyas’ head ?

EUDOCIA.

A lucky stratagem to pass unknown !  
Bless’d be the hand that, thus disguising, help’d thee  
To work these deeds, and make thy name immortal !

PHOCYAS

PHOCYAS (looking earnestly at her.)

" O for a cause so lovely, so belov'd,"  
Sure 'tis no crime, or heaven will sure forgive it!

EUDOCIA.

" What dost thou mean ?" What can it be, that thus  
With distant words thou labour'st to conceal?  
Sure 'tis thy tenderness, thy generous love,  
That fears to shock me with some mighty danger,  
Which scarce thou hast escap'd ; but since thy life  
Is safe, delay no more to tell me all,  
And swell my present joy.

PHOCYAS.

How shall I tell thee?  
O why wilt thou not know me in this habit  
For what I am ?—" To save my life ? O no !"  
'Twere justly giv'n, had it been lost for thee—  
Nay, had I risk'd my soul to save Eudocia,  
Yet were it not too much.

EUDOCIA.

" It cannot be.—  
" And yet thy looks are chang'd, thy lips grow pale!  
" Why dost thou shake ?—Alas ! I tremble too,"  
Nor

[ lxxxvii ]

Nor dare enquire that which thou dar'st not utter.

" I'll not ' allow' a thought that thou could'st do

" One act unworthy of thyself, &c."

PHOCYAS.

" Alas ! thou know'st me not—I'm man, frail man,

" To error born ; and who that's man is perfect ?"

"Tis past, and——

EUDOCIA.

" Ha !

PHOCYAS.

I am no more a Christian.

EUDOCIA.

Then it is past indeed !

[They look at each other for some time in confusion ; after which, EUDOCIA turns away, and covers her face.]

PHOCYAS (after a pause.)

Eudocia, why,

Why dost thou turn, and hide thy face thus from me ?

Have

[ lxxxviii ]

Have I a thought of comfort but in thee?  
Look on me--speak--Nay, frown upon, and chide me,  
Say any thing, and drive me to distraction,  
For O! I can no longer bear thy silence.

EUDOCIA.

Speak thou some comfort first--recall thy words,  
Thy fatal story--Quickly say 'twas feign'd;  
To try the utmost I could bear, and live.  
Was it?--Thou'rt dumb--there is no comfort left.

PHOCYAS.

Yes, there is all in thee, if--

EUDOCIA.

O!

PHOCYAS.

What means  
That piercing look, and what that fobbing sigh?

EUDOCIA.

Is't possible, that ev'n the sight of thee  
Should wound me more than thy late dreaded absence?

PHOCYAS.

PHOCYAS.

Am I then grown so hateful to thy eyes?  
Hold yet my heart! (aside.)

EUDOCIA.

O what, what hast thou told me?  
Think what thou art, if thou'rt no more—  
I cannot speak it, horror choaks my voice.  
“Are these the terms” accurs’d “on which we  
meet,” &c. \*

PHOCYAS.

“Ha! Lightning blast me!—Strike me  
“Ye vengeful bolts, if this is my reward.”  
Art thou Eudocia, that kind gentle fair,  
Who us’d with smiles to lull each anxious thought?  
“Are these my hop’d for joys?” &c. \*

EUDOCIA.

What welcome can I give, or thou receive †?  
O! “thou has blasted all our joys for ever,

\* The conclusions of these two speeches agree with those in the printed copy.

† Instead of this line, in the printed copy,  
Hadst thou not help’d the foes of Mahomet  
To spread their impious conquests o’er thy country,  
What

[ xc ]

“ And cut down hope, like a poor short-liv’d flower,  
“ Never to grow again”—Art thou not sworn  
A foe to Christians? Am not I a Christian?

PHOCYAS.

Is this to be a foe, to give up all  
To call thee mine? Yet now thou dost upbraid me

What welcome was there in Eudocia’s power  
She had with-held from Phocyas? But alas!  
’Tis “ thou hast blasted,” &c.

To which PHOCYAS replies,

“ Cruel Eudocia!”  
If in my heart’s deep anguish, I’ve been forc’d  
Awhile from what I was—dost thou reject me?  
“ Think of the cause”——

Eudocia’s answer to this (p. xci) according to the original plan is dictated by a just and honest indignation, but in the altered copy far exceeds the bounds of reason, and is very improperly addressed to one whose “ faith” is still “ unspotted,” and who may rather be said to have saved, than betrayed, his country.

With



With what I am for thee—"cruel Eudocia!

"Think of the cause——

EUDOCIA.

The cause? there is no cause!

"Not universal nature could afford  
 "A cause for this; what were dominion, pomp,  
 "The wealth of nations, nay of all the world,  
 "The world itself, or what a thousand worlds,  
 "If weigh'd with faith unspotted, heavenly truth,  
 "Thoughts free from guilt, the empire of the mind,  
 "And all the triumphs of a godlike breast,  
 "Firm and unmov'd in the great cause of virtue?"

PHOCYAS.

What is that virtue heaven no longer owns?  
 Why do the Christian banners fly the field?  
 What puts their numerous hosts to shameful flight?  
 What conquers all their towns!—Alas! Eudocia,  
 Hast thou no doubts? Is this heaven's favourite cause?  
 Why then by heaven deserted? Say, is not  
 The will divine obscure, and in thick clouds  
 Veil'd from the feeble eyes of human reason?

EUDOCIA.

O blind of soul!—'tis Christian guilt that arms

The foes of truth against its treacherous friends;  
Forfaking heaven, they are of heaven forsaken.

PHOCYAS.

"How shall I answer thee?" &c.

In EUDOCIA's next speech but one, instead of

—— "But never, never,"

Can "I be made the curs'd reward of" treason,  
"To seal thy doom," &c.

Read

—— "But never, never,"

So grant me mercy, heaven! will "I be made  
"The curs'd reward of" black apostacy,  
"To seal thy doom, to bind a hellish league," &c.

PHOCYAS.

"What league?—'tis ended—I renounce it—thus  
[Kneels  
"I bend to heaven and thee"—O yet look on me.

\* After this, in the printed copy, follows immediately

—— "O thou divine,

"Thou matchless image," &c. (p. xciii.)

EUDOCIA

EUDOCIA.

It cannot be—Are vows but solemn trifles,  
 Made and unmade, and to be kept or broken,  
 But as a wretched woman smiles or frowns?  
 Hast thou not sworn? Angels, and saints, and all  
 The host above, are witnesses against thee.  
 How wilt thou then blot out thy oath? How yet  
 Stand clear'd to those blest powers thou hast  
     renounc'd?  
 How make atonement to thy injur'd country?  
 O could all these forgive thee, we might yet  
 Perhaps be happy in each others love——

PHOCYAS.

We might? We may, we will—"O thou divine,  
 "Thou matchless image," &c.

In PHOCYAS's last speech,

After

"Return, return and speak it, say for ever!—

Insert

I dare not follow her—Methinks I see  
 Celestial guards stand ready to oppose  
 My steps, and, frowning, shake their swords of flame,  
     To

[ xciv ]

To drive me out from bliss!—

“ She’s gone—and now she joins the fugitives,” &c.

In ACT IV, SCENE the last,

[Which in the printed copy is the first scene of act v,]

In one of DARAN’s speeches, instead of

“ That’s well. And yet I fear

“ Abudah’s” Christian friend—

Read

“ That’s well. And yet I fear

“ Abudah’s” motley convert.

CALED.

If possible,

He should not know of this ; no, nor Abudah :

He is a very hermit of the war.

See thou the troops refresh’d, and when the sun

Shall from the west, declining, faintly shine,

Draw up our Arab horse without the gates.

We’ll “ quickly make this thistleless conquest good ;

“ The sword too has been wrong’d, and thirsts for

“ blood.”

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

In the SCENE between PHOCYAS and CALED,  
CALED (entering.)

“ So—Slaughter do thy work !” The birds of prey  
Will scent thee soon, and yet, ere night comes on,  
Shadow this valley with a living cloud.  
—“ These hands look well,” &c.

.....

CALED.

“ Promise?—Insolence !  
“ ’Tis well, ’tis well—For now I know thee too.  
“ Thou double” renegade, thou twice a “ traitor !  
“ False to thy first and to thy latter vow,  
For still thy mongrel soul is half a Christian !  
“ Villain,” &c.

At the end of the last SCENE but one,

ARTAMON.

“ See where Eumenes comes ! What’s this ? He seems  
“ To

“ To lead” along “ some wounded” Saracen  
Of better rank. Let’s stand aside, and mark them \*.

\* In the printed copy it is

—— ——— “ He seems

“ To lead some wounded” friend—Alas ! ‘tis—

\* To Mr. HUGHES on his excellent translation  
of ABELARD’s letters.

By Mr. JOHN BUNCE \*.

**W**HAT tender turns our struggling passions move,  
While Héloïsa sooths the soul to love !  
Yet grace and warmth divine those turns impart,  
And move the passions but to mend the heart.  
From the vain world, yet warm in youth she fled,  
Lost to its charms, and to its pleasures dead :  
Sunk in a convent’s solitary gloom,  
Like gather’d roses with’ring in their bloom,

\* Now vicar of St. Stephen’s near Canterbury.  
An elegant copy of verses, by the same hand, is  
prefixed to Mr. Hughes’s “ poems.”

In

In fruitless penance she consumes away,  
 And loaths the light of each revolving day :  
 Torn from the man she lov'd, life grows a pain,  
 And while remov'd from him, she lives in vain :  
 In vain the rising sun salutes her fight  
 With cheerful radiance and enlivening light ;  
 Setting, on her in vain his beams he throws,  
 His sinking beams but aggravate her woes :  
 To her nor day nor night their comforts bring,  
 Nor smiling summer nor returning spring.

In the still horror of those sacred walls,  
 Where each sad object to devotion calls,  
 Where ever-fighting faints around thee move,  
 Fond Heloise, how could'st thou think of love ?  
 Yet not these scenes her wand'ring thoughts control,  
 Nor chase the dear ideas from her soul ;  
 Not those pale faints that fighting round her move,  
 Could teach her to renounce a fatal love.

By thee her animated form revives,  
 And in thy version all the lover lives ;  
 Drawn by thy hand more graceful she appears,  
 Her fame increasing with increasing years :  
 No more her bright remains neglected lie,  
 But boast fresh beauties that can never die.  
 So some fair flower, which drooping long had stood  
 In the parch'd plain or unfrequented wood,

By

By some kind hand remov'd to richer earth,  
Wakes into life, and finds a second birth;  
Blest from the soil, refreshing odours gives,  
Blossoms with the spring, and in a blossom lives.

Mov'd at her griefs each generous lover sighs,  
And reads her hapless fate with weeping eyes:  
Britannia's fair her flowing strains admire,  
And fondly practise what her thoughts inspire;  
With deep concern her heart-felt sorrows see,  
And mourn a brighter Abelard in thee.

Brensett, Kent, 1730.

\* O D E

*Ad \* Amicum navigaturum.*

*ASTRA* visurus prope quæ sub Austri  
Axe collucet, citiore cursu  
Deprimes nostra, ut freta vasta Eöos  
Findis ad Indos.

*Ripa sit quamvis ibi fæta baccis,  
Terra clam splendens adamante crudo;  
Rivuli fundant, coquat an fodina  
Largiter aurum;*

\* Gulielmum Hirß, A. M. R. S. S. Syndicis ad Indos  
Orientales delegatis a sacris, in Aurorâ navæ, Musis et  
virtutis inimicâ.

*Dine*



[ xcix ]

*Dite nec gratum pariter reportes  
Quale deducis, nisi sospes, ulla band  
Merce mutandum, sociis reducas*

*Pectus bonestum.*

*Cuncta quæ tellus, mare, Sol, et imbras  
Prodigunt scilicet, mare, Sol, et imbres  
Ipsa vaneſcent, subito ſoluta*

*Funere mundi.*

*Quas tibi virtus tua ſupplet alis,  
Pauca quæ nescit penetrabis astra,  
Luce cælorum redimitus, et ſu-  
perſtes Olympo.*

*Quod tamen purum cor haberet auri,  
Et manus puræ capiant, habeto;  
Ne tibi large deoris, vel alter  
Dignus egeret.*

*Mente ſublîmi leviora ſpernens,  
Solis occurſus varios, viasque  
Siderum calles, loca dulces pingens  
Diſſita noſtris.*

[ c ]

*Pensito morbos nimium nec ægro  
Pharmacum mando, \* senis eruditi  
Æmulus Cœi, atque homicida cantus  
Jure vocari.*

*Fonte quin sacro meditor salutem,  
Pango vel carmen vacuum veneni,  
Quemque donabas relego dique et  
Nocte † Platonem.*

*Eurus extendat tibi vela læto!  
Sæviant ponti minus! et sequaces  
Urgeant fluctus iter! ac recordans  
Pocula ‡ Mitræ,*

*Dum graves curæ fugiant parumper,  
Mente cum multis memori recenset,  
HIRSTE, ne vatis penitus fileto  
Nomen amici!*

J. KIRKPATRICK, M. D.

\* Hippocrates.

† Anglice optime redditum, Interprete Fl. Sydenham.

‡ Tabernam intellige, in vico dicto Fleet-sireet.

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